THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN *cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps are enclosed or not; and to this rule no exception will be made.*

Oscar Wilde has written a new French play called *Pharaon*, and a poem of a hundred stanzas dealing with a painful experience.

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Apropos of the much-reviled *Christian*, we have seen no reference to Oscar Wilde's *jeu d'esprit* on Hall Caine in his clever paper, "The Decay of Lying." It is too good to be lost sight of. "Mr. Hall Caine," he says, "aims at the grandiose; he writes at the top of his voice. He is so loud that one cannot hear what he says."

❀

Mr. Hall Caine is now engaged in dramatising *The Christian*. The author, we understand, is uncertain about the predominance of the hero or the heroine in the dramatic form; but it appears that he has provided for either emergency. If John Storm prove to be the leading character, the play will go to Mr. E. S. Willard, who is now here on a tour with Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play, *The Physician*. But in case Glory Quayle should be in the ascendant, Mr. Caine has arranged that Miss Olga Nethersole shall produce it. By the way, is there not a Hall Cainesque echo in the title of a drama announced to appear as *From Rogue to Christian?*

❀

We are not expressing any opinions about the recent municipal elections in Greater New York, but we feel that we must publish the following letter from Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer because of the amusing literary coincidences which it points out.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

There have been many false prophets during the late campaign for the election of the first mayor of Greater New York. How will the advent of a new prophet be hailed? Here comes Robert Browning with a poem entitled "WARING." I shall quote some of the lines to prove the keenness of his prophetic vision.

"What's become of Waring?"

it begins. The fourth verse runs:

"Meantime, how much I loved him,
I find out now I've lost him.
I who cared not if I moved him
Who could so carelessly . . .
. . . . . get free
Of his . . . company."

Here is the fifth verse:

"Oh, could I have him back once more,
This Waring, but one-half day more."

The sixth begins:

"Ichabod, Ichabod,
The glory is departed!
Travels Waring East away.
. . . . . happy Waring,
Having first within his ken
What a man might do with men."

It concludes:

"Contrive, contrive
To rouse us, Waring! . . .
Our men scarce seem in earnest now.
. . . . . 'tis somehow
As if they played . . .
. . . . . like the games
Of children. Turn our sport to earnest
With a visage of the sternest!
Bring the real times back, confessed
Still better than our very best!"

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER.

❀

Something over a year ago we mildly criticised what we regarded as a touch of amateurishness in some departments of *Harper's Weekly*. As a matter of fairness we think we ought to say that now for a long time we have read that very able journal with unalloyed admiration. It is really surprising to observe so high

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a standard of literary and artistic excellence united with the freshness, timeliness, and point that belong to ideal journalism. One recent bit of enterprise has struck a good many readers, and that is the promptness with which the *Weekly* was able to publish photographic views of the Klondike region after it came into such sudden prominence. It appears that credit for this is to be given to Mr. Nelson, the editor. As soon as the Klondike craze began, he telegraphed to a correspondent in San Francisco, "Interview every person arriving from Klondike and get photographs if any." In an incredibly short time the photographs were secured, and *Harper's Weekly* gave them to an interested public.

❀

A laborious piece of translation has recently been completed. This is an English version of the great Sanskrit epic, the *Mahābhārata*, which was undertaken by a learned Babu of Bengal, Pratāpa Chandra Roy, many years ago, and published in parts, of which the hundredth and last appeared early in the year. The history of the work of translation is the history of a life's devotion to a single idea. The Babu in question was a poor man and with no influential friends; but he set about the task with the most self-sacrificing devotion and enthusiasm, and included in his plan the *gratuitous* distribution of the work to scholars in all countries who applied for copies. His efforts secured in the end a good deal of recognition; the government of India gave him a grant of 11,000 rupees, and many private individuals contributed. Mr. Roy died before the translation was finished, and it was carried on through other scholars whom the zealous interest of Mr. Roy's widow, Sundari Bāla Roy, secured for the task. In completing it as a memorial work to her late husband, she has incurred a considerable debt, to discharge which contributions may be sent to her manager, No. 1 Rājāh Gooro Dass' Street, Calcutta.

❀

In the last part appears a long narrative by the lady, giving some account of the inception and progress of the work, and of the efforts made to secure subscriptions to carry it on. Her devotion to her husband's memory and to his life-work is touching; her quiet slaps at those who subscribed and never paid are very feminine and amusing, not less so because of the quaint English in which she writes. She mentions the delinquents (they are native Hindu magnates) by name, and with a delicious assumption of respect proceeds to lay them out. It is sad to read how "an eminent Zemindar of Bengal," the Maharajah Lal Roy, "having promised to aid the work with a contribution of 5000 rupees, forgot all about it after paying only 500." She adds: "More than a decade ago, when the offer of this distinguished person was noticed in the *Saturday Review* (of England), that journal spoke of him as 'a Maccenas hailing from Rungpore.' My husband waited several times on him, but the balance somehow remains unpaid to this day." It appears also that Sir Gajapati Rao had also promised to contribute a good sum; but this person, whom the late Dr. Sambhu C. Mookerjee, as we read, dubbed "the premier nobleman of Bengal," did not pay up. His fair critic gently says: "The fault must be in my husband and myself." Else how could he fail to do what had been done "by many who were his superiors in respectability"? This is rather hard on Sir Gajapati Rao. Other natives, however, with euphonious names were more honourable. The chiefs of Jummoo, of Bhownaggar, of Cooch-Behar and Jodhpore, and all the Mookerjee family stood by the Babu nobly. Mrs. Roy notes also with warm gratitude the assistance and encouragement given to her husband and herself by two Americans—Professor C. R. Lanman, of Harvard University, and Mr. William Emmette Coleman, of San Francisco. The end of the Prefatory Note is very touching in its quaint simplicity, and may be commended to the brawling American woman of to-day:

> "I wish to bid my final adieu to the public in order to enter that life of privacy and retirement which is ordained by the Scriptures I believe in for one of my sex and condition."

❀

While Mr. Anthony Hope is appearing on the platform in the United States his *confrère*, Mr. Zangwill, is delivering his lectures on the Ghetto, in the United Kingdom. There is rumour of an American lecture tour to be arranged

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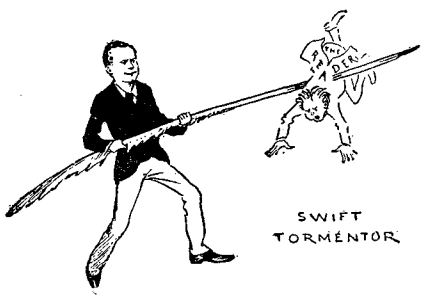
for Mr. Zangwill, but at the moment nothing definite is known. Mr. Zangwill has been working hard in Paris until a few weeks ago, when he returned to England. He was present at the Zionist Congress at Basle, which was convened by Dr. Herzl of Vienna for the purpose of considering the arrangements necessary to permit the scattered Jews in all lands to return in a body to Palestine. The idea of Palestine as a Jewish kingdom has, it appears, aroused extraordinary interest in Jewish circles. Mr. Zangwill was deeply impressed by the enthusiasm displayed at the congress. Max Nordau's speech, he says, summed up the condition of the Jews all over the world in a sympathetic and masterly manner, and was one of the chief events of the meeting.

❀

Mr. Daniel Frohman has in hand a new four-act comedy by Mr. Anthony Hope. He has also acquired the dramatic rights to produce a play based on the sequel to *The Prisoner of Zenda*, which begins its serial appearance in the current number of *McClure's Magazine* and the *Pall Mall*.

❀

There was no more strikingly original book published by a new author last year than *Nancy Noon*, by Benjamin Swift. The genius and personality of the author were expressed with a force and wealth of power that were unmistakably emphatic. And in spite of the fact that *The Tormentor*, his second book, which has just been published by the Messrs. Scribner, will press its harrowing title home to the minds of most readers, the evidence of its author's individuality is as strongly marked as ever. We should not wonder if Benjamin Swift were as great a puzzle to his friends as he is to his critics. There is something very baffling and also insoluble about the morbid impressions of life reflected in these books which would seem to have been affected by the writer's imagination. We still believe in Benjamin Swift and that he will yet achieve something worthy of his undoubted gifts. Meantime, we must bear with him, critics must scold, and readers, for the most part, perhaps, avoid him until he has passed through the *Sturm und Drang* of his literary apprenticeship. We say avoided by most readers, for only an imaginative mind of a psychological cast will take any pleasure in following the evil machinations of his modern Machiavellian Faust in *The Tormentor*. We happen to know that, as a matter of fact, it was written and much of it rewritten during illness and against the physicians' orders, and it does not take much insight to perceive that the



pessimism of a sick man and the suppressed agony of a sufferer have affected the writer's point of view. We are sorry to see that the title of his next book is to be *The Destroyer;* a title which, to say the least, does not promise much relief. To Benjamin Swift, who is still midway in the twenties, and who is now announced as the author of a third book almost within a year, we would recall the adage that "too swift arrives as tardy as too late." We reproduce from Mr. Zangwill's literary *causerie* in the November *Cosmopolitan* the pictorial accompaniment to his remarks on *The Tormentor*, which are of the same tenor as our own. The artist's *jeu d'esprit* is very felicitous.

❀

Tom Hall's second collection of verse, humorous and otherwise, with the title *When Love Laughs*, has just been published by Messrs. E. R. Herrick and Company. It is beautifully printed on hand-made paper, with ragged edges and gilt top, and has border design decorations and title-page in colour by Frank M. Gregory. The cover design is peculiarly happy in its conception. There is also a limited edition on Japan paper, bound in Japanese silk, numbering one hundred copies. The character of Mr. Hall's work is well known from

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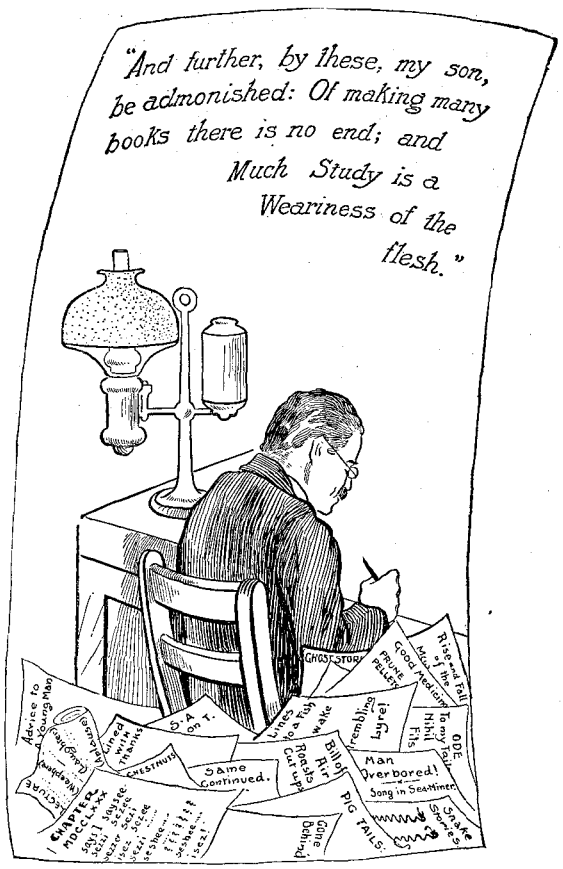

his numerous contributions to the periodical and magazine press. No better companion for a light hour, "when love laughs," could perhaps be had than Tom Hall s little volume. Browning said he never intended his work to be read over a cigar—here Tom Hall has decidedly the advantage.

❀

Arrangements have just been concluded as we go to press to produce a dramatisation of Ian Maclaren's famous stories *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, *The Days of Auld Lang Syne* and *Kate Carnegie*. The play is entitled *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, and is the work of Messrs. James MacArthur and Tom Hall. When Dr. Watson was in this country a year ago Mr. MacArthur submitted a synopsis of the play to him, and received his full consent and permission to make the dramatisation. During the last few months Mr. MacArthur and Tom Hall have been busily engaged collaborating on the play, and it is now in a New York manager's hands, and will be produced in this city immediately after the holidays.

❀

We reproduce herewith the humorous pen drawing prefixed to the table of contents in *Chimes from a Jester's Bells*, by Robert J. Burdette, just published by the Bowen-Merrill Company. The drawing is, we understand, from the pen of Mr. Burdette's son, and is considered a very good likeness of the humourist at work. Mr. Burdette first became famous in this country as "The Hawkeye Man." About a dozen years ago he was editor of the Burlington (Ia.) *Hawkeye*, and his amusing sketches were widely copied by the press all over the country. He has been a constant contributor of articles to the periodical press for many years, and his book, *The Rise and Fall of the Moustache*, had a wide sale. His greatest success, however, has been gained on the lecture platform, where, as it is written, "this Physician of the Merry Heart has dispensed his Good Medicine in answer to over three thousand calls." Mr. Burdette has always been a great admirer of the *Rollo* books, by Jacob Abbott ; Rollo and Jonas striking him as immensely funny characters. *Chimes from a Jester's Bells* opens with a travesty on these books, which runs through a dozen chapters. This is followed by twelve stories and sketches of mingled humour and pathos. The cover design is also from the pen of Robert J. Burdette, Jr., to whom the book is thus dedicated by his father : "To my best friend, gentlest critic, trustiest comrade, Robert, the son of his mother."

❀

The portrait of Mr. Kipling presented on the next page is taken from one of the celebrated coloured woodcut lithographs which Mr. W. Nicholson has been making for the *New Review*, published by Mr. Heinemann in England. These portraits lithographed in colours from wood blocks have been mounted on gray cardboard and published by Mr. R. H. Russell, at $1.00 each. The subjects now ready are Queen Victoria, Sara Bernhardt, Lord Roberts, Mr. Whistler, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

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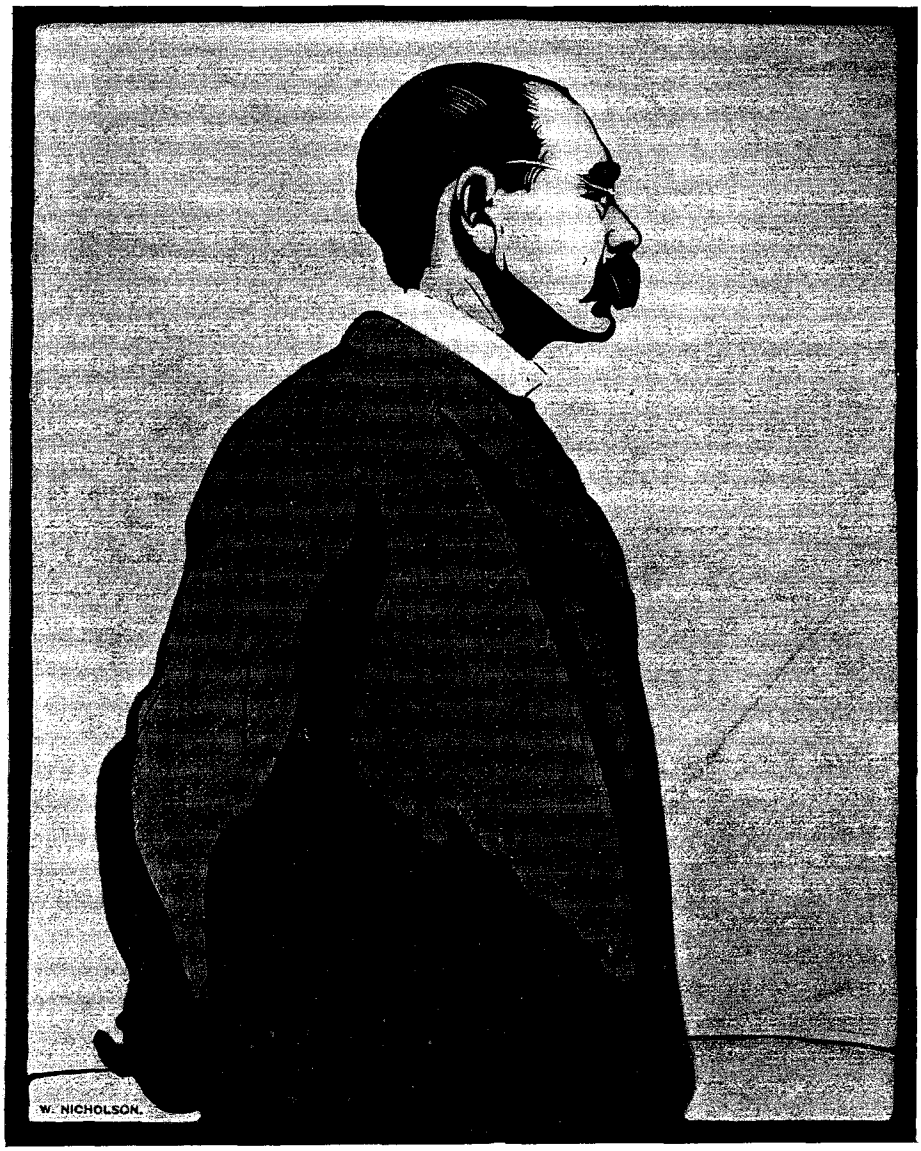

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Of the portrait of the Queen, when it first appeared in the *New Review*, Mr. Joseph Pennell wrote in the London *Daily Mail:* "The portrait truly is a masterpiece of its kind, for it reveals: the sitter with character; . . . the artist with a point of view of his own, Mr. Nicholson having had eyes to see for himself, without the aid of dull camera or the spectacles of other men." And Mr. Whistler has characterised Mr. Nicholson as one of the greatest artists that England has produced since Hogarth. Mr. Russell also publishes an alphabet with a colour plate for each letter, and an *Almanac of Twelve Sports for 1898*, with colour prints reproduced in Mr. Nicholson's original method. Mr. Rudyard Kipling, we understand, has written a set of verses to accompany the pictures of the latter.

The most attractive holiday catalogue of the season is issued by Mr. R. H. Russell, of New York, and is the work

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of Mr. Will Bradley, of the Wayside Press, Springfield, Mass. It is worth having, as a curiosity.

❀

We understand that Mr. Kipling declined payment from the *Times* for his poems "Our Lady of the Snows" and "The Recessional." His reason was that he would not take payment for patriotic poems. He sent to the *Times* after the appearance of "The Recessional" a poem entitled "The Destroyers," which described the action of torpedoes. For this he would have accepted the usual honorarium, but the editor of the *Times* considered that it would clash with the fine and stately piece of verse which had gone before it, and it was not accepted.

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At the close of an unsigned article on "Lord Tennyson" in the November *Blackwood*, the present position in the realm of poetry is described as not dissimilar from that in which Christopher North found himself five-and-sixty years ago. With a silence of indifference regarding the present Laureate, which casts a withering contempt on Lord Salisbury's sad blunder, the writer passes from the pre-eminent poets who have left us—Mr. Swinburne alone survives—to Mr. Kipling as the repository of our secret hopes. "We venture to predict that English poetry will be permanently enriched by Mr. Kipling's pen more signally than by that of any other living writer." True, he has made us wince under "a thousand needless flippancies, a thousand gratuitous deviations from good taste." His almost diabolical cleverness and dangerous versatility, and the fine qualities conspicuous in the "Flag of England" thrill us with shocks of delight and admiration, but it is not upon these we build our hopes. "We turn to that memorable 'Recessional,' which alone of all the poems that have appeared since the late Laureate's death made an instantaneous and a deep impression on the public intellect and conscience; and, unless we mistake the matter, there we find precisely that nobility of sentiment, that weight, that sense of responsibility with which the finest of Lord Tennyson's patriotic effusions were indelibly stamped, and which that poet must needs possess in full measure who aspires to be called great."

❀

We are tempted here to quote a passage from an article by Mr. James Lane Allen in the October *Atlantic*, apropos of Mr. Kipling's poem "Recessional," "probably his noblest and most enduring poetic achievement," says Mr. Allen. The analysis which follows shows upon what a strong basis the critic in *Blackwood's* builds his claim for Kipling's succession to Tennyson:

"It is virile—nothing that he ever wrote is more so; yet is refined—as little else that he has ever written is. It is strong, but it is equally delicate. It is massive as a whole; it is in every line just as graceful. It is large enough to compass the scope of the British Empire; it creates this immensity by the use of a few small details. It may be instantly understood and felt by all men in its obviousness; yet it is so rare that he alone of all the millions of Englishmen could even think of writing it. The new, vast prayer of it rises to the Infinite; but it rises from the ancient sacrifice of a contrite heart."

❀

Mr. Merriman's novel *In Kedar's Tents*, which is concluded in this number, and is reviewed on another page, has met with instantaneous success. No previous novel published by this author has been received with such quick appreciation. Published only a few weeks ago, it is now in its fourteenth thousand. In his new novel, entitled *Roden's Corner*, Mr. Merriman has further extended his widely travelled itinerary by placing the scenes for the most part in the Hague. The Messrs. Harper, who published *The Sowers*, have secured this story as a leading serial for their magazine, beginning in January. *Roden's Corner* will afterward be issued in book form by the same firm next autumn.

❀

The Federal Judge, by Charles K. Lush, a first novel by a new writer, has gone into a second edition within a few weeks of its publication, and the publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, report a steadily increasing demand for the book. *The Federal Judge* is a good story, but it seems to us it would make a better play with W. H. Crane as the honest, rugged old judge. Again, when we think of the dramatic value of the railway magnate's part, Richard Mansfield in *Doctor Jekyll*

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and Mr. Hyde comes before the mind's eye. But what an impossible combination—W. H. Crane and Richard Mansfield! On the other hand, two plays might be constructed out of the book, one for Crane with the federal judge as the hero, and one for Mansfield with Gardwell as the principal character.

❀

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's great novel of the American Revolution, *Hugh Wynne*, is now in its twenty-fifth thousand. The story proved a most successful serial feature in the *Century* during the past year, and a new work by the same author, entitled *The Adventures of François*, has been secured, and will shortly appear in the same magazine. Dr. Mitchell returned a few weeks ago from a trip to Paris

❀

Ibsen is going to Berlin next spring, on invitation, for the celebration of his seventy-first birthday. It is expected that this occasion will be made the opportunity for an important Ibsenite demonstration.

❀

A curious incident reported to us as happening during the printing of *Brokenburne* furnishes corroborative testimony to our claim made last month that this story of the old South is equal to the best of Mr. Page's work in *Marse Chan* and *Meh Lady*. The copy for the title-page is usually handed in to the printer after the book is set up, and upon submitting this for *Brokenburne* at the De Vinne Press, where Mr. Page's stories have also been printed, the reader, who is quite an old-time *littérateur*, with a surprised look said, "Oh, I thought this book was by Thomas Nelson Page!"

❀

Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, the author of *Brokenburne*, is fairly well known to magazine readers by her poems and short stories. The first time we remember noticing her name was as the writer of a story called "Uncle Bias's Vision," published in the *Century*, if we mistake not, three or four years ago. Last year Mrs. Boyle received by unanimous vote the prize over one hundred and forty-seven contestants for the best poem written upon the occasion of the celebration of the Tennessee Centennial. Mrs. Boyle is descended of Scotch, Irish,

MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

and English settlers in North Carolina and Virginia, but her immediate parentage was of Mississippi, and her home has always been in Memphis, Tenn. A review of *Brokenburne*, one of the best stories ever told of the old South and the war, appears on another page.

❀

One of the most popular books in Sweden is King Oscar's volume of poems, and this because the poems are liked, not because the poet is a king. The book has been a great commercial success, which is uncommon in Sweden, where literature and journalism are poorly remunerated.

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Count Tolstoy has been expressing himself very severely on Wagner and

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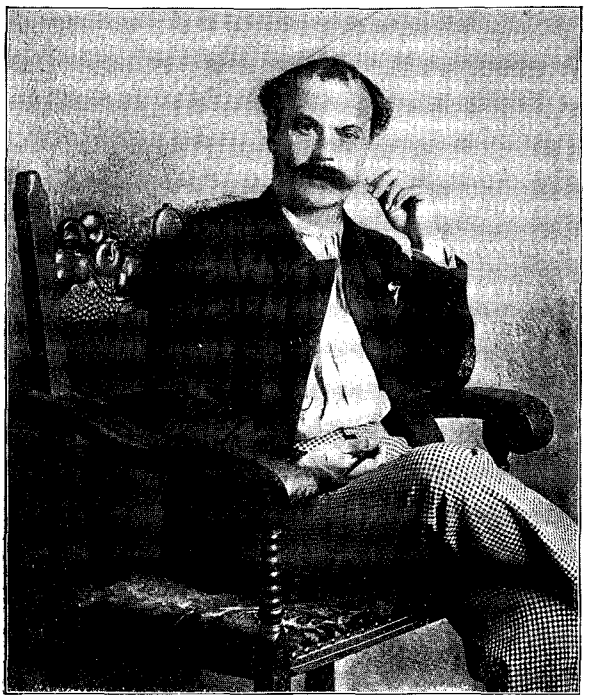

EVERT VAN MUYDEN.

One of the illustrators of *Quo Vadis*.

Wagner's music. Wagner, according to Tolstoy, was a *décadent* who made up in trickery what he lacked in inspiration and idea. He had no notion of melody, and loved noise. He was incomprehensible to the mass, and he, Tolstoy, vastly preferred to Wagner's most pretentious compositions the simplest popular tunes.

❀

Mr. Dan Beard has drawn some very spirited illustrations for a book which has just been published by Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company ; indeed, we think these ten full-page pictures represent the best work in half-tone illustration that Mr. Beard has yet done. The book is an historical novel of the Civil War, entitled *A Hero in Homespun*, by William E. Barton, and we understand that the artist accompanied the author during the summer on a tour through the picturesque mountain region of Kentucky and Tennessee, where the scenes of the story lie, and that his pictures are based on photographs and studies of the actual historical scenes reproduced in the story. It is a tale of the loyal South ; the author, who knows the country well and understands the feelings of the people from a long sojourn among them, has been at work on this novel for twelve years. In calling forth the homespun hero of the southern Appalachians from his obscurity, the author has sought to make him better known, that he may be loved the more, and more fully recognised for his manliness, his patriotism, his heroism beneath the rough, plain homespun. A review of the book appears on another page.

❀

The great popularity of *Quo Vadis*, resembling that achieved by *Ben Hur* some years ago, would seem to indicate that there is something vital, after all, in the argument that scenes and characters borrowed from the times of Christ and the early Christian Church take tremendous hold of the imagination of the people when utilised by an author of stirring narrative powers. Reports have shown that for some months past *Quo Vadis* has gone away ahead of every other book in point of sale. The publishers, Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, believe evidently that a handsome holiday edition of the work will be appreciated, for they have just issued a beautiful edition in two volumes, with maps, photogravure illustrations, and reproductions from ancient sculptures. It is bound in royal purple, and printed from new type. The original pictures contributed to these volumes have been drawn by Howard Pyle, Edmund H. Garrett, and Evert Van Muyden. We give a portrait of this famous Dutch artist and etcher from a new photograph, and also a new one of Sienkiewicz, taken expressly for this edition, and reproduced here through the courtesy of the publishers.

❀

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have in the press a volume of short stories translated from the Polish of Henryk Sienkiewicz by Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, whose authorised translations of the previous works of Sienkiewicz have given genuine satisfaction, and have won for their author a wide reputation outside of his native country. One story in this collection, called

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"Let Us Also Follow Him," will be of great interest to the readers of *Quo Vadis*, as in this story lies the germ of the greater volume. *Hania*, as the book is entitled, will, we understand, be published at once.

❀

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have just published a new edition of Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie's attractive volumes of literary studies. The edition is printed from new plates, and contains seven volumes, each volume having a frontispiece in photogravure. Mr. Mabie recently returned from England, where he spent most of the summer; and some interesting results of his sojourn abroad will be visible in two series of articles to be published in the *Outlook*. The first of these will be a finely illustrated paper on "The Lake Country as the Background of Wordsworth's Poetry." Mr. Mabie spent some days at Grasmere, and it was while there that he wrote the article published by him in the November *Atlantic* on "The Life of Tennyson." Mr. Mabie will also give personal impressions of some of the great English schools, such as those at Eton College, New College, Oxford, and the University of Edinburgh, institutions which have done much to mould and fix the character of the Briton. These articles, we understand, will be accompanied with illustrations made from photographs.

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

From a new photograph of the author of *Quo Vadis*.

❀

Mr. Henry H. H. Cameron, to whose photographic studies of eminent literary people we referred last month, treasures many interesting and curious letters written to his mother, Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron, during her lifetime. There is a characteristic letter of George Eliot's from which we may quote a few paragraphs to throw a side light on her much-discussed personality. The letter was written in 1871, in response to one accompanying a number of Mrs. Cameron's photographs:

"The love which you have so prettily inscribed on the beautiful present which you have sent me is the more precious because it is given for the sake of my books. They are certainly the best part of me—save in the power which my fleshly self has of returning love for love and being grateful for all goodness. . . . I thank you with all my heart. Wise people are teaching us to be sceptical about some sorts of charity, but this of cheering others by proofs of sympathy will never, I think, be shown to be harmful; at least, you have done me good.

"You are happy in being far away from under the London blanket, with a sight of the sky above you. I suppose you will some time return to the uglier world here, and in that case I may hope that the kindness which sent the photographs may bring you to me in your own person. . . ."

Then there is another letter written in 1858 by Thomas Carlyle, in which he says:

"I work all day and all days, riding abroad a little in the dusk like a distracted ghost, trying if I can keep alive till the thing gets done, and gloomily returning to my den again. If I can live about a year at this rate I hope to be free, and for the rest of my life, whatever that may amount to."

It was only by chance that Mrs. Cameron contrived to take the portrait of Carlyle, which we reproduce, for it was not easy to induce him to make

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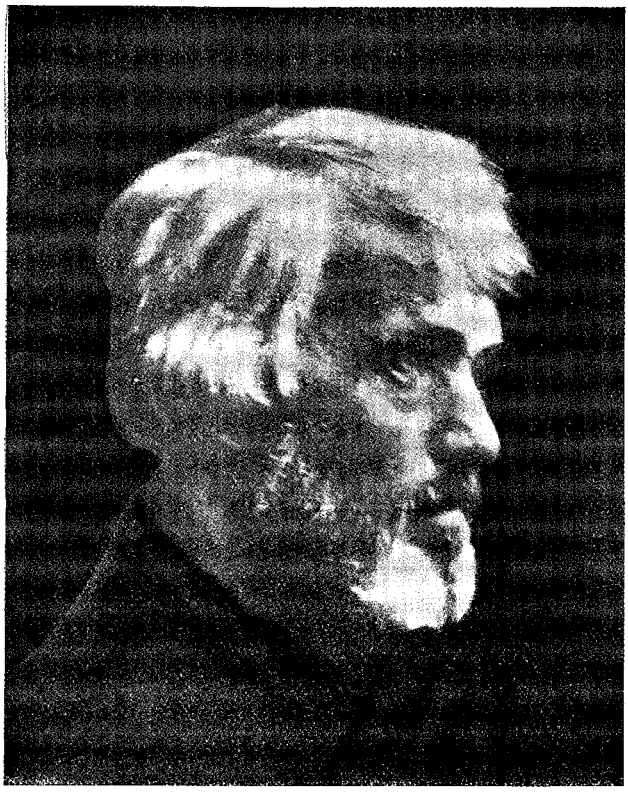

THOMAS CARLYLE.

From a photograph by Julia Margaret Cameron.

an appointment. However, taken it was, and on receiving it Carlyle wrote back :

"Has something of likeness, though terrifically ugly and woebegone! My candid opinion.
"T. CARLYLE."

❀

Sartor Resartus was originally published in 1831, and ten years later we find George Eliot writing to an early school friend :

"Have you, dear Patty, read any of T. Carlyle's books? He is a grand favourite of mine, and I venture to recommend to you his *Sartor Resartus*. I dare say a barrister of your acquaintance has it. His soul is a shrine of the highest and purest philanthropy, kindled by the live coal of gratitude and devotion to the Author of all things. I should observe that he is not 'orthodox.'"

The playful touch of the last sentence recalls the late Professor Drummond's humorous sally when, in naming the first books that found a place on his student's shelf—Ruskin, Emerson, George Eliot, Channing—he said that one day it suddenly struck him that all these favourite authors of his were heretics, that these books were regarded by many good people as dangerous books! Himself a Scotchman, it is a curious fact that he could not tolerate Carlyle. "After wading through a page of Carlyle I felt as if I had been whipped. Carlyle scolded too much for my taste, and he seemed to me a great man gone delirious."

❀

If Carlyle had married a sweet-tempered woman how very different life might have been, and how far better things might have gone with him. One's mind naturally reverts from such a reflection to the beautiful story of Carlyle's first love in *Sartor Resartus*. Some interesting particulars have come to light recently concerning Carlyle's "Blumine" in an exceedingly interesting book entitled *Aberdeen Awa'* by Mr. George Walker, published by Messrs. A. Brown and Company, Aberdeen, Scotland. Dr. Guthrie of London, the author of a celebrated treatise on gunshot wounds, married a lady who had two daughters, one of whom was Margaret Gordon, Carlyle's "Blumine." Mr. Walker saw her in 1833 when she was married to a notable Aberdonian, Sir Alexander Bannerman. He remembers her again in 1851, "fair in looks, handsome in person, and accomplished in manner," and a niece of Lady Bannerman says that she had the sweetest of tempers. Lady Bannerman accompanied her husband to his various governorships in the colonies. He died in 1862 from an accident while he was preparing to return to his native city. After his death his wife retired to a villa in Hampstead, where, being childless, she lived a solitary life and died there about 1886. She never alluded to her early relations with Carlyle, but talked freely of his character and of his works, especially the essays on Burns,

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Goethe, Scott, and other articles in his *Miscellanies*. But it is said that she talked even more of Edward Irving, who had been her tutor in mathematics. Lady Bannerman's sister survives her and is still living at a very advanced age. So "Blumine" lived silently through the great Carlyle controversy, and died even more alone than the famous man who was once her lover.

❀

An appreciative and sympathetic paper on "Mrs. Cameron, Her Friends and Her Photographs," by V. C. Scott O'Connor, appears in the *Century* for November. Several beautiful reproductions of photographs taken by Mrs. Cameron are given, and also a fine portrait of this gifted woman from a painting by G. F. Watts, R.A.

❀

A Roman Catholic writer in England, Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, has been characterising some modern writers. Marie Corelli puzzles him, but he succeeds in getting rid of the following sentence :

"The English, whose taste in novels largely dominates ours, have borrowed from France the idea of making their works of fiction into tremendously philosophical treatises. In fact, the French schools, to which we owe the later Henry James and the new methods of Harold Frederic, have permeated Hardy and Meredith, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. Grant Allen, and half a dozen others."

Of Mrs. Humphry Ward he says :

"She is pagan rather than positivist, a rather conventional pagan, studying in the breakfast-cap of the British matron the sports of the arena. She could have taught Marcus Aurelius much that would have opened his eyes. One is sure, however, that her head would have been cut off early in the week if she had pre-existed as the story-telling princess of *The Arabian Nights*."

❀

A collection of dignified essays by the late George William Curtis has been published by the Harpers under the title *Ars Recte Vivendi*. No one, it has been very well said, who reads these essays can conceive of the author, as an undergraduate, committing, aiding, or abetting any of the strange category of departures from good form, order, courtesy, and justice. Interest in this important phase of Mr. Curtis's mind and character will be heightened by an article on "George William Curtis at Concord," which will appear in the Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine*, from the pen of Mr. George Willis Cooke. The paper will consist for the most part of letters written by him at the age of twenty. They are a revelation of Mr. Curtis's early manhood, disclosing even at this early date his passionate interest in life, and the deep thoughtfulness pervaded by the charm of the man of letters which made him so characteristic a figure in our literary and social American world.

❀

Mr. William Le Queux, whose African adventure story, *The Eye of Istar*, was recently published by the Messrs. Stokes, has just completed a new novel entitled *The Day of Temptation*, which will first appear serially in America and England during 1898. The chief character, we understand, is an Italian adventuress called "La Funaro," whose cunning and recklessness give scope for many thrilling scenes in Florence, Rome, and London. Mr. Le Queux, who has for nearly a year past taken up permanent abode in Italy, may be said to know Italian life thoroughly, as many years of his youth were passed in the vicinity of Genoa. He now lives in Leghorn, and has for his friend and neighbour Pietro Mascagni, the well-known composer of the *Cavalleria Rusticana*.

❀

Mr. Le Queux's novel *Whoso Findeth a Wife*, which appeared serially in America, England, and Australia in the spring, has now been issued in book form in London, and has run through three editions in as many weeks. The American rights have been secured by Messrs. Rand, McNally and Company, who will issue it immediately. The story deals with diplomacy in various European capitals, and has been pronounced by a critic in the *British Weekly* as "one of the most remarkable novels of the season." For some time past Mr. Le Queux has had contracts with an English syndicate for serials until 1901, but a few weeks ago he signed one to write a novel for publication in 1903 !

❀

Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson, the author of *Galloping Dick*, has finished the novel on which he has been engaged for some months. It is a story of adventure pure and simple, and it will next year be published serially in a well-known periodical before it appears in book form.

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Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

The new Riverside Edition of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's works announced by us some months ago is now published. It makes the most attractive set of books we have seen this autumn, its artistic book-making vying with the literary value of the work and assuring this edition a final place among our standard authors. Several poems are included which only appeared during the year, one of which is the sonnet "On Reading William Watson's Sonnets entitled 'The Purple East,'" published in THE BOOKMAN, and another the recent "Ode on the Unveiling of the Shaw Memorial on Boston Common." Two portraits reproduced in photogravure appear as frontispieces, one of which is herewith reproduced through the courtesy of the publishers.

❀

The first acquaintance which the writer made with Mr. Aldrich's work occurred some ten years ago, when it was told him that the copy of Mr. Aldrich's poems which lay on a table in the parlour of his home had on a fly-leaf the inscription, "To my wife, Lilian, after seventeen happy years with her. November 28th, 1882," and on the next blank page were written the lines:

"Two things there are with Memory will abide,
Whatever else befall, while life flows by:
That soft, cold hand-touch at the altar side;
The thrill that shook you at your child's first cry."

The lines, which were indelibly graved on the memory of the reader, appear on page 202 of Volume I. in the new edition under the title "Memories." They stamped the author, whoever he might be, as a poet of fine feeling and distinction, and ever since then the writer has been grateful to the friend who introduced him to one with whose writings in poetry and prose he can now boast a wider and deeper intimacy. Another quatrain touched with the same pathos and artistic reserve is "A Child's Grave," which is also a favourite:

"A little mound with chipped headstone,
The grass, ah me! uncut about the sward,
Summer by summer left alone
With one white lily keeping watch and ward."

His poem to Tennyson, it may not be uninteresting to note at the present moment, gives unmistakable expression to his high opinion of the late Poet Laureate's genius and rank among poets. "Shakespeare and Milton," he asks,

"what third blazoned name
Shall lips of after-ages link to these?
* * * * *
Others shall have their little space of time,
Their proper niche and bust, then fade away
Into the darkness, poets of a day;
But thou, O builder of enduring rhyme,
Thou shalt not pass! Thy fame in every clime
On earth shall live where Saxon speech has sway."

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Some late publications of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company include *The Spanish Maid*, by L. Quiller-Couch, a sister of Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, or "Q.;" *Over the Hills*, by Mary Findlater, a sister of Jane Findlater, whose story *The Green Graves of Balgowrie*, published a year ago, impressed us by its strong if sombre power. Jane Findlater has herself a new novel coming out with her sister's, entitled *A Daughter of Strife*, and competent critics, who felt the promise of greater work in her former novel, declare her new book to be one of the strongest novels that they have read in the past few years. The same firm has also a new book about the late war between Greece and Turkey—namely, *With the Conquering Turk*, by Mr. G. W. Steevens, and as this volume is from the clever pen of the author of *The Land of the Dollar*, published last spring, it will be welcomed as the work at first hand of an acute observer and a brilliant writer. Other volumes being issued by this firm are *Bye-ways of Life*, a volume of short stories by Mr. R. S. Hichens, and *The Children of the Sea*, a tale of the forecastle by Joseph Conrad. Mr. Conrad is a new writer of recent years, whose work has been steadily gaining ground for him in the estimation of the literary world. He has a marvellous power of word painting, and there is a description of a storm at sea in this story which is the finest thing of the kind we know of outside of Loti's *Iceland Fisherman*.

CHARLES MACOMB FLANDRAU.

❀

The first large edition of *The Invisible Man*, by Mr. H. G. Wells, was exhausted within a few days of publication. Mr. Grant Allen's *An African Millionaire* has also run into a second edition. Both books are published by Mr. Edward Arnold.

❀

Mr. Charles Macomb Flandrau, whose portrait we give on this page, is the author of seven stories of Harvard life, written from the point of view of a recent graduate, and portray in an entertaining manner the Harvard man of to-day. *Harvard Episodes* is not to be hastily ranked with the college story-book, which, so curiously amusing to insiders, is as curiously deceptive to outsiders. The publishers, Messrs. Copeland and Day, have a serious pride in issuing this volume, not only as an entertaining series of stories characteristic of Harvard college life, but as a book that will appeal to the inner sense of those who look upon a great college as a fit training-school for life, and not simply as a finishing institution to previous educational studies.

❀

George Egerton (Mrs. Clairmonte), whose portrait is given on the next page, inaugurated the Keynotes Series with her first volume of stories called *Keynotes*. This was followed by *Discords;* later, only a few months ago, this was succeeded by *Symphonies*, and now a new book entitled *Fantasias* will make its appearance shortly through Mr. John Lane, who publishes the Keynotes Series. This

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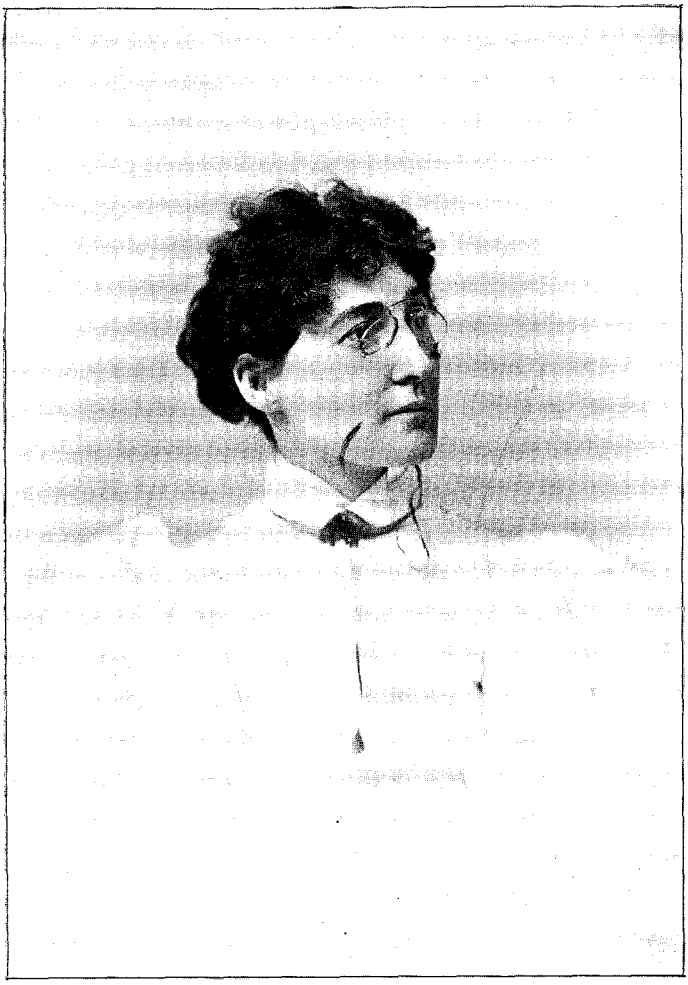

GEORGE EGERTON.

author, with a curious penchant for musical titles, is an Australian, whose maiden name was Dunn. Her first husband died a year after marriage, and in 1891 she was wedded to Mr. Egerton Clairmonte, a Nova Scotian. Mr. Clairmonte is fairly well known in South Africa and in London press circles, and has even enjoyed the amenities of an editorship. Mrs. Clairmonte, after travelling over most of the world, now lives quietly in retirement at Notting Hill.

❀

At the request of an enterprising editor of a London magazine, Mrs. Clairmonte recently wrote the following concerning her method and rate of writing: "I have no average, nor do I work every day; nor if I did would it be possible for me to work daily by rule of thumb—so many hours, so many words. No writer of temperament or inspiration could possibly do so. Moreover, it irritates me to have to consider how many words there are in anything I write. I write just as many as I need, no more, no less—always less if possible. I have no idea how many words are contained in any story I have written, nor which book the longest or shortest to write. Some have been written straight off at a sitting; some have been begun and laid aside for weeks."

❀

Dr. H. H. Furness keeps steadily at work on his Variorum Edition of Shakespeare's Plays. It is reported that he has completed another volume, *A Winter's Tale*, which the Messrs. Lippincott will publish within a few months.

❀

Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, the author of *The Honourable Peter Stirling*, contributes an exceedingly interesting and instructive article to the current *Atlantic* on what elements go to constitute historical fiction, with especial application to the American historical novel. The term, though one in common use, he finds to be a very loosely applied expression, and that a satisfactory definition is by no means a simple matter. After some preliminary skirmishing Mr. Ford pins down this decision which we submit as a definition of the historical novel in a nutshell:

"The great historical novel in the past, and, as the writer believes, in the future, is not and will not be great because of its use of historical events and characters, but because of its use of an historical atmosphere, such as Scott created in his *Ivanhoe* and Thackeray in his *Esmond*. . . . In other words, in each case the atmosphere of

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the book is correct, falsify or pervert history as it may, and, therefore, as already said, each satisfies the imagination of the reader. For a like reason *The Scarlet Letter* and *The Deerslayer* have done the same. The reader breathes Puritanism throughout the first. It is not merely the descriptions of Massachusetts life that give the book this wonderful quality. Dimmesdale's conscience and the intellectual cruelty of his tormentor are truer historically than what in the book purports to be actually reconstructed from documentary sources. *The Deerslayer* is a description of an isolated outpost struggle between white and red—a series of adventures that Cooper might have placed at almost any date, and in almost any spot in this country. Yet the world over it has been accepted as the classic of the wonderful two hundred and fifty years' struggle between two races for the possession of a continent."

In closing, Mr. Ford laments the existence of certain serious defects in our contemporary novelists—an entire disregard of the big elements of American life and an over-accentuation of the untypical; an almost universal silence on all that has given us distinct nationality. "Who in reading American fiction has ever brought away a sense of real glory in his own country?" Disregarding the great issues and struggles of our national movements, the novelist has turned to the petty in American life; we are overburdened with dialect stories, with novels of locality that pass as typical and not exceptional, and all this in a country where the people are the most homogeneous in both thought and language in the world. "We are almost submerged with what may be styled the Afternoon Tea Novel." It is the old feud between the utilitarian and the spiritual elements in our national life that Mr. Ford dwells upon with the concluding presage, that "when our people produce as good literary workers as mechanical engineers, when the best of our imagination turns from the practical to the ideal, there will be no lack of an American fiction."

❀

We requested an American writer to name the best twenty books for boys, and in submitting the following titles, he says that he has considered them "from the adviser's standpoint, yet from the boy's standpoint also:"

Westward Ho.	By Charles Kingsley.
Ivanhoe.	" Scott.
Phaeton Rogers.	" Rossiter Johnson.
Treasure Island.	" Stevenson.
The Spy.	" Cooper.
Tale of Two Cities.	" Dickens.
Hoosier Schoolmaster.	By Eggleston.
Hans Brinker.	" Mary Mapes Dodge.
The Prince and the Pauper.	" Mark Twain.
Tales from Shakespeare.	" Lamb.
Boy's Froissart.	" Lanier.
Wreck of the Grosvenor.	" Clark Russell.
Henry Esmond.	" Thackeray.
Silas Marner.	" George Eliot.
Ben Hur.	" Lew Wallace.
Two Years Before the Mast.	" Dana.
St. George and St. Michael.	" George Macdonald.
The Wonder Book.	" Hawthorne.
Historic Boys.	" Elbridge S. Brooks.
Little Women.	" Alcott.

—the last being one of the few "girls' books" that all boys will read, even if they do it on the sly or in a corner.

❀

An English writer names the following titles in a list of the best twenty books for a boy's bookshelf:

Treasure Island.	By Stevenson.
Kidnapped.	" "
Dead Man's Rock.	" Q.
Tom Cringle's Log.	" Michael Scott.
Michael Strogoff.	" Jules Verne.
Beric the Briton.	" G. A. Henty.
The Battery and the Boiler.	" Ballantyne.
The Three Midshipmen.	" Kingston.
The Jungle Books.	" Kipling.
Tom Brown's School-days.	" Thos. Hughes.
Westward Ho!	" Kingsley.
David Copperfield.	" Dickens.
Pickwick.	" "
Lorna Doone.	" Blackmore.
The Pirate.	" Scott.
Ivanhoe.	" "
The Talisman.	" "
The White Company.	" Doyle.
Robbery Under Arms.	" Boldrewood.
The True Story Book.	" Lang.
The Story of the Iliad and the Æneid.	" Church.

After all, such lists are largely a matter of personal taste and inclination. *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, and *Ivanhoe* are indisputable. *Tom Cringle's Log* has the weight, we believe, of Mr. Kipling's authority; *Tom Brown's School-days* has long been a favourite—especially in England; but *Dead Man's Rock*, by "Q.," though well known there, has yet to be discovered by the American boy. As for *Pickwick*, what boy is there who, having gone through his Dickens, does not end with a second reading of the immortal *Pickwick*? *Robinson Crusoe* is omitted by this writer as belonging to the category of "elementary stories."

❀

But of all books in the world, *Don Quixote* is the book for an English-

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speaking boy. "There is a time in his boyhood," said a writer some time ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "while the sun of life throws a long shadow behind him, when, after he has read the Waverley Novels, Cooper, and Captain Marryat, he pauses, hesitating between Thackeray and Dickens. . . . It is at that moment of hesitation that *Don Quixote* should be put into the boy's hands," and he puts forth a plea for a good translation of this classic for the boy. "The boy wants two qualities in his books, enthusiasm and loyalty; and here he has them jogging on side by side through four good volumes." One would not wish to select as typical boys young Thackeray, who fed on Dumas, yet thousands of boys feast on *Monte Cristo*, in which their imagination finds expansion in untrammelled fields; nor yet the young Dickens, who nearly read himself into a second Tom Jones, but whose essentially robust and manly character might shame much that is now written for boys and finds shelter in many homes; nor even young Macaulay, who when twelve was discussing Plutarch's *Lives;* and yet of all books we cherish the fondest memories of dear old Plutarch, and would fain see a copy of his book in the hands of every boy.

❀

Max Pemberton, whose *Queen of the Jesters*, recently published, seems to have taken hold of the public, is reported in an interview published in the November *Young Man* as saying that *The Little Huguenot* is his favourite among his own works, and that the Americans prefer it to his other books. "It is an odd thing," he goes on, "that the books which I feel contain my best work go best in America, and not so well in this country (England). I think the Americans attach more importance to finding what I may call 'heart' in the work. Anything that is human and simple seems to go well in America. I don't think they care so much for the fanciful—I mean, for the scientific romance."

❀

For the benefit of the journalistic aspirant we quote in full Mr. Pemberton's plain and practical discussion of the possibilities of success for beginners in journalism, particularly as applied to young writers, and of the difficulties of the editorial position in dealing with them. Mr. Pemberton, we may add, is the editor of *Cassell's Magazine*.

"My experience is that in work of this kind the demand exceeds the supply. In my own case—and I suppose it is the experience of every magazine editor—the difficulty of getting anything readable from those who are not known—from people, I mean, outside the office—can hardly be exaggerated. If, in sketching out my programme, I had to rely upon the work of outsiders, my contents-page would be nearly a blank. Out of all the matter sent in, I do not get more than one acceptable story or item in a month. Of course, when I say that the demand exceeds the supply, I refer to work of a fair standard of merit. There is a great supply of men who can't write at all well, and, naturally, there is no demand for their services; but for young men who can write English, and know how to make the subject they are treating attractive, there is a better opening nowadays than there ever has been, and, granted the beginner has a few ideas of his own, there is nothing to prevent him becoming successful. But then, as you know, the gift of writing is much rarer than people imagine. Journalism is the great open profession, and every man at his wit's end to earn a living turns his hand to it. Out of one hundred men who start writing, I should say ninety-eight per cent have no gift for writing whatever; and I think they are a terrible weight upon the two per cent, the two just ones who are trying to start with them. When there is such an inrush of rubbish, one's editorial inspection is necessarily rather cursory. If you only had to look at the contributions of the two just ones, their work would naturally come in for still closer scrutiny."

"Characterisation, the understanding of humanity, and the ability to make other people understand it, is undoubtedly the highest form of literary art." Such was the terse definition of successful fiction-writing thrown off by Mr. Pemberton during this interview. He very modestly described his adventure stories as being told in the market-place, where people becoming interested step out to listen and then pop home again.

❀

When Mr. James Bowden left the firm of Ward, Lock and Bowden to go into business for himself, his first venture was Mr. Coulson Kernahan's famous booklet, *The Child, the Wise Man and the Devil*. With the exception of *God and the Ant*, by the same author, no book of its kind has made such a stir within recent years. Mr. Bowden has sold over fifty thousand copies of this book in London, and he has now commemorated the event by issuing an *édition de luxe*, limited to five hundred copies, signed and numbered by the author. The book

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was published in America by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, but it failed to touch the great mass of the reading public here as it did in England. As this edition is strictly limited and issued only in England, the fact of its great popularity will, no doubt, soon make it very rare and valuable.

❀

Mr. Neil Munro, who has commenced a new story in the November *Blackwood*, has retired from his connection with the Glasgow *Evening News*, and is to devote himself entirely to fiction. He has arranged to write the serial story in *Good Words* for 1898. Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have secured the serial and book rights of the *Blackwood* novel, which is entitled *John Splendid: The Tale of a Poor Gentleman, and the Little Wars of Lorn.*

❀

The proprietors of the *Revue de Paris* are printing translations of some of Ian Maclaren's most characteristic stories from *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *The Days of Auld Lang Syne.*

❀

Madame Sarah Grand's new novel, *The Beth Book*, has just been published, and is reviewed on another page. The portrait of her which is given above is from a new photograph, now published for the first time.

MADAME SARAH GRAND.

❀

"Ye British public, who like me not," complained Browning, more in sorrow than in anger, after writing for thirty-five years. It is eight years ago this month since the poet passed into the silent land, but the mighty echoes of his great virile voice have not ceased to reverberate throughout the world. Time is the great solvent, and he who was neglected yesterday is crowned to-day. We speak lightly of public caprice, yet now that Browning is not monopolised by cults and societies, but is becoming accessible to the million through the popular editions of his works being issued in consequence of the partial expiration of his copyrights, there is in England almost as great a boom in Browning as in Byron. For the surprising feature of the increased interest in his work is that while the public are growing appreciative the critics are becoming severely critical. It is, perhaps, not singular, as indeed Mr. Zangwill has point-

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THE MOTHER OF "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY."

ed out, that a generation which has hailed Kipling should make a revulsion to the poetry of energy. And we are glad to see so keen a critic venturing the dictum that in Browning we have the greatest singer of love songs whom English literature has seen. It is safe to say that by his lyrics of love the poet will live in the years to come, and not by his stupendous monologues with their gigantic mental gymnastics and blinding flashes of splendid imagery. Upon this side the Atlantic we had a year ago from Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company the complete works of the poet in one volume, and later a complete edition in two volumes from the Macmillan Company, besides a very full selection, with a number of interesting portraits, from Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company. This firm has also just issued a beautiful illustrated edition of *The Ring and the Book* in one volume. This great poem of Browning's has been likened by one critic to a Gothic cathedral, "only as a Gothic cathedral has been termed a petrified forest, we must image this work as a vivified cathedral, thrilling with hot, swift life through all its marble nerves." A bulky volume of much interest to extreme Browningites will be *The Boston Browning Society Papers*, composed of selections representing the work of the Society from its organisation in 1885 until now. It is published by the Macmillan Company. What we should still like to see is a collection of Browning's love lyrics, with an introduction in the spirit of Matthew Arnold's essay prefixed to his selections from Wordsworth.

❀

From *Little Lord Fauntleroy* to *A Lady of Quality* is a far cry; so great is the divergence that they might have been written by two separate persons, as they certainly disclose two different personalities. Yet both books have been successful and popular, both have been dramatised. Whether *A Lady of Quality* will repeat the tremendous *éclat* of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* as a play remains yet to be seen; that in its stage version it is a success seems now assured. Another announcement by the Messrs. Scribner, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's publishers, couples the names of these two books together—namely, the issue of a new and cheaper edition of Mrs. Burnett's famous juveniles in five volumes, and the publication of her new novel, *His Grace the Duke of Osmonde*, "being the portion of the history of that nobleman's life omitted in the relation of his lady's story, presented to the world of fashion under the title of *A Lady of Quality*." In other words, the novel is not a sequel, but an attempt in fiction to present, as it were, the two sides of a medallion, the image of the woman having been stamped in *A Lady of Quality*, and the man's image being now struck off in the new volume. The man's side of the story is reviewed on another page by the same writer who reviewed the woman's side last year.

❀

Some friends of Mrs. Burnett's who enjoyed her hospitality while on a visit to London, subsequent to the appearance of *A Lady of Quality*, were curious to learn whether the famous old vault in the story had any substantial reality, or was merely a *tour de force* of the imagination.

"We must wait until midnight," answered Mrs. Burnett, "and then I will show you what started the *Lady of Quality*."

They were sitting in Mrs. Burnett's own private den, a cosy nook of the

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great house in Portland Place. Although it was in the month of July, they were gathered around a little open fire, for Mrs. Burnett is an ardent member of the sect of fire-worshippers, and the damp, penetrating chill of a July rain in London made the smouldering glow quite endurable.

Midnight came, and the big house was still. They talked quietly by the fire of old times and old friends, and heard the last distant window and door bang as they were closed for the night.

"Now," said Mrs. Burnett, "let us go."

She lit a candle—the effect would be ruined, she explained, by any light but that of one solitary candle—and they went downstairs. As in most London houses, the first floor is the dining-room, and below that is the kitchen and an elaborate system of pantries, housekeeper's quarters, servants' dining and sleeping-rooms, etc. Passing through long, narrow passages, they left all this behind, and their guide opened a door, through which a sudden chill draught of air struck them, nearly extinguishing the candle. Mrs. Burnett closed the door behind them, and they followed her along what seemed an interminable winding passage, with cold stone under their feet.

THE AUTHOR OF "A LADY OF QUALITY."

Mrs. Burnett opened door after door on one side and the other, holding the flickering candle high to show one wine-cellar and vault after another, bleak, empty caves stretching out in a mysterious labyrinth. Each one would seem to be the last, when the winding passage would take an unexpected turn and another would open before them. Finally, by devious ways they came to the end. The passage terminated at a small cupboard door. Lifting the old-fashioned lock, they peered into the little triangular closet, and recoiled from its damp chill.

"You must go in," said the autocrat with the candle.

Only one at a time could get in, but following Mrs. Burnett they entered, turned sharply to the right, and beside the door opening into the closet, and quite concealed by it, they saw another door. Groping their way through that, they went down a step, and found themselves in a round, vaulted room, as remote, as secret, as hushed as if it were a thousand miles away from busy London. Where they were, how far they had come they could not guess. They only knew that far behind them somewhere was a warm, cheerful house, bright with electric lights, and that, sounding muffled over their heads, was the ceaseless living roar of the streets of London.

The candle was lifted high. Around them were damp, stone walls shut in like a tomb, through which no ray of daylight had ever penetrated.

"Here," said Mrs. Burnett, and she waved the candle dramatically—too dramatically, for it flickered out in the close air, and left them for a minute in absolutely impenetrable blackness—"here," she resumed after relighting the candle, "the *Lady of Quality* was born! When I first leased this house I explored these subterranean recesses several times before I discovered this hidden vault.

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SIR JOHN OXON (EDWIN ARDEN) AND CLORINDA (JULIA ARTHUR) IN THE ROSE GARDEN SCENE.
From a photograph by Pach Brothers.

When I did, it fascinated me with its mysterious remoteness. What was it for? Why was it ever excavated? What dark purpose might it have served in the distant past?—for the house is very old and has a long history. Of course, you know, I just had to have something happen to fit this vault, and so Clorinda was born and lived out her destiny, and in her strong arms brought the body of John Oxon here, where no eye would ever see it. It is perfectly obvious, you see—in fact, it was inevitable after I had once stood in this room."

❀

Every one concerned about legitimate drama has watched with interest to see what success would attend the dramatisation of *A Lady of Quality*. In adapting this strong and dramatic novel to the stage, Mrs. Burnett has had the assistance of Mr. Stephen Townesheud's stage knowledge. The result, while not by any means such a brilliant achievement as Mr. Lorimer Stoddard's dramatisation of *Tess*, is nevertheless on the whole successful. Some cutting may be done with profit. With fewer lines, in some strong situations, Clorinda would be more convincing. The criticism of practical playwrights will probably guide Mrs. Burnett in making these changes. Alteration is much needed at the close of the play, where the dramatic effect flattens out calamitously. The audience should surely not be suffered to become interested in putting on their wraps just when the gravest issues of life and death are occupying the stage before their eyes. Miss Julia Arthur's performance is always in-

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teresting. Her beauty and charm are unfailing. She holds the audience from first to last, but never does she sweep them off their feet in a torrent of passion. The audience never quite forgets how extremely well she is doing her part. Among her supporters, Sir Geoffrey Wildairs and Lady Betty Tantillion deserve commendation. Theirs are minor parts, but given with a finish and adequacy which win them prominence.

❀

The Christmas issue of the *Art Amateur* will be the finest number that has ever been published. It is a Rembrandt number, and besides the other art features which comprise engravings from the famous pictures of the Dutch artist, there will be a Rembrandt supplement containing engravings of his famous paintings now in the possession of Americans. Since the *Art Amateur* changed management last July there has been a marked improvement and advance in the tone of the magazine.

❀

The Macmillan Company will publish at once an authorised edition of *The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning* in two volumes, edited by Frederic G. Kenyon.

FORGET ME, DEATH!—O DEATH, FORGET ME NOT!

Forget me, Death, as from the meadowland
I rise with wayside song and bounding feet,
While far below me fades the valley sweet
And far above, the beckoning summits stand.
Halt me not midway up, where the dim band
Of those who watch below shall see us meet
And mark Thee cut me down in the full heat
Of my soul's mounting purpose. Stay Thy hand
As I climb on, climb on—always more nigh
The sacred heights where lovest Thou to be,
My heart an eagle-brood of hopes that cry
To those lone crags of storm and majesty.
The eaglets gone, my heart their empty nest,
Strike me, quick Death, into my warm deep rest!

O Death, forget me not, till I descend!
Take not Thy place behind me, as with slow
And slower steps, a waning shape, I go
Toward the silent valley and the end.
Lest midway down I turn with rage and send
A curse at Thee, nay, seize thy blade and mow
Myself down at Thy feet, and with the snow
Of those deep years let my heart's summer blend.
O Mighty One! How were it meet for Thee
To set Thy foot upon the vanquished head,
To wrest from Age a stingless victory
Whence Joy and Song and Love long, long have fled!
Await me on the peaks of heavenward strife!
Slay me, great Death, on the young peaks of Life!

James Lane Allen.

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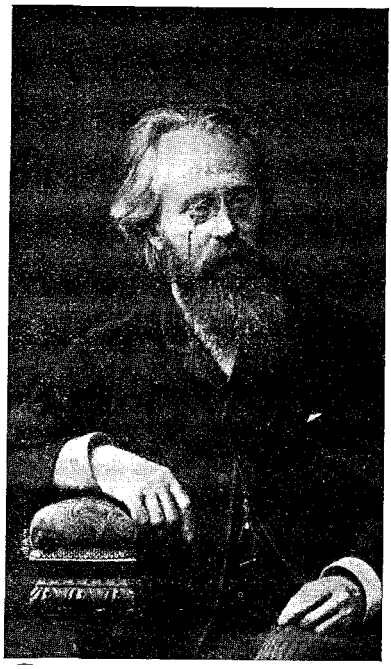
LIVING CONTINENTAL CRITICS.

VI.—N. K. MICHAILOVSKY.

The methods of literary criticism in the empire of the Czar differ essentially from those employed by the literary guides of liberal European countries. Owing to the peculiar conditions of the intellectual and literary life of Russia,



N. K. MICHAILOVSKY.

it has been neither possible nor desirable to emancipate the criticism of letters from the criticism of life—social and political. The Russian literary critic is generally a political leader in the theoretical sense. There being no freedom of political discussion and opinion, and no formal and recognised division of the educated elements into definite political parties with frankly avowed principles, writers have perforce had to cultivate the art of giving a literary form to their political propaganda. The inevitable result has been to invest even purely literary criticism with a political significance. Scratch a Russian critic, and you will find the champion of a social philosophy, of a governmental policy.

In no country is the doctrine of "art for art's sake" so unpopular as it is in Russia. How is opinion to be directed and influenced, how is thought on moral and political subjects to be stimulated if not through art? Art for art's sake in a free country need not necessarily hamper the fullest development of the ethical, social, and political life of the nation; but where artists are the only teachers and leaders, their indifference to vital practical questions, their unwillingness to assume the burden of a social mission must naturally cause apprehension among the lovers of progress. Social service is exacted of every artist in Russia, especially of the literary artist. Beauty is regarded as a means to an end, and perfection of form without regard to the moral value of the content is almost inconceivable. The literary critics of Russia have been the relentless censors of the moral government, the vigilant sentinels and dictators whose authority could not be evaded.

In estimating the work of an English, French, or German critic, it would hardly occur to us to ask whether he is a radical, liberal, or conservative; whether he is a socialist or *bourgeois*, a popular tribune or an opportunist and time-server. In Russia this question is not only deemed proper and relevant, but absolutely unavoidable. We must, therefore, in sketching Michailovsky's career and activity define his position as a social reformer and his relation to the various schools of political science.

Michailovsky is the legitimate successor of the greatest critics Russia has had—Bielinsky, Dobroluboff, and Pisareff. Even his most vigorous opponents will not question his right to the mantle of those moulders of Russian thought. Doubtless his influence on the youth of his generation is not as profound, but this is not due to any intellectual or moral shortcoming in him, but to the changed conditions of national life. Bielinsky was Russia's first great critic and publicist, and he was the product of peculiar conditions. At first his philosophy was distinguished by a certain tendency to fatalism and quietism, which has characterised so many other Rus-

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sian writers, and which is really the undertone of Count Tolstoy's pleas for non-resistance and Christian anarchism. Bielinsky was an ardent Hegelian at the outset, but he utterly misinterpreted that German metaphysician. In his first contributions to the *Saveremennik* (the *Contemporary*) he taught the gospel of self-sacrifice and love. The purity and vigour and brilliancy of his style made him a fascinating and powerful advocate, and it is not improbable that, if he had not radically modified his philosophy of life, he would have proved a dangerous though unconscious enemy of Russian progress. But he soon discovered his fundamental error, and became an apostle of freedom and emancipation. In an intellectual sense he was as great a revolutionist in the second period of his activity as Herzen or Tchernishevsky. The direct discussion of political questions being out of the question, Bielinsky had to inculcate his ideas by means of literary and æsthetic and abstract philosophical essays. Literary criticism in a strict technical sense was often but secondary and incidental to a discussion of principles and tendencies as represented by a novelist's types and characters.

Bielinsky's successor was the comrade and co-worker of Tchernishevsky, Dobroluboff. As a literary critic he was far superior to Bielinsky, but as a metaphysician and philosopher distinctly inferior. Dobroluboff was a socialist of the French school, and he laid stress on the necessity of transforming social and industrial conditions rather than on the importance of improving individual character. So keen and comprehensive was he as a critic, however, that the aggressive and influential Tchernishevsky avoided literary topics in order to save himself from the result of comparisons which he felt would be adverse to his claims. After Dobroluboff came Pisareff, the Bazaroff of Russian letters. Pisareff sympathised with reform, but to him physical science was supreme. He urged Russians to neglect poetry and the fine arts and devote themselves to the study of the exact sciences. The hero of Tourgénieff's *Fathers and Sons* was his ideal, and his short-sightedness carried him to the extreme of ridiculing the unique satirical productions of the Russian Rabelais, Saltikoff. "In science lies salvation," was Pisareff's message; and he was attracted to Auguste Comte's positivistic philosophy (though not to his "religion of humanity") by its "scientific" label and the pretence of absolute precision of the methods of that school. Yet in most of his literary judgments Pisareff was acute and sound. He had a passion and talent for polemics, and he was successful and brilliant as a controversialist. His style was remarkable for its clearness, limpidity, and lucidity. To read him is a liberal education in the richness and capacity of the Russian language, so clumsy and awkward when used by the ordinary writer.

Michailovsky is inevitably compared by every Russian of culture with his predecessors. He can hardly be grouped with any one of the three, but he occupies the same position in the literary world and sustains the same relation to the progressive and reformatory circles. So far as education and true scientific training are concerned, he is the best-equipped critic Russia has had. No branch of knowledge is foreign to him, but he has no illusions with regard to the all-sufficiency of science as a civilising agent. He is a radical and a reformer, and his proclivities, so far as they have found expression, are undoubtedly socialistic, but he is not a revolutionist or a visionary. His many-sidedness protects him from fanaticism. He realises, with Emerson, that it is possible to state a truth too strongly, and that almost every proposition in ethics or scientific politics needs qualification and proper restriction. Unlike the majority of Russian radicals, he does not deride liberalism and liberal institutions. He has always respected and sympathised with that school of Russian thought admirably represented by the *Viestnik Evropy* (European Messenger), whose editor, Stassulevitch, and chief critic and writer, Slonimsky, have long and ably fought the narrow slavophile cult in the name of the culture and progress of Western Europe. Michailovsky does not share the veneration of these liberals for the parliamentary institutions of England and France; and the adoption of those institutions does not appear to him to contain the ultimate solution of Russia's political problem. It is, of course, hardly necessary to say that Michailovsky in no way endorses or countenances the extravagant and

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pseudo-patriotic notions of the extreme slavophiles. For the preposterous claim that "holy Russia" has a sacred and peculiar mission"—the mission, namely, of teaching "effete Europe" that *bourgeois* liberty, parliaments, universal suffrage, constitutional safeguards, etc., are nothing but a mockery and snare, and that absolutism tempered by religion and a Christian conscience is the true and permanent form of government—for this claim Michailovsky has as profound a contempt as the most intense lover of republicanism can feel for it. But Michailovsky is at one with Dobroluboff and Tchernishevsky in regarding certain rooted Russian institutions as the germ and promise of an industrial order fundamentally different from that existing in republican and "free" governments. In a word, he is a radical, using the term in its peculiar Russian sense, not in the sense in which Sir Charles Dilke or Labouchère are called Radicals in England, and not in the sense in which revolutionists are generally designated as radicals. In Russia a radical is one who has advanced beyond the parliamentary notions of Europe and is not satisfied with "political freedom" in the constitutional sense; one who leans toward socialism and is not opposed to government interference in behalf of the working classes and peasants; one to whom political liberty—the freedom of speech, press, and agitation—is merely the means to an end.

So far nothing has been said about Michailovsky as a critic; but the close connection between Russian literature and politics renders necessary these introductory observations. Michailovsky's judgments of books, writers, and literary tendencies are naturally determined by his philosophical views of man, society, and government. The fact that, although generally admitted to be the greatest contemporary publicist and critic, his influence on his generation is by no means proportioned to his scientific and literary authority, can only be explained in the light of his relation to the political movements of the present day. Liberalism has made great gains in Russia of late, while radicalism has not even held its own. The "stream of tendency" is against Michailovsky, and the wonder is not that he is not as powerful as Bielinsky was in his day, but that he is still the most respected and admired of Russian writers. His conclusions are not always accepted, but his strength and authority are cheerfully recognised.

Michailovsky's literary career opened in the seventies, but he became a power in the early eighties. His first important work was of a sociological character. He contributed to the *Annals of the Fatherland* a series of profound articles on Darwinism and Spencerian discoveries and generalisations. In *What is Progress?*—a general title for several essays, now published in a separate volume—he discussed with great acuteness and evidence of learning Spencer's law and formula of progress. It is a pity that these criticisms are not known to the English-speaking world. The great philosopher of evolution himself might have found the criticisms of his Russian opponent, highly suggestive and forcible. These articles established Michailovsky's reputation as a scientific writer on sociological topics. Other essays dealing with cognate subjects were: "The Method of Analogy in Social Science," "The Natural Order of Things," "The Darwinian Theory and Social Science," "The Struggle for Individuality," and so on.

It is hardly necessary to say that Michailovsky is an evolutionist, but he revolts against the extravagant and superficial deductions drawn by certain apologists for social inequality from the doctrine of natural selection. As a humanitarian and socialist, he naturally repudiated the contention that the present social order exemplified the law of the survival of the fittest, and that defeat in the struggle for existence indicated mental or moral inferiority. Several years ago, when Daudet's "Darwinian" play was brought out, and the term "struggle for life-er" coined to designate those unscrupulous, criminal, and vicious schemers and egoists who deny that morality is a "natural" condition of social existence, who claim that success at any cost is legitimate under the "cosmic" process of development, Michailovsky returned to the discussion of the true bearing of evolutionism on social relations. It is strange, however, that Michailovsky has really never grasped the Spencerian ethical philosophy. Those of us who know that Mr. Spencer is the most uncom-

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promising apostle of individualism of this epoch, the champion *par excellence* of the rights and liberties of "man" as against the "State," will smile at Michailovsky's persistent harping upon the assertion that the Spencerian conception of society as an organism involves undue subordination of the individual and loss of personal dignity and importance.

In his capacity of publicist, Michailovsky has treated numerous subjects of general interest, and several volumes of essays on political, historical, sociological, and economic questions, originally contributed by him to magazines, have been published. The latest edition of his essays exhibits a remarkably wide range of study. We have essays on Karl Marx and his economic and political doctrines, on Voltaire as a man and a thinker, on Bismarck, on heroes and hero-worshippers, on pathological magic, etc. In these volumes are also found the author's first attempts at systematic literary criticism. There is a study of the "experimental novel"—on the realistic tendencies in fiction and the elements introduced by Zola and his followers. There is an elaborate study of Tourgénieff, an appreciation of Éliel Ouspensky, the great novelist and painter of peasant life, and reviews of the productions of minor Russian and foreign writers.

"Realism" has always been strong in Russia, but in Michailovsky it has had a formidable and influential foe. He has attacked the fundamental claim of Zola and other writers that fiction should be "scientific" and "exact." He has endeavoured to show that there are radical differences between the requirements of the scientific method and the requirements of the artistic method; that "scientific" fiction is a self contradiction, an anomaly, and an absurdity. Of late he has had to fight the decadent tendencies in fiction, the fashion of moral "indifferentism," and the attempted rehabilitation of the doctrine of art for art's sake.

Among Michailovsky's larger critical works are: *Count Leo Tolstoy*, *Stchedrin* (the pen-name of Saltikoff, the satirist mentioned above), and *Ivan the Terrible in Russian Literature*. Like Tourgénieff, Michailovsky deplores Tolstoy's abandonment of the sphere of true literary art and pursuit of theological and ethical problems. He has never regarded Tolstoy as a philosopher or profound thinker, but he looks upon him as the greatest novelist of the age. Tolstoy's recent fiction Michailovsky characterises as possessing a dual character, as being more didactic than artistic. The sensational *Kreutzer Sonata* was reviewed in a masterly manner by Michailovsky, and both its weakness as an argument and its defects as a story were ably and clearly pointed out.

Very valuable and readable are Michailovsky's comments on current topics and events. His monthly *causerie* has long been the most interesting feature of the periodicals with which he has been connected. At present he conducts a "Life and Letters" department in the most advanced monthly published in Russia, called *Russian Treasure*. A glance of his work of the past year will show that nothing noteworthy in philosophy, political science, fiction, art, the drama, and practical social affairs is likely to escape his attention. The work of Professor Drummond and Benjamin Kidd receives due consideration and analysis, because ethics and philosophy still remain favourite fields of exploration with him, but literature is not neglected. Only a few months ago Michailovsky entered upon a comprehensive study of Ibsen's plays and their social and artistic significance.

Nowhere has Michailovsky defined his method as a literary critic, but logical inference would appear to justify the statement that he would accept Taine's philosophy of literary criticism with considerable qualifications. Michailovsky is not unmindful of the influence of surroundings and the environment, but he sets great stress on the importance of the individual. He has been called a "subjectivist," and he has not cared to disavow the designation. He is opposed to the attempt at excusing indifference to the requirements of moral duty by vain phrases regarding the "operation of natural forces," the "necessary cause of development," and so on. He believes that human ideals of truth, justice, and beauty have no small share in shaping social relations. He expects the intellectual leaders of mankind to *lead*, to be in advance of their time, to proclaim and fight for new truths and discoveries. He insists on the social function of art and literature, and strenuously combats the notion that

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beauty is independent of morality. He once rather paradoxically expressed this idea in discussing the old-fashioned conception of the dramatist's duty to compensate us for the flagrant injustice of the real world by picturing the possibilities of an ideal world. "Why," he asked, "is it improper to represent virtue as triumphant and selfishness or vice as doomed to failure and defeat? Why should the dramatist necessarily copy things as they are, and not show us things as they ought to be and as it is our duty to strive to make them?" Of course, this raises the large question of the purpose of the drama; but Michailovsky does not intend to beg it by assuming that naturalism is necessarily illegitimate. He simply reminds us that imagination and idealism have their place and value.

In any other European country a critic like Michailovsky would receive official recognition and be called to a chair in a leading university. In Russia, the great critics have always been in the "opposition," while mediocre and narrow-minded men have filled the positions of public trust and responsibility. This has injured the universities, but it has strengthened literature and journalism. Michailovsky keenly feels the disadvantages under which Russian writers labor, but his practice has always conformed to his belief in doing what is possible while trying to enlarge the sphere of literary freedom. As he has recently said: "The aim of the writer, the real 'born' writer, is to induce in his readers the sentiments and ideas which he believes should be entertained and felt with regard to the subject treated, and to prompt corresponding action —if not to-day, then to-morrow, although the 'to-morrow' may be at the end of many, many years. Such a true, born writer cannot put away his pen even when he has become convinced of the utter uselessness of his work, in the sense of immediate practical results. Despair is of course possible, but one cannot prevent his mind from thinking on matters which occupy and interest one, and to the born writer 'to think' is almost synonymous with 'to write.' And if he cannot write about great things, he will write about small things, but with the same methods and in the same manner which, under different conditions, he would employ in the treatment of great things."

Michailovsky has written on great things as well as on small, and while he has never preached contentment, he has wasted no energy on futile complaints. His work is not known to foreigners, but he certainly ought to find a place in our best prose anthologies. Every lover of Tolstoy and Tourgénieff would read with interest and profit what the most cultivated Russian critic has to say about their qualities and literary rank. European writers who have studied Russian literature pay willing tribute to the vigour and profundity of Michailovsky's work. Thus Georg Brandes, in his *Impressions of Russia*, refers to Michailovsky as "the celebrated and influential critic," who is inclined in his style to the imitation of the satirical tone of Saltikoff, who is "audacious and wily," and "who is capable of placing a not inconsiderable store of learning and remarkable ingenuity at the service of the opposition." Brandes, however, is mistaken with regard to the style of Michailovsky. There is no conscious imitation of Saltikoff, although long and intimate association with that great writer may have influenced Michailovsky's polemical methods.

Michailovsky is not a stylist. He is not a brilliant writer, but he is direct, forcible, incisive, and clear. He is fond of the homely Russian proverbs, and uses them with great effect. He is never pedantic or pompous, and possesses the art of exposing the hollowness and emptiness of pseudo-scientific propositions or arguments advanced by the "official" representatives of the science-of-the-chair.

V. S. Yarros.

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THE ABUSE OF THE SUPERNATURAL IN FICTION.

The primary object of the story-teller is to attract our attention. He sits down by the fireside and begins to recount something. If it seems to be amusing or thrilling, we listen ; if not, we go away. But nowadays there are so many tellers and so many tales that the anxiety of the novelist becomes almost painfully apparent. He is so afraid that we shall not attend to him that he uses every subterfuge to excite us at the outset. If he is a realist, he puts in the squalid details on his first page ; if he is a romanticist or a satirist, he tries to do the tricks of his business the very moment that he catches our eye. And as the ground becomes more and more crowded, and the novel situation taken from real life more and more difficult to find, the writer of fiction is tempted to return to the congenial hunting-ground of his forefathers, and try to interest us in what never was and never could be. Within the last two or three years we have seen a revival among us of the supernatural in fiction ; we have had quite a crop of noticeable books the plots of which run counter to all existing experience. There is no objection to this practice in principle, but some of the novelists do not seem to perceive what the rules and limitations of it are.

The first law of romantic invention must be not to overstep the boundaries of belief. In the Ages of Credulity it was easy to keep this law. The world was so wide and dim, man's knowledge of it so imperfect, nature still so mysterious, that if a specially bold man said that he had seen a green dragon chewing little children in his jaws, and puffing flames from his nostrils, he was widely credited. I suppose that there were always some sceptics, but they were likely to be of the class of the sailor's mother, who easily believed in mountains of cake and rivers of rum, but was not to be persuaded that there were fishes which could fly. It was just the absolutely impossible which found an easy path to the mediæval imagination. As experience became wider and calmer, preposterous fancy obtained less and less ready entrance into the mind, but its extravagances lingered among the ignorant. To this very day, in the wilder parts of Ireland, the people will tell you that fairies and witches exist and do marvellous things ; they will sometimes aver that they themselves have seen such beings. Here is the mediæval condition in full survival ; and to these people, if their fancies were properly approached, nothing too monstrous could be told. They would believe the magic wonders with the simplicity of children. We have to remember that, up to three or four hundred years ago, every one, except a few learned men, was in this condition, in order to realise how facile an appeal was made to terror and awe by the hotch-potch of supernatural romance in the Middle Ages.

But to-day people abide no longer in this ignorance. Science has invaded every section of the world, and there is scarcely a dark corner left into which the imagination can flit like a bat and rest itself in the twilight. Nevertheless, the use of supernatural or extra-experimental elements increases in fiction, and is accepted without demur. Why is this ? Primarily, of course, it is because we have accepted the convention of being interested in a story even though we are perfectly aware that it cannot be "true." For instance, there are incidents familiar to every reader of Hawthorne which are outside the limits of prosaic belief. But no reader objects to these, or to the brilliant flights of Oriental magic in Mr. George Meredith's *Shaving of Shagpat*, or to the monstrous adventures of Mr. Frank Stockton's heroes. The reason is that these authors have the art to awaken in us the curious condition of mind which we may call temporary credence. That is to say, they form such an atmosphere around their creations, and make the movements of the latter so consistent and in such harmony with one another that we resign ourselves, as in a dream, to complete belief as long as the story lasts.

With this must not be confounded the treatment of the Unexplained in fiction. Some of the stories which we most naturally think of in connection with the supernatural really belong to this class, and most prominently the blood-curd-

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ling tales of the once famous Mrs. Radcliffe, who has lately found in Professor Walter Raleigh so able a defender. In the awful romances of this lady everything which appeared to be mysteriously sinister was always comfortably cleared up on natural grounds in the last chapter of the book. In the thrilling productions of the first Lord Lytton there is usually a pretence of explaining away or of suggesting a loophole for explanation. But his real successes, and particularly *A Strange Story*, with its splendid invention of the Skinleka or luminous banshee vision, sail boldly away from these safer shores. When I was a child, the author who was most in request for giving readers "the creeps" was Mrs. Crowe. I suppose that if we were now to read *The Night Side of Nature* and *Light and Darkness* in the garish light of middle life we might find them poor enough. But they thrilled us in the early sixties, and they were pre-eminently stories of the Unexplained. Mrs. Crowe went the length of pretending that they were all "founded on fact," and she usually left herself a chance of escape on physical grounds. Even as a child, I remember being much more impressed by her when she was mysterious than when she made a coarse use of the palpably and revoltingly impossible.

The subterfuge of the Explainable Mysterious has not found much favour among recent English novelists. The great objection to it is that a romance which accepts its aid is obliged to be built up on the lines of a detective story. Under the influence of Gaboriau and Conan Doyle we have come to prefer detective stories that are straightforward tales of crime or social embarrassment. Every now and then the newspapers present us in real life with humble imitations of *The Castle of Otranto*, in which spoons are snatched out of old ladies' hands and coals are showered on babies' cradles by an unseen force. These events, styled "The Macclesfield Mystery" or "Panic in a Shropshire Village," usually turn out in the course of a few days to be the work either of naughty little girls or of rats. They have grown somewhat too obvious and vulgar for the modern romance writer, although they were quite good enough for those old-fashioned favourites of the public, *St. Leon* and *The Mysteries of Udolpho*. Our idealists and romanticists of to-day are anxious to press the genuine supernatural into their service, but they are not all of them sufficiently considerate of the laws that govern this difficult province of constructive art. It is not enough for me, while I am telling a story of middle-class life in Bayswater, because I feel that the plot is getting a little dull, suddenly to say: "As Maria was leaving Mr. Whiteley's shop, with two small brown-paper parcels under her arm, she was somewhat surprised to see that a large blue Unicorn was threading its way between the omnibuses, and that, as it caught her eye, it touched its horn." Yet Miss Marie Corelli is hardly less artless than this in her appeal to the impossible as an exciting element in fiction. The error of this *naïveté* can perhaps be best comprehended by a reference to its opposite, an artful and successful appeal to the incredible.

A little book has just come into my hands which strikes me as exemplifying the right use of the supernatural to a remarkable degree. It is a story by that very interesting young novelist Mr. H. G. Wells, and it is called *The Invisible Man*. This is a pure extravaganza—a young adventurer of science hits upon a plan by which his own living tissues are made absolutely undetectable by human vision. The mode in which the invention of Mr. Wells has worked is obviously this. He has created the notion of a man made chemically invisible by a scientific discovery, and then he has considered how a man in such a condition would act. The poor wretch has no protection for his naked body. He catches a violent cold; he is knocked over in the street; dogs sniff at him and track him; he has to steal clothes and food like a savage, and the clothes he puts on can never hide him sufficiently, even though he wears a false nose, whiskers, blue goggle spectacles, a wig, and copious bandages. Mr. Wells rightly sees that such an existence, though comical at the outset, must become infinitely painful, and must end tragically. So, in fact, we are quickly led to a scene of murderous violence which ends in the death of the Invisible Man, who slowly comes to sight as his life ebbs away.

Nothing of the supernatural order could run more violently counter to ex-

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perience than this. No man has been or ever will be invisible; the idea is absolutely grotesque. But the author commands our belief while we read, by the consistency and inevitability of his details. We have to grant him one admission—and, of course, it is a huge one—namely, that any chemical action could make the flesh of a living and healthy person inappreciable to vision. But, having made that demand upon us, he makes no more; for the rest of the story he accepts all the responsibility. We are asked to believe no other impossibilities, but, on the contrary, everything is made as easy to belief as possible. Just the same is true of those delightful, grotesque romances of Mr. Frank Stockton, *The Transferred Ghost* and *Negative Gravity*. The imagination has to accept one monstrous outrage upon experience, and then all is perfectly straightforward.

But other modern novelists who use the supernatural do not seem to perceive the importance of thus keeping to the rules of the game. That delightful writer, Stevenson, in a little book which has had hundreds of thousands of readers, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, missed this initial simplicity. You were asked to believe in the possession of two bodies by a single soul, the good qualities of it inhabiting the handsome frame, the bad ones that which was loathsome and hideous. I do not say that so outrageous a supposition might not have been supported, but I do say that it was not. The little work is beautifully written, and it has a fascinating moral fervour, and it teems with mystery. But that mystery is not legitimately supported. All the cleverness of the author does not make us absolutely credit the occurrences; and when the final explanation comes we reject it. No, we reply as we put down the book, that is no real way out of the extraordinary difficulties which the narrator has raised. The overpowering improbabilities have only been evaded, not really faced, as Mr. Wells, for instance, would have faced them.

A more recent case of the abuse of the supernatural occurs in a clever novel which has been widely read this summer—*Flames*, by Mr. Hitchens. Here we have what purports to be a story of middle-class life in London to-day. There are two friends, one of whom is older and more authoritative than the other, of a cooler temperament, and possessing a will more fully under control. For a reason ill-explained they get weary of the conditions of their friendship and determine to "exchange souls." For this purpose they shut themselves up in a dark room and perform a sort of table-turning on successive occasions, until at last there is a violent nervous crisis, and small blue flames cross the floor in the silence of the night, and we are asked to believe that these are the "souls" of the two young men changing house, like two soldier-crabs in a tidal pool, each creeping into the shell the other has just left. Then follow excited scenes, and a plot, the intrigue of which depends on the temperament expected from the one man manifesting itself in the other, and *vice versa*. I will not charge Mr. Hitchens here with what I think a fatal lack of simplicity, and therefore of credibility, in the succeeding evolution of his story, but I will venture to maintain that this initial incident is an abuse of the supernatural. Why should the temperament—for that is all that Mr. Hitchens means by "the soul"—take the form of a little flame? There is absolutely no reason suggested. And why should this "soul" be limited to one or two of the infinitely complex qualities of which the moral nature of a man is composed? To these questions, and to many others, there is given no reply. We are left vaguely, sceptically, to endeavour to believe that all souls are like blue flames, and could be detached by an effort of the will in a dark room. The initial principle by which an abnormality can be made credible to the imagination—namely, insistence on its being definitely abnormal, has been neglected. The result is that while the careful reader firmly believes in Mr. Wells's *Invisible Man* and shares the agonies of that poor creature's existence, he is apt to toss Mr. Hitchens's *Flames* aside as the mere caprice of a clever, hasty writer.

But no more striking example of the abuse of the supernatural in fiction can be pointed to than is to be found in a book which has just been placed in everybody's hand—*The Martian* of George Du Maurier. In this story a being from the planet Mars is introduced into realistic scenes of every-day life in London and Paris, and is repre-

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sented as able to endow her favourites with every species of personal charm and executive talent. After she has lived for some years as the wife of one of the characters, whom she has made the most eminent English (and also French) author of his time, she chooses to become reincarnated in the ninth baby of one of her husband's friends, and she starts on another career of fatuous disturbance of the laws of nature and of art. For my own part, I do not see why Mr. Du Maurier should have limited himself to the moral vagaries of his creation. If he had presented to us an image with three heads or a luminous monster without any limbs whatever, we should have been neither more grateful to him nor less. For our belief, our temporary intellectual credence would have been untouched, as it remains untouched by the preposterous Martia. We should have skimmed the pages and have put them down absolutely unenthralled. Yet Mr. Wells and Mr. Stockton, describing things quite as completely foreign to experience, carry us captive with them wherever they will.

A wise novelist will be very cautious how he makes use of supernatural agency to help himself out of a difficulty. No one will blame him if, to heighten the effect of his fable and give it intensity, he introduces what we call incredible incidents with success ; only he must remember that we, his readers, will judge success by the degree in which at the time he makes his marvels credited by us. In the old Greek criticism the poets were forbidden to represent the coming of storms in the halcyon days, on the ground that "it would be an affront to the power of the gods to ascribe to them such a force as contradicts poetical probability." Once admit, for special purposes, that such a force as "negative gravity" exists, and there is no contradiction to poetical probability in describing what the effects of its exercise would be on ordinary human beings. Once admit that the tissues of a living man can be made transparent (which seems scarcely more fabulous than the exercise of the Röntgen rays would have seemed two years ago), and there is nothing poetically improbable about the discomforts and adventures of a man reduced to that condition. But to be so unskilful as to have to produce a personage from Mars in order to account for the sudden celebrity of a commonplace man, this is to sin against the laws of supernatural machinery, and to show real poverty of invention.

Perhaps a safe rule would be : Never use supernatural agency to gain an effect which could with the exercise of more ingenuity be produced by natural agency. And a rider on this would be, Never employ a supernatural agency without having thoroughly made up your mind what you mean its exact action to be. Whether you take the reader into your confidence about this limit of action is a matter for your own judgment, but that you should understand it yourself is unquestionably necessary. Many of our latter-day purveyors of the mysterious seem to be as doubtful about the nature of the bogeys they introduce as the most credulous of their readers can be.

Edmund Gosse.

A HUNDRED BOOKS FOR A VILLAGE LIBRARY.

Asked to name what I think the best hundred books for a village library, I am at a somewhat different standpoint from one who would name the best hundred books that literature has given us. This latter task would be but to put on paper the name of volume after volume that no one now reads, that no one today would derive any profit from reading. Sir John Lubbock once named the hundred books that he thought most interesting and most desirable of study, and he was addressing a workingman's club. If Sir John Lubbock has read all of these himself, he has read some sad trash. One of them is the *Nibelungen Lied*, which it may be presumed he did not expect the workingmen he addressed to study in Old German or Modern German. The book is available in English only in an absurd translation. If he had quietly mentioned Carlyle's essays as a source from which an English reader can obtain some knowledge of

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those delightful legends, he would have shown less pretentiousness. Is it anything but an affectation, further, which flings together Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, Butler's *Analogy*, Locke *On the Human Understanding*, Hesiod, Descartes, Spinoza's *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*, and the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, as books which a workingman should study? Every one of these books should, of course, be rigidly avoided by every intelligent man outside of purely scholastic circles. Their perusal would make him a terror to his neighbours. And a recommendation of Hume's *History of England* is to be blind to the historical studies of half a century.

It is not in the least difficult to make a list of a hundred books perfectly "understanded of the people" which not only workingmen, but all of us might profitably read and re-read every ten years or so. In such a list I object to put Shakespeare in bulk, now that the Messrs. Dent and Mr. Gollancz have so adequately provided us with Shakespeare's plays in separate volumes. Each one of Shakespeare's greater plays has furnished forth a library of criticism, and is entitled to rank as a separate book. Besides this, many a beginner is liable to be repulsed by a recommendation so formidable as the whole of Shakespeare's plays, perhaps in one more or less ill-printed volume, implies. If, say, half a dozen plays have been read with pleasure, the reader will be sure to turn to the others. The same criticism applies to Scott, to Dickens, or whoever may be the writer. One or two typical works open the door to the study of the author who most attracts the particular individual; and temperament and taste are so at variance that one man is repulsed by Dickens, but finds in Omar Khayyám a profound affinity; another delights in Dickens, and is bewildered by the praise which FitzGerald's paraphrase of Omar has secured in our day.

The hundred best books for a village library are not necessarily the hundred best books in the language. Mr. James Payn said that the reading of Sir John Lubbock's hundred books would make a man a hopeless prig. It would do more—it would make him a hopeless dullard. I cannot see what Sir John was driving at. He could not have intended to suggest the hundred best books in the world's literature, although he named numbers of classical books, much talked about and never read, and, indeed, impossible of modern consumption! He would surely not have included works by Bulwer Lytton and Charles Kingsley in such a list, and have ignored Jane Austen. Lytton and Kingsley may fairly be included in any suggested hundred books for a village library, but their works are not among the world's great classics.

Here, then, is my list of a hundred books. It contains many that I do not pretend to call classics, but it contains nothing that will in the least bore any intelligent man or woman. My list does not include any books merely of information: scientific research or ordinary travel, for example. Literature I conceive to mean books presenting life in an artistic form. No man of science has ever been an artist, although some, as, for example, Darwin and Huxley, have been believed by their friends to have been such. One or two travellers have been artists—Borrow, for example. The Bible, of course, is taken for granted.

1. Homer's Iliad. Pope's translation.
2. The Odyssey. Butcher and Lang's translation.
3. Dante's Inferno. Translated by J. A. Carlyle.
4. The Purgatory of Dante. Translated by A. J. Butler.
5. The Paradise of Dante. Translated by A. J. Butler.
6. The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. Translated by Edward FitzGerald.
7. Cellini's Autobiography. Symonds's translation.
8. The Pilgrim's Progress.
9. Robinson Crusoe.
10. Gulliver's Travels.
11. Sterne's Sentimental Journey.
12. Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.
13. Bryce's Holy Roman Empire.
14. Letters of Cowper in the Golden Treasury Series.
15. Colvin's Selections from Landor in the Golden Treasury Series.
16. Palgrave's Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics.
17. Thackeray's Vanity Fair.
18. " Esmond.
19. Dickens's Pickwick.
20. " David Copperfield.
21. Fielding's Tom Jones.
22. Boswell's Life of Johnson.
23. Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.
24. Gibbon's Autobiography.
25. Prologue to Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, being vol. 1 of Morris's Chaucer in the Aldine Poets.
26. Shakespeare's Hamlet.

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27. Shakespeare's King Lear.
28. " Macbeth.
29. " As You Like It.
30. " Much Ado About Nothing.
31. " Merchant of Venice.
32. Pepys's Diary.
33. Milton's Paradise Lost.
34. Dowden's Shakespeare Primer.
35. Stopford Brooke's Life of Milton.
36. Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Tales.
37. Johnson's Rasselas.
38. Arnold's Selections from Johnson's Lives of the Poets.
39. Charlotte Brontë's Jane Eyre.
40. Mrs. Gaskell's Life of Charlotte Brontë.
41. " Cranford.
42. Carlyle's Past and Present.
43. " Hero Worship.
44. Macaulay's History of England.
45. " Essays.
46. George Eliot's Silas Marner.
47. Ruskin's Sesame and Lilies.
48. Matthew Arnold's Selections from Wordsworth. (Golden Treasury Series.)
49. Matthew Arnold's Selections from Byron. (Golden Treasury Series.)
50. Stopford Brooke's Selections from Shelley. (Golden Treasury Series.)
51. Scott's Waverley.
52. " Guy Mannering.
53. " Ivanhoe.
54. " Heart of Midlothian.
55. " Marmion.
56. " Lady of the Lake.
57. The Arabian Nights.
58. Jane Austen's Pride and Prejudice.
59. Borrow's Bible in Spain.
60. Sheridan's School for Scandal.
61. Burns's Poems. (Globe Library.)
62. Moore's Irish Melodies.
63. Goethe's Faust. Anster's translation.
64. Schiller's Wallenstein. Coleridge's translation.
65. Coleridge's Poems.
66. Keats's Poems.
67. Trevelyan's Life of Macaulay.
68. Don Quixote.
69. Gray's Elegy.
70. Tennyson's Maud.
71. " Idylls of the King.
72. Browning's Selected Poems.
73. Plutarch's Lives. Long's translation.
74. Dryden's Virgil. (Chandos Classics.)
75. The Greek Anthology. (Blackwood's Ancient Classics for English Readers.)
76. Horace. (Blackwood's Ancient Classics for English Readers.)
77. Southey's Life of Nelson.
78. Motley's Dutch Republic.
79. Prescott's Mexico.
80. " Peru.
81. Tolstoy's Anna Karénina.
82. Green's Short History of the English People.
83. Lewes's Life of Goethe.
84. Lockhart's Life of Scott. Unabridged edition.
85. Rousseau's Confessions.
86. George Meredith's Evan Harrington.
87. Stevenson's Treasure Island.
88. Sir Walter Besant's Rabelais.
89. Taine's French Revolution. Translated by Durand.
90. De Quincey's Confessions of an Opium-Eater.
91. Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter.
92. Charles Kingsley's Westward Ho!
93. Henry Kingsley's Geoffrey Hamlyn.
94. Balzac's Le Père Goriot.
95. Dumas's Monte Cristo.
96. Charles Reade's Cloister and the Hearth.
97. Longfellow's Poems.
98. Tourguéneff's Virgin Soil.
99. Lamb's Essays of Elia.
100. Ibsen's Master Builder.

Clement K. Shorter.

HELOISE TO ABELARD.

The wild rose that you pressed between
  The vellum of my Book of Hours
Hath left a stain of rust and green
  To mark the joy that once was ours.

Not so the flowers unplucked, whose scent
  Sufficed us as we wandered on;
The sweetness of them is not spent,
  Nor is their stain, though they be gone.

Thomas Walsh.

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OLD BOSTON BOOKSELLERS.

III.

Of the coterie of old Boston booksellers still living whose association with the book trade of Boston began in the second third of this century, none has a richer fund of reminiscence than Alexander Williams and William Lee. And none of them was more active in the trade during the periods of Boston's leadership than these two comfortable old gentlemen.

Alexander Williams comes of a bookselling family. His father, an uncle, and his mother's half-brother were booksellers before him. The father and uncle were together as R. P. and C. Williams from about 1812–36. The uncle, Charles, was earlier associated with the mother's half-brother, Elam Bliss. Later Mr. Bliss moved to New York, where he became the friend of Bryant, and published *The Talisman*, that brilliant "Annual" written by Gulian C. Verplanck, Robert C. Sands, and Bryant, subsequently issued in three volumes of *Miscellanies*. Bliss was that bookseller whom Duyckinck characterises as "of great liberality and worth; a gentleman by nature." Robert Pearce and Charles Williams started their bookselling business in a little shop on State Street, on the site of the first meeting-house of the Puritan settlers of Boston, where now is rising a modern "sky-scraper." Their place became the headquarters of the Episcopalian book-buyers of the town, and they dealt in much theological and solid general literature. From State Street they moved to Cornhill Square, occupying a shop in Joy's Building, which stood in front of Young's Hotel.

It is curious that Episcopacy and bookselling were associated with State Street more than a century earlier, for John Checkley had his shop opposite the head of the street on the present site of Sears' Building, and here he published things hateful to Puritan Boston which had him fined, in 1724, for "scandalous libel," to the tune of fifty pounds.

In his father's shop Alexander Williams began work as a boy of twelve (he was born in 1818 on old "Fort Hill," long since levelled), but not altogether without experience, for when but eight years old he was about the shop during his school vacation, selling that steadfast New England publication the *Old Farmer's Almanac*. From his fourteenth to his eighteenth or nineteenth year he was in New York in Elam Bliss's shop, learning the trade under excellent conditions. Mr. Bliss had good literary connections, and the lad here came close to a number of the *littérateurs* of the time. In going about among other booksellers he made friends, in some cases lasting friendships, with several young men who afterward became leaders in the New York trade. During the panic year of 1836 his father's firm failed, and subsequently the family moved from Boston to St. Louis. Thereupon he left New York and joined them. About a year later, however, he returned to Boston and entered trade on his own account.

It was a small and modest beginning with newspapers and periodicals, in partnership with George W. Redding, whose name was long familiar in New England as attached to "Redding's Russia Salve." They had a box of a shop with a single "two-foot" counter, on the north side of State Street, opposite the Old State House. They continued together for fifteen years, during that time considerably expanding their mixed business. Then Mr. Williams sold his interest to Mr. Redding and bought out William P. Fetridge, who had the showiest book and periodical shop at that time in Boston. It was on Washington Street about where the *Advertiser* newspaper building stands, close upon the site of the dwelling and shop of James Campbell, bookseller and postmaster, who in 1704 issued the *News-Letter*, the first permanently established newspaper in Boston. Here Mr. Williams developed a large trade, adding fresh books to the stock, and made his shop the chief resort especially of buyers of periodical literature. He was the agent for *Harper's Magazine* when it was in fact the *New Monthly*. Spurred to extra efforts in its behalf at starting, by the promise of a bonus of a new suit of

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clothes if he should bring its circulation in the Boston market up to ten thousand copies, he so advanced it that he won not only the new suit but a gold-headed cane. He was the first to introduce the regular sale of foreign newspapers in America. He began with small lots of London papers brought out to him by pursers of the steamships. These finding ready sale, in less than a year he had established direct connection with English newspaper and periodical publishers. He addressed himself to this department of his business with such activity and zeal that it increased rapidly, and before very long his London accounts were averaging £350 a month. His progress attracted the attention of dealers elsewhere, notably in New York, and organisations followed which were forerunners of the modern news companies. He himself became in later years the father of the New England News Company. The story of the development of the news company of today, in the early stages of which Alexander Williams figures prominently, is a chapter by itself.

In the autumn of 1869 Mr. Williams moved to the cherished "Old Corner Bookstore," succeeding here Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Company, now so well known among New York booksellers, who had themselves succeeded Messrs. Ticknor and Fields at the ancient stand. Shortly after, he took as partners Messrs. Charles L. Damrell, Henry M. Upham, and Joseph G. Cupples, under the firm name of A. Williams and Company. In the spring of 1883 he withdrew, disposing of his interest to his associates, from whom have evolved the present firm. He has since lived in retirement, but still in touch with trade, having regular hours "down town," clinging to the habit of the methodical man of business, so that he does not grow rusty.

Mr. Williams recalls with entertaining detail the booksellers and bookselling methods of his father's time and his own younger days. When his father kept the Joy's Building shop the most prominent Boston booksellers were Messrs. Hilliard and Gray, the trade ancestors of Messrs. Little, Brown and Company. In near neighbourhood were Messrs. Munroe and Francis, the first publishers of Shakespeare's works in the country. Opposite them was John Parker, a former partner, whose issue of the Waverley Novels filled all Boston with astonishment. Above the "Old South" was the little stationery shop of Ebenezer Clapp, father of Mr. Charles A. Clapp, of Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Company, over which was the antiquarian book-shop of Otis Clapp. In the Old Corner Bookstore were, first, Robert H. Carter and Charles J. Hendee, as Carter and Hendee, and after 1833, John Allen and William D. Ticknor. Where the *Herald* Building now stands were Weeks and Jordan. Near by was Samuel T. Armstrong, who became Lieutenant-Governor of the State in 1836, and Mayor of Boston in 1837. Armstrong had been bred a printer with Samuel Etheridge of Charlestown, afterward partner of Elam Bliss before the latter's removal to New York. In 1837 he was the oldest bookseller in the town. He printed for the Andover Theological Seminary. From his concern the long-time firm of Crocker and Brewster sprung. Then, nearly opposite the "Old Corner," was James Spear Loring, scholar, publisher (he brought out the *Hundred Boston Orators*), in 1852, and dealer in rare old books. And near by was Henry B. Greene of the "Bible and Crown," who published *Brownson's Quarterly Review* in the forties.

When Mr. Williams was a boy in his father's shop most of the books there were bound in sheep and morocco, and he looked with admiration upon Cooper's Novels as they appeared bound in boards with white label. This was an innovation in bookbinding. Then came Harper's Family Library bound in linen. Messrs. R. P. and C. Williams obtained their supplies of foreign books through an "elegant salesman by the name of Jackson," whose coming at intervals with samples was an event. There were no rapid sales in those days—no cheap novels; it was a slow business with fair profits. One feature of the trade was exchanges between booksellers of different and widely separated cities. It was not unusual for a Northern bookseller to journey South, and exchange his old stocks for stocks of Southern booksellers, containing importations new to the Northern market.

At the Old Corner Mr. Williams was essentially the bookseller. The shop

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became again a bookselling shop rather than a publishing house. He gave the customer the freedom of the shop, allowing him to browse among the books, and lead himself into the temptation of buying. Although Ticknor and Fields had their inviting "Author's Room" in their new Tremont Street store, Little and Brown's was the headquarters of scholars of various kinds, and other shops had become gathering-places of literary workers, the Old Corner still continued a favourite haunt for bookmen. Holmes was a regular *habitué* to the last days of his life. Parkman's was a familiar figure. Motley, after his final return home from the English mission, sat in the Old Corner by the front window and remarked that it was the one natural spot he had found, for so changed had the town become that he felt himself almost a stranger in it.

William Lee was also born in Boston, at the old North End. He began as a boy in Samuel G. Drake's antiquarian bookshop at the age of eleven, for one dollar a week, with hours from six in the morning to nine at night. That was in 1837. He was the son of a sea captain who had just died, leaving the mother with slender means and a family of six children, of whom William was the eldest. He was two years with Drake; then three years on a farm in Sturbridge, Worcester County, where he managed to get a schooling which fitted him for college. Returning to Boston, he entered as clerk with Oliver L. Perkins, who had been a partner of Drake, now engaged in selling books at auction in New England towns. After two years of this experience, in which he displayed the keen sense of the trader, and distinguished himself as a successful seller from the auctioneer's chair, he got a place with Phillips and Sampson, then a rising firm, and was soon on the road to prosperity. Evening auction sales were at that time a feature of the Boston book trade; and young Lee was given charge of the evening sales which Messrs. Phillips and Sampson were carrying on. His success was so marked that at the age of eighteen he was receiving a salary of seven hundred and fifty dollars—unusually large for a young man in those times. In his twenty-first year he was admitted to a share in the profits of the house. At twenty-four he was an equal partner. Seven years later he retired with what he then deemed almost a competence, selling his interest to his partners for sixty-six thousand dollars. Then he set out on a leisurely European tour, which covered five years.

This was pretty rapid progress in twenty years for a bookseller, and William Lee was accounted in the trade most fortunate. But the ebb soon came to this prosperous tide. In the midst of his travels he received word first of the death of Mr. Sampson, then of Mr. Phillips, then of the embarrassment of the house. Having taken the promissory notes of his late partners instead of cash for the larger part of his interest, he hastened back to Boston. He found his claim against the firm disallowed by the assignees on the ground that it lay against the personal property of the dead partners. Thereupon, giving the widows a release, he brought suit against the assignees, and received about half of the face value of his notes. Then, with this sum and what little cash he had in hand, he started again, buying an interest in the firm of Crosby and Nichols, the name of which was thereupon changed to Crosby, Nichols, Lee and Company. This was in 1860. The business was enlarged, and spread especially in the West and South. But with the coming of the Civil War heavy losses fell upon the house, and during 1861 Mr. Lee withdrew with the loss of his interest.

Now literally without a dollar, and the book trade deranged by the war, he spent several gloomy months in looking for new opportunities. One day he chanced to meet on the street Mr. Charles A. B. Shepard, who had not long before suffered a similar disaster, his firm—a young venture—having failed through the war, leaving him dollarless. Mr. Lee suggested that they unite their forces and start a business based on experience rather than capital. This idea struck Mr. Shepard as happy, as it was novel. Accordingly they straightway repaired to Mr. Lee's lodgings and arranged preliminaries. They hired at low rent the street floor of an ancient building on Washington Street, opposite the head of Milk Street, then known as the "Old Chelsea Dye House." This bore a sign, "Oldest

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House in Boston," which they obliterated, and in place of it printed in very antique letters :

Books in all the departments of Literature

LEE AND SHEPARD

The oldest house in Boston

in this cheerful way they launched their enterprise. This was the beginning of the house of Lee and Shepard, of which Mr. Lee in his rugged old age is still the active head.

The partners began not only without a bank account, but without bookkeeper, clerk, or porter, themselves constituting the firm and the force. But they had credit, wide acquaintance, the confidence of the trade, reputation as able and shrewd buyers and sellers, and a thorough knowledge of all details of the business. Mr. Shepard had been for some years, prior to the venture in his firm, with John P. Jewett, the famous publisher of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, while Mr. Lee had been recognised as a force in the house of Phillips and Sampson during its most prosperous period. Their intent at first was to engage in bookselling, as retailers and jobbers only. But shortly after they had got under way Samuel C. Perkins, the then surviving partner of Phillips, Sampson, and Company, offered them the stereotype plates of some books of "Oliver Optic" (the late William T. Adams) and other good-selling authors, all at that time new. Purchasing these at a bargain, they ventured a few editions. Meeting with unexpected success, "Oliver Optic" was engaged for further work. Other authors were in time added to their list, and from the start to the present the imprint of Lee and Shepard has appeared on two thousand different works. Mr. Shepard died in 1889.

In the house of Phillips and Sampson Mr. Lee was the partner who, perhaps, best knew the bookselling trade. He influenced the venturing of some of its most important publications, which proved to be good selling ones. But he advised against one work which brought fortune to another. This was *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which Mrs. Stowe first offered to his firm. Mr. Lee earnestly counselled against it because of the effect its publication would have on the Southern trade of the house, which at that time was large and profitable. He looked at it from the business point of view entirely ; for personally he was an anti-slavery man. The house, however, published all of Mrs. Stowe's subsequent works issued during its existence. One of the most notable enterprises of Phillips and Sampson was the starting of the *Atlantic Monthly*, of which Mr. Lee and Francis H. Underwood were the originators so far as the publishers were concerned.

Mr. Lee relates the experience of the house with Prescott, the historian, substantially as Derby in his *Fifty Years* tells it. Learning, through Mr. Underwood's intimate relations with the Harvard literati, that Prescott's contract with the Harpers for his *Ferdinand and Isabella* and *The Conquest of Mexico* had run out, and that he had a new work in preparation—his first two volumes of *Philip II.*—Mr. Phillips called upon him to make a proposition. Mr. Prescott observed that while he felt bound in courtesy to give the New York house an opportunity to renew the contract, there was nothing to prevent him from entertaining any proposal from another house for a new contract, and for the publication of the new work. The Harpers were paying him fifty cents per volume copyright on each book sold, he furnishing the stereotype plates. Mr. Phillips thereupon offered to take the old works and pay Mr. Prescott fifty cents a volume on all copies sold, while for the *Philip II.* he proposed to guarantee a sale of twelve thousand sets within a specified time with a payment to Mr. Prescott of six thousand dollars when the two volumes were published and six thousand more at the end of six months from the day of publication.

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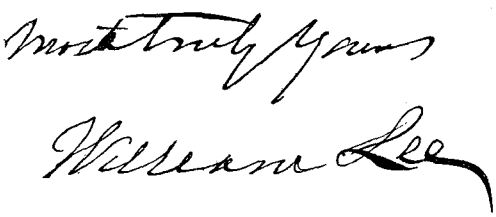

He added a proviso that in case the number guaranteed was not sold within the specified time the loss should fall on the firm. Mr. Prescott wrote the Harpers asking if they desired to renew the old contract, and with respect to the new work stating his wish for a proposition guaranteeing the sale of a specified number of copies. To this the Harpers replied that they would gladly renew the old contract, and would undertake the new work, devoting to it their best energies, but they did not feel that it was necessary for them to guarantee any fixed number of sales. Then Mr. Prescott turned to Mr. Phillips, and the contracts as the latter had proposed them were executed and signed.

Now comes the feature of the transaction which reflected such credit upon Mr. Prescott. After *Philip II.* was out and selling, Mr. Prescott one day came into the store and asked Mr. Phillips to allow him to look at the contract once more, remarking that he wished to suggest a slight change. It was handed to him, and when he returned the paper it was found that he had added a note to the effect that in case the full number of twelve thousand copies was not sold within the time specified, the publishers should not pay the copyright agreed upon till it had accrued by actual sales. The sales fell a little short within the period fixed, but the publishers met the conditions of the contract.

An idea of the wide circulation of *Philip II.* is conveyed in a note of Prescott's given in Ticknor's *Life* of the historian. This note was written six months after the publication of the first two volumes :

"A settlement made with my publishers here last week enables me to speak of the success of the work. In England, it has been published in four separate editions, one of them from the rival house of Routledge. It has been twice reprinted in Germany, and a Spanish translation of it is now in course of publication at Madrid. In this country, 8000 copies have been sold, while the sales of the preceding works have been so much improved by the impulse received from this that nearly 30,000 volumes have been disposed of by my Boston publishers, from whom I have received $17,000 for the *Philip* and the other works the last six months. So much for the lucre !"

CHARLES A. P. SHEPARD.

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Alexander Williams
1895.

It seems to be quite forgotten in the trade that Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella* was first issued by The American Stationers' Company; and few are found to-day who have ever heard of the existence of this association of author-publishers. It was organised in Boston in the autumn of 1836 by a number of leading literary men and lawyers, with considerable capital. Samuel G. Goodrich defines its object to have been "the publication of original American works of high character, and in such a way as to render due compensation and encouragement to authors." The *Ferdinand and Isabella* was one of the first works issued by this association. The contract as described by Prescott, made in April, 1837, stipulated for the use by the company of the stereotype plates and the engravings already prepared at the author's charge; an edition of twelve hundred and fifty copies, the company to find the paper and all other materials; and a payment to the author of one thousand dollars. Prescott regarded this offer as a liberal one. "It insures," he wrote, "the zealous and interested co-operation of a large and somewhat influential body in the sale and distribution of the work," through its "agencies diffused through every part of the United States." Another of its publications was Hawthorne's *Twice Told Tales*, Goodrich giving a bond to indemnify the company against loss, the only condition upon which it would be undertaken.

This early authors' enterprise ended in disaster despite its elaborate organisation. In the financial crash of 1838 the company, says Goodrich, was "precipitated into the gulf of bankruptcy with thousands of others. Though I was a hesitating and reluctant subscriber to the stock, and, in fact, was the last to join the association, I still shared largely, I may say, fatally, in its misfortunes."

Edwin M. Bacon.

THE WANDERER.

For one astray, behold
The Master leaves the ninety and the nine,
Nor rest till, love-controlled,
The Discord moves in Harmony divine.

John B. Tabb.

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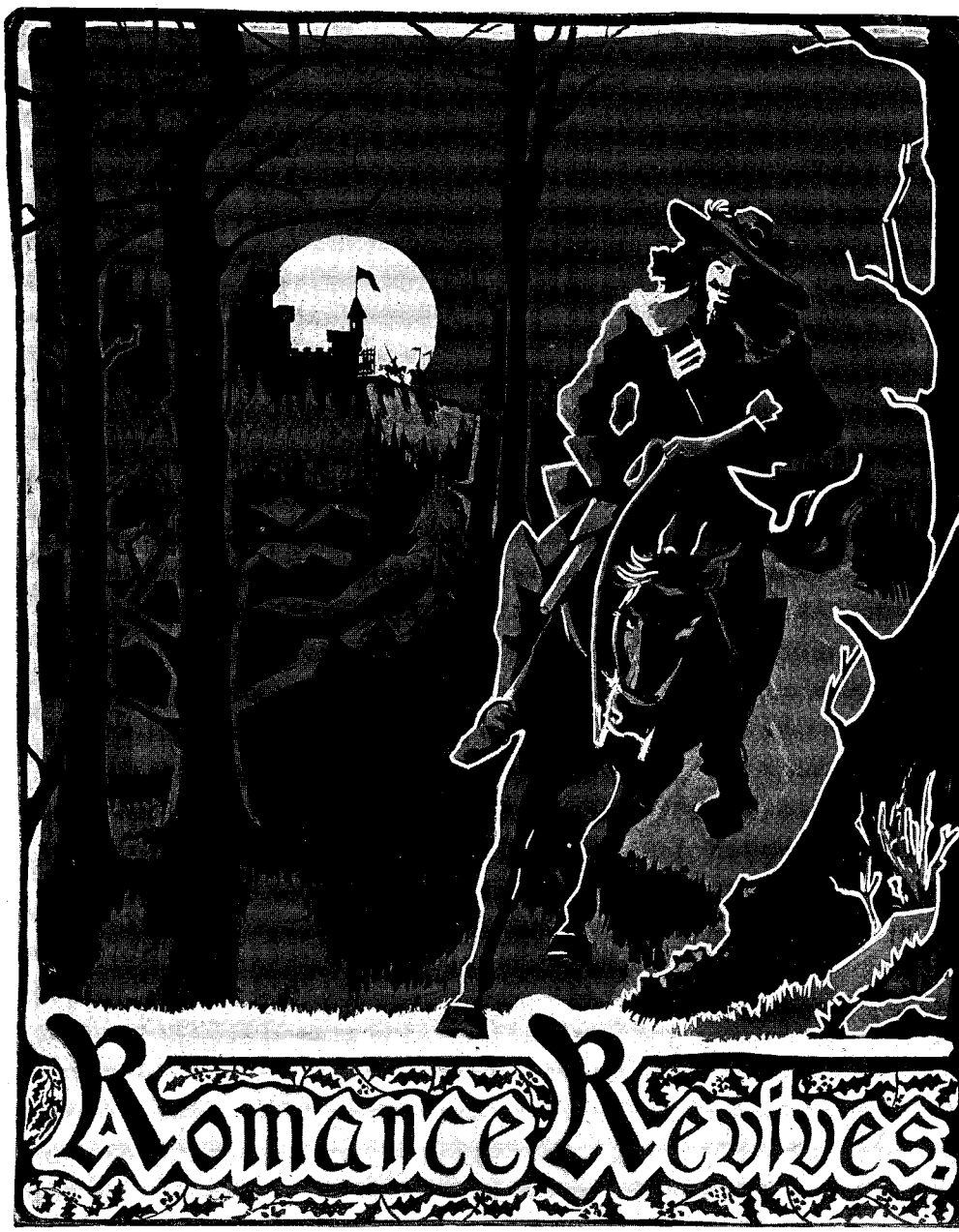

Drawn by Mélanie Elisabeth Norton.

Romance revives ! Once more we read
Of bold adventure, daring deed,
Of valiant knight and lady fair,
Of secret hoard of treasure rare,
Of hero's pluck and villain's greed.

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From hard and long-borne fetters freed,
To merry tunes its pipes are keyed ;
With happy laugh and jaunty air
Romance revives !

Now, if an author would succeed,
He writes no realistic screed,
With stubborn facts and statements bare,
And epigrams in bad repair,
Their day is past—it is decreed
Romance revives!

Carolyn Wells.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN IN LIVERPOOL.

There is one European city which nearly every travelling American at some time or other visits, but which he never really knows. This is Liverpool, the front door of Europe, and to the vast majority of tourists the front door only. When the huge steamer heaves its great side against the slanting gangways of the Landing Stage, and the voyager sets his feet firmly upon them with the keen joy of being once more on land, his thought is not of Liverpool, but leaps at once to bournes beyond this dull gray sky and this maze of dingy streets. And so, after he has had his amicable two-minute interview with the British customs inspector, who obligingly sticks little labels on the luggage and blandly ignores the half-concealed cigars that must last for many a long day in the land of poor tobacco, the American jumps into a contiguous four-wheeler and rattles on his way, with high thoughts and a happy heart. He may sometimes, to be sure, partake of a hasty meal at the Adelphi Hotel, where he will be served by the most insolent German waiters that can be found in Europe ; but this will be the extent of his experience with Liverpool. In an hour or two he will be crossing over the ferry to Birkenhead to visit Chester, with its double-decked streets and lustrous ivies, and beautiful stretches of greenery ; or he will be reclining luxuriously in a well-padded railway carriage, speeding along between hedgerows and scarlet-sprinkled meadows, with the fascinating zest of one whose vacation is still before him, whose letter of credit is still untouched, and who is eagerly anticipating all the undefined, mysterious delights of mighty London.

But to him Liverpool itself is nothing. It is not particularly old. It is not "historical." Baedeker tells of nothing there which seems especially attractive. It is just a big, commonplace, uninteresting British town with commerce, shipping, railway facilities, and a large but not distinguished population. Why should a tourist who has yet to visit historic England and all the Continent waste any time in Liverpool ? And, in fact, he doesn't.

Yet there is quite another side to this. There are some travellers who, while fully capable of drawing inspiration from historic scenes, and of appreciating all the glories of tower and castle and cathedral, are still beset by a desire to study human beings also, and who find these no less interesting than the storied relics of the past. They like to prowl about in unfamiliar corners, to chat with the casual native, to sit in the public parks and watch the unconscious throng, to see the popular amusements, and, in other words, to understand the daily life and thought and habits of the men and women who make up the mass of every nation. And after they have gone about for awhile, they manage to divest themselves of that beautifully American conception of what foreign travel really means, which has been cleverly epitomised as "rushing madly from one strange bed to another with a perpetual cinder in one's eye." They think it better in the end to see a little and to see

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it thoroughly, and thus to bring home some definite food for thought, rather than to bewilder their brains and memories with a mad mirage in which palaces and prisons, cafés and castles, time-tables and buffet-restaurants, are all whirling forever in a wild and quite inextricable dance.

To those who have made at last this valuable discovery, the present writer earnestly commends the town of Liverpool as having claims upon their time. It is here that one may get to know the modern Briton as he is to-day, unglorified by any romantic halo from the past. When you see him in the shadow of the great Abbey, or on the terrace of the Houses, or in the cloisters of old Canterbury, or by the peaceful ripple of the Avon, or when you are yourself under the potent spell that Oxford casts upon your imagination, it is not the average Briton of to-day that you are contemplating. You behold unconsciously in him the representative of a mighty race—the race that is both England's and our own, the race that was born to build and civilise and conquer ; and however commonplace he may really be, he carries with him something of the glamour that makes the Anglo-Saxon heart all over this terrestrial globe experience a responsive thrill at the names of Runnymede, and Stratford, and Westminster, and Waterloo.

And so if you wish to know the modern every-day Briton entirely *per se*, and to understand him as he actually is, you must be sure to catch him in some such place as Liverpool, where his environment is one that is in harmony with his actual temperament, and is not romantic, nor yet steeped in memories of the past ; but where you will perceive with a clear, achromatic vision the creature as he really is—a stodgy, pursy, pig-headed, obstinate, immovable, masterful, tenacious creature—a creature to make you despair of him for his crass philistinism, and admire him beyond the power of expression for his inherent force and illimitable efficiency.

Therefore, if perchance a tourist whose experience is one of several seasons, and who finds pleasure in pursuing the *Culturgeschichte*, ever comes to read these pages, let him make a note of this advice. When next he lands at Liverpool, he is not to hurry on to other and more superficially attractive places ; but he is to call his cab and leisurely betake himself to Mr. Russell's excellent hotel in Church Street—which is one of the best-kept inns the present writer has ever found in any country—and let him there commit his luggage to the porter and his appetite to the personage who rules the cosy little breakfast-room. And after he has eaten of the light and spongy muffins, and done justice to the succulent chops that show the loving touch of the hissing grill, and after he has disposed of other plain but satisfying British viands, and has soothed his spirit with one of his remaining American cigars, then let him stroll out into the highways, past the velvet greensward of the pro-cathedral gardens and the queer little brown pro-cathedral itself trying hard to assert its temporary dignity, and let him keep his eyes wide open for the incidents and oddities of Liverpudlian life.

He will see uncounted thousands of the Britons who are quite unknown to fame, who have no share in parliaments or pageants, who are not even members of the county yeomanry, who do not legislate or serve as soldiers, but who just make their daily bread in shops and warehouses, and who have good digestions and a happy absence of imagination. He will read their business signs couched in the neo-British dialect of to-day inviting him to enter and purchase, or to pay an especial visit to the house of "Liverpool's Leading Booters"—a word which we cheerfully present to Professor Brander Matthews for his next supplementary list of Briticisms. He will ramble through Williamson Square, the Bowery of Liverpool, where they do such things and they say such things every evening in the week, and where he may attend a "smoking concert," at which he will be asked to sing a ditty when his turn comes around. He will be pleased to observe near the Prince's Park two small dissenting chapels that are evidently rivals in the work of saving souls ; for each has a large tin sign inviting spiritual custom. Both salute the wayfarer with "Welcome All!" but one describes its exercises alliteratively as "Brief, Bright, and Brotherly," while the other, with perhaps a profounder psychological insight into human nature, says nothing about the brightness or the brotherliness, but gets down to a definite basis on the question of brevity in an-

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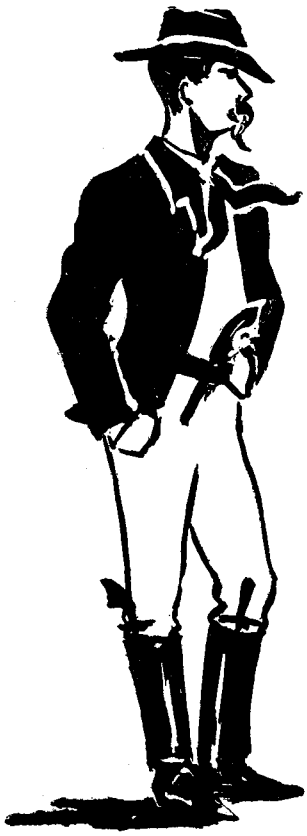

PHINEAS FLETCHER THE QUAKER.

nouncing (as though it were a surgical operation) that "All Is Over in One Hour," adding also still more reassuringly, "Sermon Positively Only Fifteen Minutes."

Then there is that picturesquely named locality, the Back Goree, which I once innocently supposed to be the lair of pirates, and crossed by noisome lanes, and filled with the haunts of the evil, but in which an actual inspection disclosed nothing more terrifying than a few mouldy naval stores, and no one more formidable than a beery mariner, who stood in the door of an eating-house chewing a long, yellow straw. This eating-house has a red and white sign, which displays the names of the viands obtainable there, among them "Hot Pot," "Raspberry Sandwiches," "Eccles Cakes," and other (to me) unknown British delicacies. I have often wished that I could eat some Hot Pot and an Eccles Cake, but somehow my gastronomic courage has always failed me, blighted perhaps by the warm breath of cabbage-soup, whose odour gushes violently and perpetually through the open doorway. He who is equally timorous and unenterprising can find a safer place for the satisfaction of his appetite at the Bear's Paw, a vast and flourishing restaurant, whose *menu* is printed on a piece of brown paper about as large as a horse-blanket, and is as full of capital letters and exclamation-points as an American newspaper at election time. One does not readily grasp the full meaning of such capitalised warnings as "No Follows of Asparagus!" but any one with a sense of style can appreciate the Tacitean brevity of the elliptical note, "Hot Mashed Goes with the Joint." And—well, there is a good deal of ethnic instruction to be gleaned quietly in the streets of Liverpool, and what has been set forth above is given only by way of illustration.

Some time ago I happened to be spending a little time there, having arrived a few days in advance of the sailing of my steamer. It was not the first visit, nor the second, nor the third; and so the hours passed rather slowly, and when the evening came I turned to the theatres in quest of amusement and diversion. Oddly enough, at both the leading houses the stage was held by plays relating to American manners. At the first a drama whose name I cannot now recall was billed as "A Thrilling Picture of Far Western Life!" From the advertisement it appeared that the scene was laid, with a slight geographical misfit, in Denver, Nebraska; and by an excess of generosity on the part of the playwright two villains were provided—one being Colonel Esek Slodge and the other plain Joe Williams. A foot-note added the enticing promise "In the Fifth Act, Joe Williams is Hanged in Full Sight of the Audience!" I rather wished to see that play, but somehow or other, the hanging of Joe Williams seemed to lack some of the essential elements of cheerfulness, and so I turned to the other theatre as a *pis aller*.

Its bill-boards vividly announced the "Protracted and Expensive Engagement of the Celebrated American Actor, Mr. Blank Blank," with a company described as "A Galaxy of the Best Histrionic Talent in the States." Furthermore, one was informed (in smaller let-

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GEORGE HARRIS.

ters) that "all parts being filled by Americans, this presentation affords a vivid, realistic picture of contemporary American life, as delineated in that most famous of all American plays, entitled UNCLE TOM'S CABIN." After reading this, especially the allusion to "contemporary American life," there was really nothing to do but to get a ticket and go; and the expenditure of five shillings secured one of the best seats in the house, ensconced in which the present writer saw the curtain rise promptly at eight o'clock, disclosing the family mansion of Mr. Shelby in Kentucky, with the negro quarters adjacent to it.

The scene was one of surpassing beauty and, above all, of realism. The Shelby mansion was of white marble with Italian pillars, and it was embowered in palm-trees and other tropical foliage, while far away in the background stretched the blue waters of an inland sea, not usually recorded on the maps, and upon which were to be descried a few stray gondolas; for every one is well aware that the gondola is a favourite means of locomotion with the natives of Kentucky. The scene was so very beautiful, in fact, that one at first forgot to be surprised at the close proximity of the negro quarters to the white marble mansion; for the distance between the two was, on a liberal estimate, six paces, so that the Shelby family were probably at times quite well informed of the progress of the cookery of their domestics. But it was soon obvious just why the quarters were so near the mansion. It was to enable the Shelbys to glut themselves with negro minstrelsy at any hour of the day and night; for presently the hands emerged and sang a hymn, a proceeding which they repeated at regular intervals like a cuckoo-clock all through the act. And when they did so, the Shelbys always

MISS OPHELIA.

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A GARDEN IN NEW ORLEANS.

suspended any other occupation and struck attitudes all over the place and listened. Mr. Shelby was a fine figure of a man. He wore jack-boots and white duck trousers, while Mrs. Shelby at 3 P.M. appeared in a low-necked dress and a tiara of precious stones. When it subsequently transpired that the Shelbys were deeply in debt, and that the white marble mansion was mortgaged up to its fastigium, I couldn't help thinking that Mrs. Shelby might have raised a little money on her tiara instead of weakly consenting to the sale of George Harris and Eliza, and of poor Uncle Tom, all of whom presently appeared while the hands were singing their seventh hymn. George Harris was undoubtedly a typical mulatto slave, because the play-bill said so; but if I had seen him anywhere else I should have taken him for Albert Chevalier doing a coster turn. Uncle Tom was nice and black. When he was summoned to appear, in order that he might be informed that he had been sold to the heartless Haley, he came directly from working in the fields, and he had white cotton gloves on, such as were doubtless always worn at the South by the better class of slaves when hoeing corn and digging sweet potatoes. He had a fine deep voice and a rich Whitechapel accent; and when he was informed that he had been sold to Haley, he observed with some emotion that it was very 'ard. But there was no help for it; so he had to go, but not before he, too, had sung a hymn, and listened to the rendering of still another by his fellow-slaves.

George and Eliza, however, had more spirit than Uncle Tom; for they resolved to run away; and they did so while Haley was obligingly looking at the inland sea and the gondolas, and perhaps composing poetry; for he failed to hear a word of their intention, though it was discussed by them in a loud and carrying tone of voice. When he did discover it, they had already gone, and then he promptly called for bloodhounds and set off in hot pursuit, waiting, however, to hear the field hands give a rendering of one final hymn, and also the encores for which the audience very kindly called, perhaps to give Eliza and her child a better start.

The beginning of the second act revealed a tavern on the banks of the Ohio River, to which place Eliza had succeeded in escaping. The tavern was simply but sufficiently furnished with one deal table and two chairs, and it had a large window which commanded a sweeping view of the river. And here one discovered a remarkable fact as to the variations

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of climate that can be found in Kentucky; for whereas the Shelby estate, when Eliza left it, was enjoying a tropical summer, the broad Ohio, on the borders of the same State, was full of icebergs. Of course it is possible to suppose that she had consumed six months or so in reaching the river, and had thus given the season time to change; but the speed with which she rushed in seemed to make this hypothesis untenable. Haley and the bloodhounds were on her track; and already a large poster on the wall of the tavern proclaimed "One Hundred Pounds Reward for a Runaway Slave," from which it appeared that Kentuckians prefer the English monetary system. As soon as Eliza saw the poster she felt faint and sat down on one of the chairs; and when Phineas Fletcher presently came in, she confided in him at once, because he was a Quaker and said "thee" and "thou," and because, as she told him, he had so good and kind a face. I should myself have taken him for Jesse James; but Eliza knew her man, and when the bloodhounds were presently heard baying, he shut her up in a large closet for safety. Haley soon appeared with his myrmidons and two bloodhounds. The bloodhounds were very large and fat, and they inspired real terror—not in Phineas Fletcher, but in Haley and his minions, who were obviously afraid lest the animals should lean up against the scenery and go to sleep; so that it became necessary from time to time to tread casually on their tails to keep them awake and baying. Haley had some talk with Phineas, and presently wanted to look in the closet; but when he grew insistent, Phineas, like a true Quaker, pulled a pistol out of each boot and stopped him. Later the myrmidons attempted the same thing, and then Phineas pulled two more pistols from somewhere down the back of his neck and stopped *them*. Then Haley went out to get more myrmidons, and Phineas had to give up; so he rushed Eliza out of the house, and she ran across the river on the ice just as in the book, her passage being visible from the window. The audience naturally felt a good deal of sympathy with Eliza; but for my part I was more concerned for Haley and the myrmidons; since in spite of the rigour of the climate which filled the river with icebergs, they were all clad in linen dusters and overalls, and I am sure their legs must have been very cold.

Later still, Eliza and George were united; and being driven to bay, they made a gallant stand for freedom in the mountains, aided by Phineas. The lofty peak on which they rallied was not less than seven feet high, and when Haley and Tom Loker and the myrmidons and Lawyer Marks attacked them, Phineas shed a perfect shower of pistols from every conceivable part of his person. Haley's gang also had at least two pistols apiece, and both parties fired steadily at one another for several minutes at a distance of six paces with no harm to any one, which served rather to discredit Kentuckian marksmanship. Somehow or other in the end, after everybody had used up all their cartridges, George and Eliza escaped down the rear of the peak, and then Lawyer Marks led in a large mouse-colored ass, on which he expected to ride away. The ass kicked various members of the party and excited uncontrollable mirth in the audience. It seemed rather awkward in its movements, however, and presently the skin over one of its fetlocks burst open and made evident the fact that the ass surreptitiously wore corduroy trousers and patent-leather shoes.

Still further along in the play we were introduced to the luxurious abode of St. Clare in the city of New Orleans, and to the details of his domestic *ménage*. A good deal of the action took place in the garden, a noble plaisaunce enclosed in a dense thicket of fir-trees, and with contiguous mountains topped with snow. Miss Ophelia was a very prominent figure in these scenes. She was a very ample lady with a bunch of keys at her waist and a rubicund countenance, and her language was intimately suggestive of New England; for she said "How shiftless!" at least once in every two minutes; though sometimes, when she varied the form and said, "Now, that's really very shiftless, you know!" or "Drat it, you're really quite too shiftless!" one couldn't help suspecting her of being secretly an Anglomaniac. She was greatly concerned with the general disorder of what she called the 'ouse, and went about picking up everything that anybody dropped, except the h's. St. Clare was also an interesting character, though it was darkly hinted that

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he was given to dissipation ; and, in fact, he showed this symbolically by parting his hair in the middle and always appearing with a cigarette, which he was continually allowing to go out and then relighting. Once, however, after he had been no doubt particularly wild, he came in slapping his brow and exclaiming, "Oh, my head !" and then Uncle Tom dealt with him very effectually.

"Mahster," said Uncle Tom—who, by the way, always wore his hat in the drawing-room—"do you know where such courses hend ?"

"No," said St. Clare rather feebly.

"Then let me tell you, Mahster," said Uncle Tom with his deepest voice." "They hend in 'ELL !"

After this, St. Clare smoked no more cigarettes, and always parted his hair on one side. But he must have had a relapse, for when he was brought in one evening, stabbed, it was stated openly that the affair had taken place in "a drinking-bar."

The later scenes were very harrowing. At the command of the brutal Legree, Uncle Tom was whipped several times in each scene, and Sambo and Quimbo, who did it, always added a fresh horror to the spectacle by dancing a breakdown before beginning, and by singing at least two songs after they had finished. When Tom finally succumbed and Legree was arrested for the murder of St. Clare, all the Shelby family and the Shelby field hands, and Topsy, and Haley, and Lawyer Marks appeared in some unaccountable way and sang "The Sweet Bye and Bye."

The last scene showed George and Eliza safe on Canadian soil. George was full of emotion. He announced that at last he had reached a land over which the flag of Hengland floated, where 'ealth and 'ope were possible to hevery one, and where, has hall men knew, Britons never, never could be slaves. As he said this he took out of one of his coat-tails a large cotton pocket-handkerchief which displayed the British emblem, and spread it under his chin like a porous-plaster. This was the cue for the orchestra, which struck up "God Save the Queen ;" whereupon every one in the audience arose, and the play ended with great enthusiasm.

A large and portly Briton who breathed very hard had sat beside me, and throughout the performance had incidentally occupied half of my chair as well as all his own. As we were about to leave, he caught my eye, and at once remarked with an air of intense conviction :

"Rum lot, these Yankees, ain't they ?"

And remembering my countrymen as they had just been dramatically depicted, I said that I thought they were.

Harry Thurston Peck.

IDEALS.

Could Day demand a gift of Night,
  And Night the boon bestow,
'Twould be that heaven of star-delight
  Where Dreams departed go.

Could Night the gift demand, and Day
  The benefit confer,
'Twould be, upon his twilight way,
  A lengthened hour with her.

John B. Tabb.

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IN KEDAR'S TENTS.*

By Henry Seton Merriman, Author of "The Sowers."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CITY OF STRIFE.

"What lot is mine,
Whose foresight preaches peace, my heart so slow
To feel it?"

Through these quiet streets the party clattered noisily enough, for the rain had left the round stones slippery, and the horses were too tired for a sure step. There were no lights at the street corners, for these had been extinguished at midnight, and the only glimmer of a lamp that relieved the darkness was shining through the stained-glass windows of the cathedral, where the sacred oil burnt night and day.

The Queen was evidently expected at the Casa del Ayuntamiento, for at the approach of the carriage the great doors were thrown open and a number of servants appeared in the *patio*, which was but dimly lighted. By the general's orders the small bodyguard passed through the doors, which were then closed, instead of continuing their way to the barracks in the Alcazar.

This Casa del Ayuntamiento stands, as many travellers know, in the plaza of the same name, and faces the cathedral, which is, without doubt, the oldest, as it assuredly is the most beautiful church in the world. The Mansion House of Toledo, in addition to some palatial halls, which are of historic renown, has several suites of rooms, used from time to time by great personages passing through or visiting the city. The house itself is old, as we esteem age in England, while in comparison to the buildings around it is modern. Built, however, at a period when beauty of architecture was secondary to power of resistance, the place is strong enough, and General Vincente smiled happily as the great doors were closed. He was the last to look out into the streets and across the little Plaza del Ayuntamiento, which was deserted and looked peaceful enough in the light of a waning moon.

The carriage door was opened by a lackey, and Conyngham gave Estella his hand. All the servants bowed as she passed up the stairs, her face screened by the folds of her white mantilla. There was a queer hush in the great house and in the manner of the servants. The cathedral clock rang out the half hour. The general led the way to the room on the first floor that overlooks the Plaza del Ayuntamiento. It is a vast apartment hung with tapestries and pictures, such as men travel many miles to see. The windows, which are large in proportion to the height of the room, open upon a stone balcony, which runs the length of the house, and looks down upon the plaza and across this to the great façade of the cathedral. Candles hurriedly lighted made the room into a very desert of shadows. At the far end a table was spread with cold meats, and lighted by high silver candelabras.

"Ah!" said Concha, going toward the supper-table.

Estella turned, and for the first time met Conyngham's eyes. His face startled her, it was so grave.

"Were you hurt?" she asked sharply.

"Not this time, señorita."

Then she turned with a sudden laugh toward her father.

"Did I play my part well?" she asked.

"Yes, my child;" and even he was grave.

"Unless I am mistaken," he continued, glancing at the shuttered windows, "we have only begun our task." He was reading as he spoke some despatches, which a servant had handed to him.

"There is one advantage in a soldier's life," he said, smiling at Conyngham, "which is not, I think, sufficiently recognised—namely, that one's duty is so often clearly defined. At the present

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moment it is a question of keeping up the deception we have practised upon these good people of Toledo sufficiently long to enable the Queen Regent to reach Madrid. In order to make certain of this we must lead the people to understand that the Queen is in this house until, at least, daylight. Given so much advantage, I think that Her Majesty can reach the capital an hour before any messenger from Toledo. Two horsemen quitted the bridge of Alcantara as we crossed it, riding toward Madrid, but they will not reach the capital. I have seen to that."

He paused and walked to one of the long windows, which he opened. The outer shutters remained closed, and he did not unbar them, but stood listening.

"All is still as yet," he said, returning to the table, where Father Concha was philosophically cutting up a cold chicken.

"That is a good idea of yours," he said; "we may all require our full forces of mind and body before the dawn."

He drew forward a chair, and Estella, obeying his gesture, sat down, and so far controlled her feelings as to eat a little.

"Do queens always feed on old birds, such as this?" asked Concha discontentedly, and Vincente, spreading out his napkin, laughed with gay good humour.

"Before the dawn," he said to Conyngham, "we may all be great men, and the good padre here on the high road to a bishopric."

"He would rather be in bed," muttered Concha, with his mouth full.

It was a queer scene, such as we only act in real life. The vast room, with its gorgeous hangings, the flickering candles, the table spread with delicacies, and the strange party seated at it; Concha, eating steadily; the general, looking round with his domesticated little smile; Estella, with a new light in her eyes and a new happiness on her face; Conyngham, a giant among these Southerners, in his dust-laden uniform—all made up a picture that none forgot.

"They will probably attack this place," said the general, pouring out a glass of wine; "but the house is a strong one. I cannot rely on the regiments stationed at Toledo, and have sent to Madrid for cavalry. There is nothing like cavalry . . . in the streets. We can stand a siege . . . till the dawn."

He turned, looking over his shoulder toward the door, for he had heard a footstep, unnoticed by the others. It was Concepcion Vara, who came into the room coatless, his face gray with dust, adding a startling and picturesque incongruity to the scene.

"Pardon, excellency," he said, with that easy grasp of the situation, which always made an utterly disconcerted smuggler of him, "but there is one in the house whom, I think, his excellency should speak with."

"Ah!"

"The Señorita Barenna."

The general rose from the table.

"How did she get in here?" he asked sharply.

"By the side door in the Calle de la Ciudad. The keeper of that door, excellency, is a mule. The Señorita forced him to admit her. The sex can do so much," he added, with a tolerant shrug of his shoulders.

"And the other, this Larralde?"

Concepcion raised his hand with outspread fingers, and shook it slowly from side to side, from the wrist, with the palm turned toward his interlocutor, which seemed to indicate that the subject was an unpleasant, almost an indelicate one.

"Larralde, excellency," he said, "is one of those who are never found at the front. He will not be in Toledo to-night, that Larralde."

"Where is the Señorita Barenna?" asked the general.

"She is downstairs, commanding his excellency's soldiers to let her pass."

"You go down, my friend, and bring her here. Then take that door yourself."

Concepcion bowed ceremoniously and withdrew. He might have been an ambassador, and his salutation was worthy of an Imperial Court.

A moment later Julia Barenna came into the room, her dark eyes wide with terror, her face pale and drawn.

"Where is the Queen Regent?" she asked, looking from one face to the other, and seeing all her foes assembled as if by magic before her.

"Her Majesty is on the road between Aranjuez and Madrid, in safety, my

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dear Julia," replied the general soothingly.

"But they think she is here. The people are in the streets. Look out of the window. They are in the plaza."

"I know it, my dear," said the general.

"They are armed; they are going to attack this house . . ."

"I am aware of it."

"Their plan is to murder the Queen."

"So we understand," said the general gently. He had a horror of anything approaching sensation or a scene, a feeling which Spaniards share with Englishmen. "That is the Queen for the time being," added Vincente, pointing to Estella.

Julia stood looking from one to the other, a self-contained woman made strong by love, for there is nothing in life or human experience that raises and strengthens man or woman so much as a great and abiding love. But Julia was driven and almost panic-stricken. She held herself in control by an effort that was drawing lines in her face never to be wiped out.

"But you will tell them. I will do it. Let me go to them. I am not afraid."

"No one must leave this house now," said the general. "You have come to us, my dear, you must now throw in your lot with ours."

But Estella must not take this risk!" exclaimed Julia. "Let me do it."

And some woman's instinct sent her to Estella's side, two women alone in that great house amid this man's work and strife of reckless politicians.

"And you and Señor Conyngham," she cried; "you must not run this great risk."

"It is what we are paid for, my dear Julia," answered the general, holding out his arm and indicating the gold stripes upon it.

He walked to the window and opened the massive shutters, which swung back heavily. Then he stepped out on to the balcony without fear or hesitation.

"See," he said, "the square is full of them."

He came back into the room, and Conyngham, standing beside him, looked down into the moonlit plaza. The square was, indeed, thronged with dark and silent shadows, while others, stealing from the doorways and narrow alleys, with which Toledo abounded, joined the group with stealthy steps. No one spoke, though the sound of their whispering arose in the still night-air like the murmur of a breeze through reeds. A hundred faces peered upward through the darkness at the two intrepid figures on the balcony.

"And these are Spaniards, my dear Conyngham," whispered the general—"a hundred of them against one woman. Name of God, I blush for them!"

The throng increased every moment, and withal the silence never lifted, but brooded breathlessly over the ancient town. Instead of living men, these might well have been the shades of the countless and forgotten dead, who had come to a violent end in the streets of a city where Peace has never found a home since the days of Nebuchadnezzar.

Vincente came back into the room, leaving shutter and window open.

"They cannot see in," he said, "the building is too high. And across the plaza there is nothing but the cathedral, which has no windows accessible without ladders."

He paused, looking at his watch.

"They are in doubt," he said, speaking to Conyngham, "they are not sure that the Queen is here. We will keep them in doubt for a short time. Every minute lost by them is an inestimable gain to us. That open window will whet their curiosity, and give them something to whisper about. It is so easy to deceive a crowd."

He sat down and began to peel a peach. Julia looked at him, wondering wherein this man's greatness lay, and yet perceiving dimly that against such as he men like Esteban Larralde could do nothing.

Concha, having supped satisfactorily, was now sitting back in his chair, seeking for something in the pockets of his cassock.

"It is to be presumed," he said, "that one may smoke, even in a palace."

And under their gaze he quietly lighted a cigarette, with the deliberation of one whom a long solitary life had bred habits only to be broken at last by death.

Presently the general rose and went to the window again.

"They are still doubtful," he said, returning, "and I think their num-

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bers have decreased. We cannot allow them to disperse."

He paused, thinking deeply.

"My child," he said suddenly to Estella, "you must show yourself on the balcony."

Estella rose at once, but Julia held her back.

"No," she said; "let me do it. Give me the white mantilla."

There was a momentary silence, while Estella freed herself from her cousin's grasp. Conyngham looked at the woman he loved while she stood, little more than a child, with something youthful and inimitably graceful in the lines of her throat and averted face. Would she accept Julia's offer? Conyngham bit his lips and awaited her decision. Then, as if divining his thought, she turned and looked at him gravely.

"No," she said; "I will do it."

She went toward the window. Her father and Conyngham had taken their places, one on each side, as if she were the Queen indeed. She stood for a moment on the threshold, and then passed out into the moonlight alone. Immediately there arose the most terrifying of all earthly sounds, the dull, antagonistic roar of a thousand angry throats. Estella walked to the front of the balcony and stood, with an intrepidity which was worthy of the royal woman whose part she played, looking down on the upturned faces. A red flash streaked the darkness of a far corner of the square, and a bullet whistled through the open window into the woodwork of a mirror.

"Come back," whispered General Vincente. "Slowly, my child, slowly."

Estella stood for a moment looking down with a royal insolence, then turned, and with measured steps approached the window. As she passed in she met Conyngham's eyes, and that one moment assuredly made two lives worth living.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MIDNIGHT AND DAWN.

"I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die."

"Excellency," reported a man, who entered the room at this moment, "they are bringing carts of fuel through the Calle de la Ciudad to set against the door and burn it."

"To set against which door, my honest friend?"

"The great door on the plaza, excellency. The other is an old door of iron."

"And they cannot burn it or break it open?"

"No, excellency; and, besides, there are loopholes in the thickness of the wall at the side."

The general smiled on this man as being after his own heart.

"One may not shoot to-night, my friend. I have already given the order."

"But one may prick them with the sword, excellency," suggested the trooper, with a sort of suppressed enthusiasm.

The general shrugged his shoulders, wisely tolerant.

"Oh, yes," he answered; "I suppose one may prick them with the sword."

Conyngham, who had been standing half in and half out of the open window listening to this conversation, now came forward.

"I think," he said, "that I can clear the plaza from time to time if you give me twenty men. We can thus gain time."

"Street-fighting," answered the general gravely, "do you know anything of it? It is nasty work."

"I know something of it. One has to shout very loud. I studied it at Dublin University."

"To be sure; I forgot."

Julia and Estella watched and listened. Their lot had been cast in the paths of war, and since childhood they had remembered naught else. But neither had yet been so near to the work, nor had they seen and heard men talk and plan with a certain grim humour, a curt and deliberate scorn of haste or excitement, as these men spoke and planned now. Conyngham and Concepcion Vara were altered by these circumstances—there was a light in their eyes which women rarely see—but the general was the same little man of peace and of high domestic virtue, who seemed embarrassed by a sword which was obviously too big for him. Yet in all their voices there rang a queer note of exultation, for man is a fighting animal, and (from St. Paul down to the humblest little five-foot-one "recruit") would find life a dull affair were there no strife in it.

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"Yes, said the general after a moment's reflection, "that is a good idea, and will gain time. But let them first bring their fuel and set it up. Every moment is a gain."

At this instant some humourist in the crowd threw a stone in at the open window. The old priest picked up the missile and examined it curiously.

"It is fortunate," he said, "that the stones are fixed in Toledo. In Xeres they are loose and always in the air. I wonder if I can hit a citizen."

And he threw the stone back.

"Close the shutters," said the general. "Let us avoid arousing ill-feeling."

The priest drew the jalousies together, but did not quite shut them. Vincente stood and looked out through the aperture at the moonlit square and the dark shadows moving there.

"I wish they would shout," he said; "it is unnatural. They are like children. When there is noise there is little mischief."

Then he remained silent for some minutes, watching intently. All in the room noted his every movement. At length he turned on his heel.

"Go, my friend," he said to Conyngham; "form your men in the Calle de la Ciudad, and charge round in line. Do not place yourself too much in advance of your men, or you will be killed, and remember the point. Resist the temptation to cut—the point is best."

He patted Conyngham on the arm affectionately, as if he were sending him to bed with a good wish, and accompanied him to the door.

"I knew," he said, returning to the window and rubbing his hands together, "that that was a good man the first moment I saw him."

He glanced at Estella, and then, turning, opened another window, setting the shutters ajar, so as to make a second point of observation.

"My poor child," he whispered, as she went to the window and looked out, "it is an ill fortune to have to do with men whose trade this is." Estella smiled a little whitely and said nothing. The moon was now shining from an almost cloudless sky. The few fleecy remains of the storm sailing toward the east only added brightness to the night. It was almost possible to see the faces of the men moving in the square below, and to read their expressions. The majority stood in a group in the centre of the plaza, while a daring few, reckoning on the Spanish aversion to firearms, ran forward from time to time and set a bundle of wood or straw against the door beneath the balcony.

Some, who appeared to be the leaders, looked up constantly and curiously at the windows, wondering if any resistance would be made. Had they known that General Vincente was in that silent house, they would probably have gone home to bed, and the crowd would have dispersed like smoke.

Suddenly there arose a roar to the right hand of the square, where the Calle de la Ciudad was situated, and Conyngham appeared for a moment alone, running toward the group with the moonlight flashing on his sword. At his heels an instant later a single line of men swung round the corner and charged across the square.

"Dear, dear," muttered the general; "too quick, my friend, too quick!"

For Conyngham was already among the crowd, which broke and swayed back toward the cathedral. He paused for a moment to draw his sword out of a dark form that lay upon the ground, as a cricketer draws a stump. He had at all events remembered the point. The troopers swept across the square like a broom, sending the people as dust before them, and leaving the clear, moonlit square behind. They also left behind one or two shadows, lying stark upon the ground. One of these got upon his hands and knees, and crawled painfully away, all one-sided, like a beetle that has been trodden underfoot. Those watching from the windows saw, with a gasp of horror, that part of him—part of an arm—had been left behind, and a sigh of relief went up when he stopped crawling and lay quite still.

The troopers were now retreating slowly toward the Calle de la Ciudad.

"Be careful, Conyngham!" shouted the general from the balcony; "they will return."

And as he spoke a rattling fire was opened upon them from the far corner of the square, where the crowd had taken refuge in the opening of the Calle del Aico. Immediately the people, having noted that the troopers were few in number, charged down upon them. The men fought in line, retreating step by

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step, their swords gleaming in the moonlight. Estella, hearing footsteps in the room behind her, turned in time to see her father disappearing through the doorway. Concepcion Vara, coatless, as he loved to work, his white shirt-sleeves fluttering as his arm swung, had now joined the troopers, and was fighting by Conyngham's side.

Estella and Julia were out on the balcony now, leaning over and forgetting all but the breathless interest of battle. Concha stood beside them, muttering and cursing like any soldier.

They saw Vincente appear at the corner of the Calle de la Ciudad and throw away his scabbard as he ran.

"Now, my children!" he cried, in a voice that Estella had never heard before, which rang out across the square, and was answered by a yell that was nothing but a cry of sheer delight. The crowd swayed back as if before a gust of wind, and the general, following it, seemed to clear a space for himself, as a reaper clears away the standing corn before him. It was, however, only for a moment. The crowd surged back, those in front against their will, and on to the glittering steel, those behind shouting encouragement.

"*Caramba!*" shouted Concha, and was gone.

They saw him a minute later appear in the square, having thrown aside his cassock. He made a strange, lean figure of a man, with his knee-breeches and dingy purple stockings, his gray flannel shirt, and the moonlight shining on his tonsured head. He fought without skill and heedless of danger, swinging a great sword that he had picked up from the hand of a fallen trooper, and each blow that he got home killed its man. The mettle of the man had suddenly shown itself after years of suppression. This, as Vincente had laughingly said, was no priest, but a soldier.

Concepcion, in the thick of it, using the knife now with a deadly skill, looked over his shoulder and laughed. Suddenly the crowd swayed. The faint sound of a distant bugle came to the ears of all.

"It is nothing," shouted Concha in English—"it is nothing! It is I who sent the bugler round."

And his great sword whistled into a man's brain. In a moment the square was empty, for the politicians who came to murder a woman had had enough steel. The sound of the bugle, intimating, as they supposed, the arrival of troops, completed the work of demoralisation which the recognition of General Vincente had begun.

The little party, the few defenders of the Casa del Ayuntamiento, were left in some confusion in the plaza, and Estella saw, with a sudden cold fear, that Conyngham and Concha were on their knees in the midst of a little group of hesitating men. It was Concha who first rose and held up his hand to the watchers on the balcony, bidding them stay where they were. Then Conyngham rose to his feet, slowly, as one bearing a burden. Estella looked down in a sort of dream and saw her lover carrying her father toward the house, her mind only half comprehending, in the semi-dreamlike reception of sudden calamity, which is one of Heaven's deepest mercies.

It was Concepcion who came into the room first, his white shirt dyed with blood in great patches, like the colour on a piebald horse. A cut in his cheek was slowly dripping. He went straight to a sofa covered in gorgeous yellow satin and set the cushions in order.

"Señorita, . . ." he said, and spread out his hands. The tears were in his eyes. "Half of Spain," he added, "would rather that it had been the Queen, and the world is poorer."

A minute later Concha came into the room dragging on his cassock.

"My child, we are in God's hands," he said, with a break in his gruff voice.

And then came the heavy step of one carrying sorrow.

Conyngham laid his burden on the sofa. General Vincente was holding his handkerchief to his side, and his eyes, which had a thoughtful look, saw only Estella's face.

"I have sent for a doctor," said Conyngham; "your father is wounded."

"Yes," added Vincente immediately, "but I am in no pain, my dear child. There is no reason, surely, for us to distress ourselves."

He looked round and smiled.

"And this good Conyngham," he added, "carried me like a child."

Julia was on her knees at the foot of the sofa, her face hidden in her hands.

"My dear Julia," he said, "why this distress?"

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"Because all of this is my doing," she answered, lifting her drawn and terror-stricken face.

"No, no," said Vincente, with a characteristic pleasantry; "you take too much upon yourself. All these things are written down for us beforehand. We only add the punctuation, delaying a little or hurrying a little."

They looked at him silently, and assuredly none could mistake the shadows that were gathering on his face. Estella, who was holding his hand, knelt on the floor by his side, quiet and strong, offering silently that sympathy which is woman's greatest gift.

Concepcion, who perhaps knew more of this matter than any present, looked at Concha and shook his head. The priest was buttoning his cassock, and began to seek something in his pocket.

"Your breviary?" whispered Concepcion; "I saw it lying out there among the dead."

"It is a comfort to have one's duty clearly defined," said the general suddenly in a clear voice—he was evidently addressing Conyngham—"one of the advantages of a military life. We have done our best, and this time we have succeeded. But . . . it is only deferred. It will come at length, and Spain will be a republic. It is a failing cause . . . because at the head of it . . . is a bad woman."

Conyngham nodded, but no one spoke. No one seemed capable of following his thoughts. Already he seemed to look at them as from a distance, as if he had started on a journey and was looking back. During this silence there came a great clatter in the streets, and a sharp voice cried, "Halt!" The general turned his eyes toward the window.

"The cavalry," said Conyngham, "from Madrid."

"I did not expect . . . them, . . ." said Vincente slowly, "before the dawn."

The sound of the horses' feet and the clatter of arms died away as the troop passed on toward the Calle de la Ciudad, and the quiet of night was again unbroken.

Then Concha, getting down on to his knees, began reciting from memory the office, which, alas! he knew too well.

When it was finished and the gruff voice died away Vincente opened his eyes.

"Every man to his trade," he said, with a little laugh.

Then he suddenly made a grimace.

"A twinge of pain," he said deprecatingly, as if apologising for giving them the sorrow of seeing it; "it will pass . . . before the dawn."

Presently he opened his eyes again and smiled at Estella before he moved, with a tired sigh, and turned his face toward that dawn which knows no eventide.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE DAWN OF PEACE.

"Quien no ama, no vive."

The fall of Morella had proved to be, as many anticipated, the knell of the Carlist cause. Cabrera, that great general and consummate leader, followed Don Carlos, who had, months earlier, fled to France. General Espartero, a man made and strengthened by circumstances, was now at the height of his fame, and for the moment peace seemed to be assured to Spain. It was now a struggle between Espartero and Queen Christina, but with these matters the people of Spain had little to do. Such warfare of the council chamber and the boudoir is carried on quietly, and the sound of it rarely reaches the ear and never the heart of the masses. Politics, indeed, had been the daily fare of the Spaniards for so long that their palates were now prepared to accept any sop, so long as it was flavoured with peace. Aragon was devastated, and the northern provinces had neither seed nor labourers for the coming autumn. The peasants, who, having lost faith in Don Carlos, rallied round Cabrera, now saw themselves abandoned by their worshipped leader, and turned hopelessly enough homeward. Thus gradually the country relapsed into quiet, and empty farms made many lay aside the bayonet and take up the spade, who, having tasted the thrill of battle, had no longer any taste for the ways of peace.

Frederick Conyngham was brought into sudden prominence by the part he played in the disturbance at Toledo, which disturbance proved, as history tells, to be a forerunner of the great revolution a year later in Madrid. Pro-

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motion was at this time rapid, and the Englishman made many strides in a few months. Jealousy was so rife among the Spanish leaders, Christinos distrusted so thoroughly the reformed Carlists, that one who was outside these petty considerations received from both sides many honours on the sole recommendation of his neutrality.

"And besides," said Father Concha, sitting in the sunlight on his church steps at Ronda, reading to the barber and the shoemaker and other of his parishioners the latest newspaper—"and besides he is clever."

He paused, slowly taking a pinch of snuff.

"Where the river is deepest it makes least noise," he added.

The barber wagged his head, after the manner of one who will never admit that he does not understand an allusion. And before any could speak the clatter of horses in the narrow street diverted attention. Concha rose to his feet.

"Ah!" he said, and went forward to meet Conyngham, who was riding with Concepcion at his side.

"So you have come, my son," he said, shaking hands. He looked up into the Englishman's face, which was burnt brown by service under a merciless sun. Conyngham looked lean and strong, but his eyes had no rest in them. This was not a man who had all he wanted.

"Are you come to Ronda, or are you passing through?" asked the priest.

"To Ronda. As I passed the Casa Barenna I made inquiries. The ladies are in the town, it appears."

"Yes; they are with Estella in the house, you know, unless you have forgotten it."

"No," answered Conyngham, getting out of the saddle—"no, padre, I have forgotten nothing."

Concepcion came forward and led the horse away.

"I will walk to the Casa Vincente. Have you the time to accompany me?" said Conyngham.

"I have always time for my neighbour's business," replied Concha, and they set off together.

"You walk stiffly," said Concha. "Have you ridden far?"

"From Osuna, forty miles since daybreak."

"You are in a hurry."

"Yes, I am in a hurry."

Without further comment he extracted from inside his smart tunic a letter, the famous letter in a pink envelope, which he handed to Concha.

"Yes," said the priest, turning it over; "you and I first saw this in the Hotel de la Marina, at Algeciras, when we were fools not to throw it into the nearest brazier. We should have saved a good man's life, my friend."

He handed the letter back, and thoughtfully dusted his cassock where it was worn and shiny with constant dusting, so that the snuff had naught to cling to.

"And you have got it at last. Holy saints, these Englishmen! Do you always get what you want, my son?"

"Not always," replied Conyngham, with an uneasy laugh; "but I should be a fool not to try."

"Assuredly," said Concha—"assuredly, and you have come to Ronda . . . to try."

"Yes."

They walked on in silence, on the shady side of the street, and presently passed and saluted a priest, one of Concha's colleagues in this city of the South.

"There walks a tragedy," said Concha, in his curt way. "Inside every cassock there walks a tragedy . . . or a villain."

After a pause it was Concha who again broke the silence; Conyngham seemed to be occupied with his own thoughts.

"And Larralde . . .?" said the priest.

"I come from him, from Barcelona," answered Conyngham, "where he is in safety. Catalonia is full of such as he. Sir John Pleydell before leaving Spain bought this letter for two hundred pounds, a few months ago, when I was a poor man and could not offer a price for it. But Larralde disappeared when the plot failed, and I have only found him lately in Barcelona."

"In Barcelona?" echoed Concha.

"Yes; where he can take a passage to Cuba, and where he awaits Julia Barenna."

"Ah!" said Concha, "so he also is faithful. Because life is not long, my son. That is the only reason. How wise was the great God when He made a human life short!"

"I have a letter," continued Conyngham, "from Larralde to the Señorita Barenna."

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"So you parted friends in Barcelona, after all, when his knife has been between your shoulders."

"Yes."

"God bless you, my son!" said the priest in Latin, with his careless, hurried gesture of the cross.

After they had walked a few paces he spoke again.

"I shall go to Barcelona with her," he said, "and marry her to this man. When one has no affairs of one's own there always remain, for old women and priests, the affairs of one's neighbour. Tell me, . . ." he paused and looked fiercely at him under shaggy brows . . . "tell me why you came to Spain?"

"You want to know who and what I am before we reach the Calle Major," said Conyngham.

"I know what you are, *amigo mio*, better than yourself perhaps."

In the drawing-room they found Julia, who leapt to her feet and hurried across the floor when she saw Conyngham. She stood looking at him breathlessly, her whole history written in her eyes.

"Yes," she whispered, as if he had called her—"yes; what is it? Have you come to tell me . . . something?"

"I have come to give you a letter, señorita," he answered, handing her Larralde's missive. She held out her hand and never took her eyes from his face.

Julia Barenna read the letter through to the end, and it is possible (for women are blind in such matters) failed to perceive the selfishness in every line of it. Then, with the message of happiness in her hand, she returned to the chair she had just quitted, with a vague wonder in her mind, and the very human doubt that accompanies all possession, as to whether the price paid had not been too high.

Concha was the first to move. He turned and crossed the room toward Conyngham.

"I see," he said, "Estella in the garden."

And they passed out of the room together, leaving Julia Barenna alone with her thoughts. On the broad stone balcony Concha paused.

"I will stay here," he said. He looked over the balustrade—Señora Barenna was still asleep.

"Do not awake her," he whispered. "Let all sleeping things . . . sleep."

Conyngham passed down the stairs noiselessly, and through the doorway into the garden.

"And at the end the Gloria is chanted," said Concha, watching him go.

The scent of the violets greeted Conyngham as he went forward beneath the trees planted there in the Moslem's day. The running water murmured sleepily, as it hurried in its narrow channel toward the outlet through the gray wall, from whence it leapt four hundred feet into the Tajo below.

Estella was seated in the shade of a gnarled fig tree, where tables and chairs indicated the Spanish habit of an out-of-door existence. She rose as he came toward her, and met his eyes gravely. A gleam of sun glancing through the leaves fell on her golden hair, half hidden by the mantilla, and showed that she was pale with some fear or desire.

"Señorita," he said, "I have brought you the letter."

He held it out and she took it, turning over the worn envelope absent-mindedly.

"I have not read it myself, and am permitted to give it to you on one condition, namely, that you destroy it as soon as you have read it."

She looked at it again.

"It contains the lives of many men, their lives and the happiness of those connected with them," said Conyngham. "That is what you hold in your hand, señorita, as well as my life and happiness."

She raised her dark eyes to his for a moment, and then their tenderness was not of earth or of this world at all.

Then she tore the envelope and its contents slowly into a hundred pieces, and dropped the fluttering papers into the stream pacing in its marble bed toward the Tajo and the oblivion of the sea.

"There, I have destroyed the letter," she said, with a thoughtful little smile; then looking up, she met his eyes.

"I did not want it. I am glad you gave it to me. It will make a difference to our lives, though . . . I never wanted it."

Then she came slowly toward him.

THE END.

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AMERICAN BOOKMEN.

IX.—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

It is related of one of our magazines that some years ago it published a story, translated from the German, which was found to be nothing but Hawthorne's "Great Stone Face" restored to its native language. What Mark Twain did consciously in sport with "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" was done ignorantly in sober earnest with Hawthorne's tale. "Here was the story," says his son, "sentence for sentence the same, yet as different from it as is a cabbage from a rose." The subtle aroma which marks it as Hawthorne's had entirely escaped. It is not too fanciful, perhaps, to detect an analogy between such a process as this and the changes which befall an actual man in becoming the man of biographies. His real life is the original story; the impression it makes upon those who observe it is the translation; the writers of biographies attempt to restore it to its mother tongue. If the divergence is sometimes wide it is no great wonder.

When the subject of these attempts is a man of so unique a personality as Hawthorne's, the wonder is that he is *re-translated* with any success at all. Precisely opposite opinions of him are handed down by those who knew him slightly and those who knew him best. He was one thing in his daily life, and quite another in his books. His son Julian, though eighteen years old when his father died, read none of Hawthorne's books until after that time, and then could not understand how such a man as the father he had known was their author. When *The Scarlet Letter* appeared, a good friend wrote to Hawthorne: "I should fancy from your books that you were burdened with secret sorrow, that you had some blue chamber in your soul, into which you hardly dared to enter yourself; but when I see you, you give me the impression of a man as healthy as Adam was in Paradise." Hawthorne definitely objected to the unveiling of his real self in public, and would have been well content to let his works of fiction and his *Note-Books* speak for him. Indeed, the autobiography of his spirit is writ large in all his many volumes; but his representatives, in spite of his recorded wish that this might suffice, have seen fit to be more explicit. It must be said in their justification that they have helped the world at least in coming somewhat nearer to a true estimate of one who did not belong only to them, but joined himself to the greatness of the literature of the English tongue.

A critic across the seas once spoke of Hawthorne as "the ghost of New England." Surely there was good reason for him and his books to be haunted with the past of his native land. The son of the first American Hathorne (as the name was written till Hawthorne himself introduced the *w*) was a stern judge in the witch trials at Salem, and is said to have called down upon himself from one found guilty of witchcraft a curse not unlike Matthew Maule's upon Colonel Pyncheon. Perhaps it was this curse which prevented the family of Hathorne, mariners through many generations, from achieving the material success of other seafaring families in Salem. They did succeed, however, in transmitting to Hawthorne certain well-defined traits of New England character, especially an independent vigor of spirit which in itself is no mean inheritance. His mother, Elizabeth Clarke Manning, came of another family long established in Salem. That she was by no means an ordinary person may be inferred from the fact that when her husband died of yellow fever in Surinam in 1808, she restricted herself to the privacy of her own house and room, and did not emerge from it through the remaining forty-one years of her life. She was but twenty-eight at the time of Captain Nathaniel Hathorne's death, and of the three children that were left to her, the oldest and the youngest were daughters. Her son Nathaniel was born in Salem on July 4th, 1804. If her spirit and influence had not bequeathed a strange equipment of sensibility to her children, it would be time to look about for new theories touching the early formation of character.

Hawthorne was an active, well-formed

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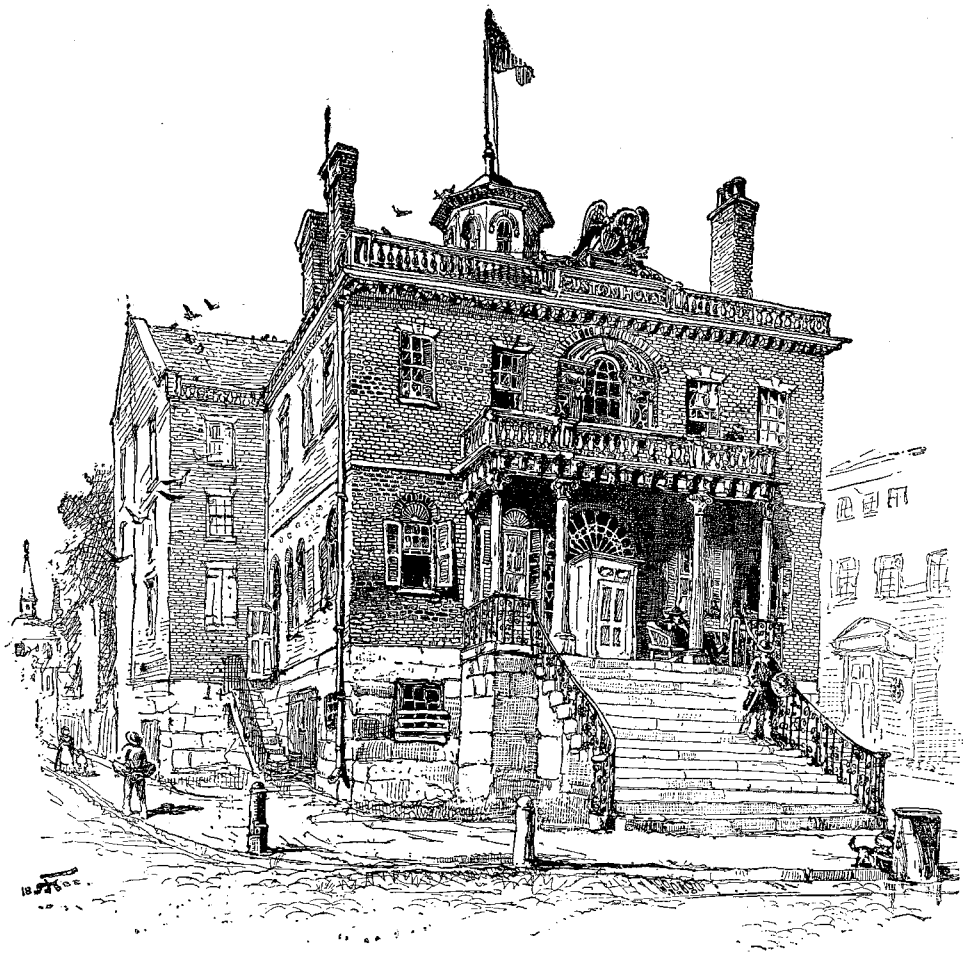

SALEM CUSTOM-HOUSE.

From *The Century Magazine* by permission.

boy, as he was a man of uncommon physical beauty. But an accident to one of his feet, while he was playing at "bat-and-ball" one day, rendered him quite lame for a portion of his youth, in which he acquired voracious habits of reading, and fortunately the English classics were the books within his reach. An event of even more important influence was the early removal of his family to Raymond, Me., where his mother's people owned a large tract of land. "It was there," said Hawthorne in later life, "that I first got my cursed habits of solitude." The woods about Sebago Lake, the ice that covered it in winter time, gave him free foot for solitary excursions under sun and stars. He lived, he said, like a bird of the air. But his mother, for all her own seclusion, would not have the boy grow up in complete separation from men, and sent him back to Salem, where a private instructor prepared him for entrance to Bowdoin College. Longfellow was one of his classmates, though not of his intimates in college. Horatio Bridge, afterward Paymaster-General of the Navy, was both, and, moreover, was acknowledged by Hawthorne as the friend who was responsible for his becoming an author. In the class above him was Franklin Pierce, a lifelong friend, of whom Hawthorne could write when both were growing old, "I do not love him one whit the less for having been President." At his graduation, in 1825, Hawthorne's college rank was eighteenth in a class of

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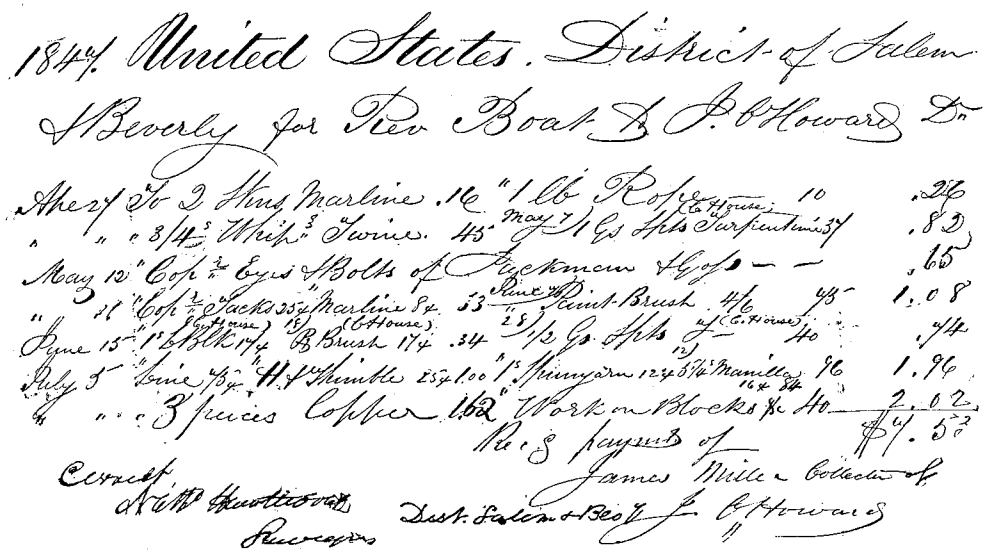
thirty-eight, but especially in "the humanities" he had acquired some sound learning, and in his long walks and frank intercourse with his best friends, he had doubtless gained a knowledge of himself and of them that would stand him in good stead.

As a period of human companionships Hawthorne's four years at college stand out in bright relief He had come there from a solitary boyhood, and emerged into a manhood still more solitary. burned in manuscript. His second, *Fanshawe*, a novel, he made every effort to disown and suppress. What he desired above and beyond any immediate success was to do only such work as he felt to be worthy of him.

It was a strange apprenticeship to which he bound himself. It is hard to think of another writer whose young manhood is not to be regarded in the light of its outward circumstances. Nearly all the circumstances of Haw-



FAC-SIMILE OF HAWTHORNE'S AUTOGRAPH AS SURVEYOR.

While all his friends were taking up active pursuits, he established himself with his mother and sisters at Salem, whither they had returned to live in the house of his grandfather Manning. Instead of undertaking any recognised work, "year after year," he said, "I kept on considering what I was fit for." But he had known for a long time. Even as a boy he had written from Salem to his mother in Maine: "How would you like some day to see a whole shelf full of books, written by your son, with 'Hawthorne's Works' printed on their backs?" In pursuance of this idea he seems to have made up his mind in college to adopt the profession of authorship; once committed to it, and conscious of the powers within him, he would not permit himself or others to turn them cheaply to account. His first book, *Seven Tales of My Native Land*, he

thorne's life for some years after his leaving college were inward. Though possessed of such beauty of person that an old gipsy woman, meeting him suddenly in the woods, exclaimed, "Are you a man or an angel?" and though sought out for a time by the "good society" of his native town, he kept himself resolutely to himself. "For months together," to repeat his own words, "I scarcely held human intercourse outside of my own family, seldom going out except at twilight, or only to take the nearest way to the most convenient solitude, which was oftenest the seashore. . . . Once a year or thereabouts I used to make an excursion of a few weeks, in which I enjoyed as much of life as other people in the whole year round." He doubted whether so many as twenty persons in Salem were aware of his existence. Within his mother's

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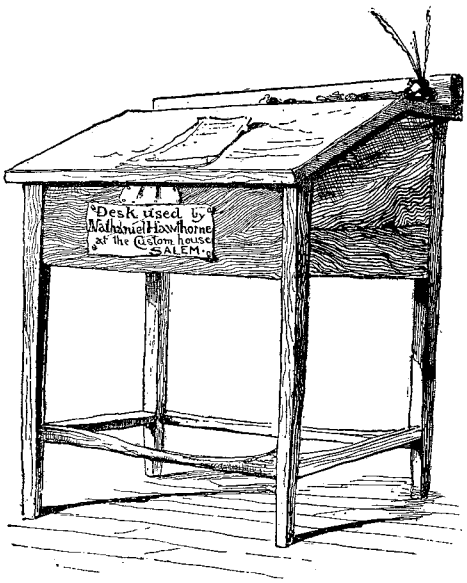

house, his cloistral habits were not infringed upon. For months at a time he scarcely saw his older sister, who was almost as strict a recluse as his mother. Both of these ladies had their meals brought to their separate rooms. Indeed this was Mrs. Hawthorne's unbroken custom from the time of her husband's death. In the evening she and her younger daughter would come down to the little parlour and sit with Hawthorne. Love and respect seem to have gone out from each corner of the curious personal quadrangle to each and all of the other corners, but the life of the family could not have been such as to make amends in any way for the dearth of human influences from without.

Hawthorne, to be sure, maintained a certain contact with mankind through correspondence with his college friends, and by means of his occasional excursions into the world. It marked him as a man of uncommon mould that by looking merely into himself, and drawing forth what he found there, he could produce so much that was worth producing, for this is not the usual result of such a process. In his room at Salem, which has been well called "the antechamber of his fame," he read and wrote incessantly. The results of this labour were published in the magazines of the day, and in Goodrich's annual, *The Token*, where Willis's first efforts were rapidly winning him fame, while Hawthorne's attracted so little attention that he could call himself with some truth, "the obscurest man of letters in America." It was twelve years after his graduation from college—that is, in 1837—that the first collection of *Twice-Told Tales* brought together the best of his work for this period. Longfellow wrote an appreciative review of it for *The North American*, and so moved Hawthorne, who complained because for lack of approbation he had "always written with benumbed fingers," that he despatched a hearty letter to his old classmate, saying: "Whether or no the public will agree to the praise you bestow on me, there are at least five persons who think you the most sagacious critic on earth—viz., my mother and two sisters, my old maiden aunt, and finally—the sturdiest believer of the whole five—my own self." He could not have been blind to the relation between his life and his *Tales* even before 1851, when he wrote in the preface of a new edition: "The book, if you would see anything in it, requires to be read in the clear, brown, twilight atmosphere in

STENCIL-PLATE NOW IN THE SALEM CUSTOM-HOUSE.

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which it was written ; if opened in the sunshine, it is apt to look exceedingly like a volume of blank pages."

Hawthorne had come out from his twilight atmosphere for a short time before the publication of *Twice-Told Tales* to edit an ill-fated *American Magazine of Knowledge* in Boston, and would have stood in a still more glaring light if his desire to be appointed historian of a Government expedition to the South Polar seas had been fulfilled. He gained no glory by the anonymous writing of *Peter Parley's Universal History* (1837). Two events which soon took place, however, brought about all-important changes in the course of his life, and saved him from the dangers of continuing longer in his career of solitude. The one was his appointment by George Bancroft, in 1839, as weigher and gauger in the Boston Custom-House ; the other was his engagement to Miss Sophia Peabody, of Salem, which occurred at about the same time.

It will not be imagined that the life Hawthorne had been leading could naturally bring him to matrimony. But for his writings it is to be doubted whether his path would ever have crossed that of the Peabody family. The three sisters of that name, however, had read and admired certain fugitive pieces of writing which they had succeeded in tracing to their townsman, and through the rather difficult mediation of his sisters, they made his acquaintance. This was in 1837, and neither Hawthorne's reserve nor Sophia Peabody's invalidism could have given promise of the result. Uninterruptedly from her twelfth year she had been afflicted with an acute nervous headache. She had felt that she must never marry, yet her illness had served to heighten all the beauties of a nature inherently beautiful, and Hawthorne recognised her for what she was ; nor did she fail, early or late, to see in Hawthorne the incarnation of all her ideals. When they became conditionally engaged she said to him, "If God intends us to marry, He will let me be cured ; if not, it will be a sign that it is not best." It was not only possible for them to marry in 1842, but from that time forth her malady never returned.

It was an abrupt transition for Hawthorne from the quiet of Salem to the noisy unlading of coal-schooners at the Boston wharves. But he toiled faithfully at his work of supervision, and did not let the opportunity of observing keenly the ways of men and of his own heart pass unimproved. His next change of surroundings provided him with contrasts no less striking, for in 1841 he joined his fortunes with those of the Brook Farm community. Here he toiled like a veritable Hodge, and stored his mind and his *Note-Books* with many impressions which found their way into the *Blithedale Romance* ten years later. Emerson summed up the drollery of the Brook Farm experiment when he wrote : "The ladies again took cold on washing-days, and it was ordained that the gentlemen shepherds should hang out the clothes, which they punctually did ; but a great anachronism followed in the evening, for when they began to dance the clothes-pins dropped plentifully from their pockets." Hawthorne had so clear a vision for the humour of things, that he could not take himself and his "brethren in affliction," as he called them, altogether seriously in their new life. The eight cows and the "transcendental heifer belonging to Miss Margaret Fuller" were never complete realities to him, though he worked hard in the barnyard. There was, however, sufficient reality in the loss of his custom-house savings, which he had invested in the community, and in his failure to satisfy himself that the farm would be the best place for him to begin his married life.

He could not have chosen a better place for this purpose than the Old Manse at Concord, where he and his bride took up their abode in the summer of 1842. The introductory paper to the *Mosses from an Old Manse* (1846) tells with inimitable charm as much as Hawthorne was willing to tell of the delight of his new life. He frankly declared himself to be not "one of those supremely hospitable people who serve up their own hearts, delicately fried, with brain sauce, as a tidbit for their beloved public." One cannot help feeling that something like this has been done in the publication of Mrs. Hawthorne's intimate letters written at this time. But the life which they reveal was filled with ideal beauty, the more to be prized because it remained unchanged till the end. In these early days Hawthorne is seen raising vegeta-

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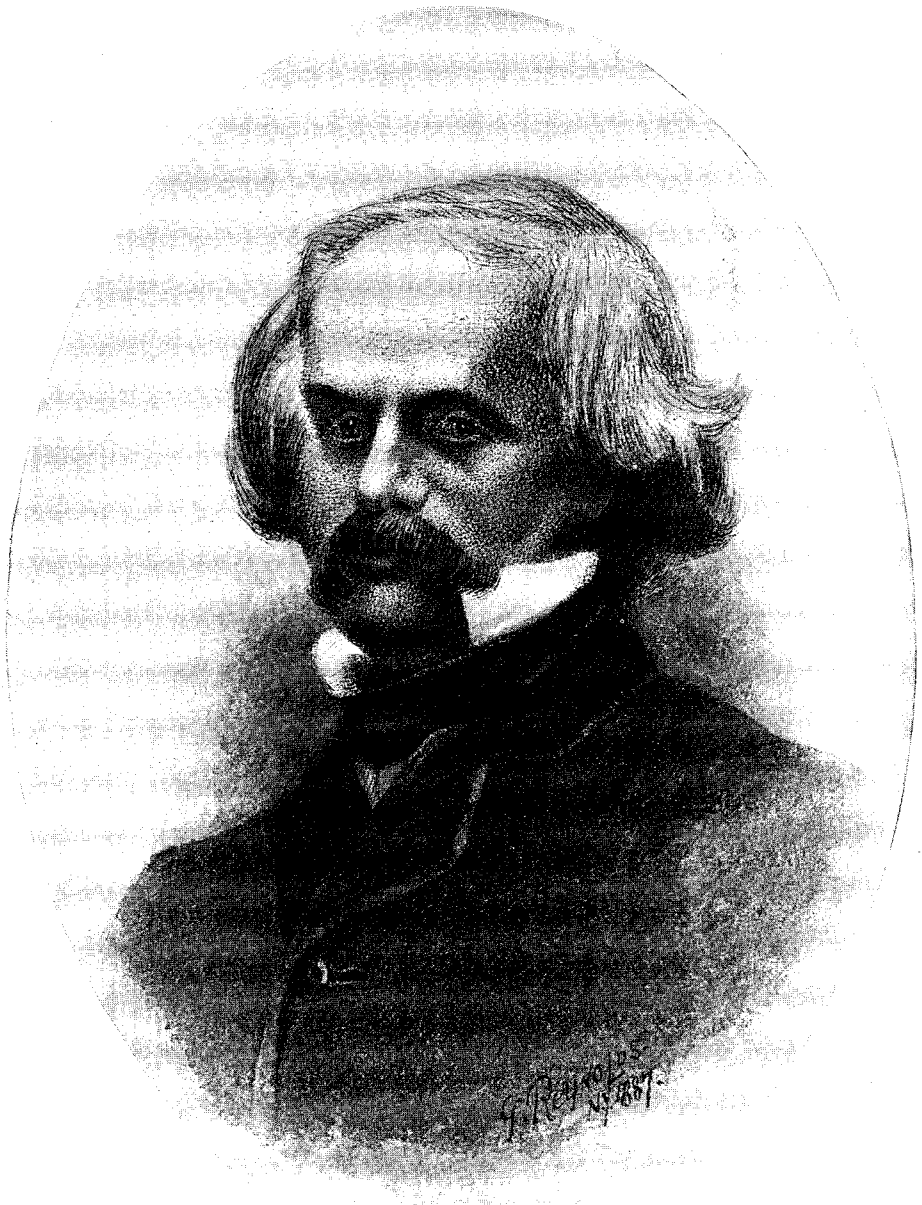

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

From a wash drawing by G. Reynolds after a daguerreotype believed to have been taken in the last year of his life. Now reproduced for the first time.

bles, which acquire from his care a flavour unknown before on earth; nobly cooking and washing dishes in domestic emergencies; and rejoicing his young wife with long evenings of reading aloud. How shrewd an eye she herself possessed, a single bit of winter landscape-drawing will show: "One after-

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HAWTHORNE AT 36.

noon Mr. Emerson and Mr. Thoreau went with him down the river. Henry Thoreau is an experienced skater, and was figuring dithyrambic dances and Bacchic leaps on the ice—very remarkable, but very ugly, methought. Next him followed Mr. Hawthorne, wrapped in his cloak, moved like a self-impelled Greek statue, stately and grave. Mr. Emerson closed the line, evidently too weary to hold himself erect, pitching headforemost, half lying on the air." The deeper spiritual understanding constantly shown in these letters of Mrs. Hawthorne's made her a wife in whose comradeship her husband could not suffer again from loneliness. The birth of his daughter Una at Concord made Hawthorne's home still more completely the centre of his life. The scene, however, was not to remain long unchanged, and late in 1845 the little family left the Manse, and moved to Salem, where Hawthorne soon received President Polk's appointment of surveyor in the Custom-House. The ability thus shown, for the second of three times, to plunge efficiently into the life of a political office-holder is best explained by the presence of a strong practical quality in the structure of Hawthorne's mind. It was doubtless allied to the quality of saneness which robbed his earlier solitary life of half its dangers.

It is hardly surprising that the prosaic duties of the radically new surroundings were not productive at once of literary results. But when three years had passed, in which his son was born, his mother died, and Hawthorne himself suffered political decapitation, the time was come for showing the world that the years had not passed in vain. His wife hailed the release from office as the opportunity for writing his book, and to her husband's amazement brought forth a sum of money which she had been saving against a rainy day. His mind was doubtless full of *The Scarlet Letter*, for it took him only six months to write it, amid the distractions of his mother's fatal illness and his own personal sufferings of care and pain. James T. Fields has told with what difficulty he forced Hawthorne, when the book was done, even to admit that he had been about such a piece of work, and to surrender up the manuscript. The publisher's delight in the story as a work of art seems to have exceeded his belief in it as a commercial venture, for as soon as the first edition of five thousand copies was printed the type was distributed. In ten days the entire edition was sold, and all the printers' work had to be done over again. The book was published in 1850, and won the world's instant recognition, at home and abroad, of Hawthorne's consummate literary skill and penetrating vision into the mysteries of the human soul. Thenceforth his fame was secure.

Thenceforth, also, his physical powers were as those of a man no longer young. With the hope that change might be of benefit, he moved in 1850 with his family to Lenox, and lived for a little more than a year in a small red farmhouse, which bore to his eyes the aspect of the Scarlet Letter. Here his youngest child

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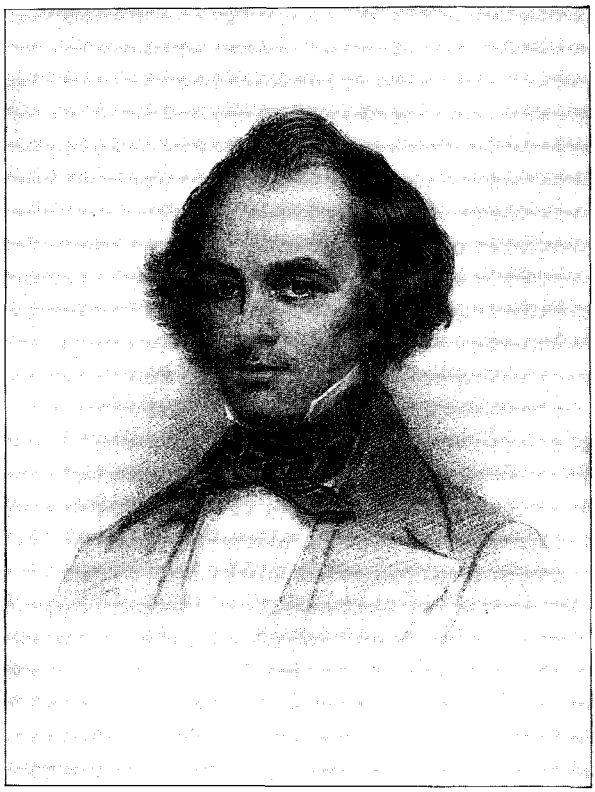
was born, and here he wrote *The House of the Seven Gables*—which he frankly called "a more natural book for me to write than *The Scarlet Letter* was"—and also *The Wonder Book*, projected some years before, it appears, as a thing to be done in collaboration with Longfellow. Here, too, he is seen in intercourse with friends and his children, which showed him to be something other than the brooding mystic of his books and the moody, inaccessible creature of common report. His son tells of his own boyish delight in the nutting excursions in which the father, standing beneath a great walnut-tree, would bid the children turn their backs and cover their faces, till they heard a shout above them, when they would look up to see Hawthorne, "a delightful mystery and miracle," in the topmost branches. Such are the brighter glimpses of the Lenox life, from which an increasing spirit of unrest bore Hawthorne with his family, before the end of 1851, back to the neighbourhood of Boston. The winter that followed was spent in the house of Mrs. Hawthorne's brother-in-law, Horace Mann, at West Newton, and here the *Blithedale Romance* was written between the first of December and the end of April. The three years brought thus to a close are almost without parallel in the importance of their productiveness.



HAWTHORNE AT 46.

The time had come for Hawthorne to establish himself more permanently in one place, and Concord, the town of his happiest days, was naturally chosen. From Alcott he bought the house known as "Wayside," standing a little farther from the village than Emerson's dwelling upon the same road. It was told of Hawthorne in Lenox that when in his walks he saw the approach of any one to whom he might have to talk, he would suddenly leave the road and take to the pasture beside it. This aversion to promiscuous intercourse kept him in Concord from taking any such part in the village life as Emerson took. Alcott, his next-door neighbour, has told how difficult it was to see him except as a hare vanishing in the shrubbery on the hill behind his house. Here he would walk to and fro for hours under the larches in the path which he called "the only remembrance of me that will remain." Emerson's son has recorded the only formal visit paid by Hawthorne to his father's house, on a certain Sunday evening, when the caller, to cover his shyness, began looking at pictures in a stereoscope. He asked what the scenes were, and was much surprised to hear that they were the Concord Court and Town House and Common, all of which his body must have passed, at least occasionally, though his thoughts were elsewhere. Another resident of Concord, the clear-sighted Henry James, Sr., in writing to Emerson of a Saturday Club dinner at which Hawthorne was present, said: "He has the look all the time, to one who doesn't know him, of a rogue who finds himself suddenly in a company of detectives." Hawthorne himself knew that the dinner-table of any house but his own was

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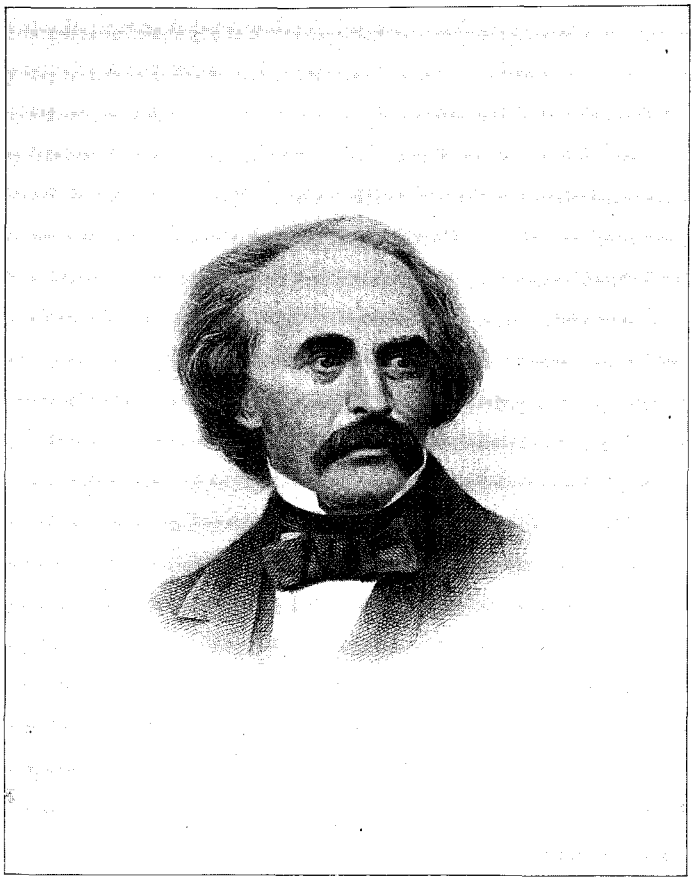

HAWTHORNE AT 56.

not the best place for him, and once said: "I have an almost miraculous power of escaping from necessities of this kind. Destiny itself has often been worsted in the attempt to get me out to dinner."

That such a man, after two experiences of political office, should have been removed again from private life was one of the anomalies of his career. The writing of the *Tanglewood Tales* soon after his removal to Concord was more what might have been expected of him than any mingling in a presidential campaign. But his friend Pierce had been nominated for the Presidency, and Hawthorne hastened to his support with the offer of any service in his power. This, he was told, might best be a campaign life of the candidate. When it was written, and Pierce was elected, of course it was said that the book paid the price of the good appointment to the Liverpool consulate. This criticism had its sufficient answer, for Hawthorne and for all minds capable of generous judgment, in the friendship between him and Pierce, long before his presidency and long after it. The outward episode revealed less of Hawthorne than an anecdote related by Pierce. When he was nominated, "Hawthorne came to see him, sat down by him on a sofa, and after a melancholy silence, heaving a deep sigh, said, 'Frank, *what* a pity!' Then, after a pause, 'But, after all, this world was not meant to be happy in—only to succeed in!'"

Hawthorne succeeded well enough at Liverpool, where he performed the duties of consul from 1853 to 1857. For three years after his resignation he moved about Europe, especially in Italy and England, enjoying some of the most satisfying friendships of his life, and writing or preparing to write the books which fixed his fame more firmly from year to year, even after his death, when the Passages from his various Note-Books were published. The literary result of sojourns in Europe would furnish forth a chapter by itself in any account of American writers. The effect of foreign lands upon Irving, Cooper, Willis, and a score of others were no unfruitful theme. Here it suffices to be thankful for its provocation of Hawthorne's *Marble Faun*. His *Italian Note-Books* show how the scenes of Italy were preparing him to write the *Romance of Monte-Beni*. Outside of Florence he made the first sketch for the book. In the summer of 1859 he returned to England to write it, and chiefly at Redcar, on the Yorkshire coast, and at Leamington the work was done in time to be published by March

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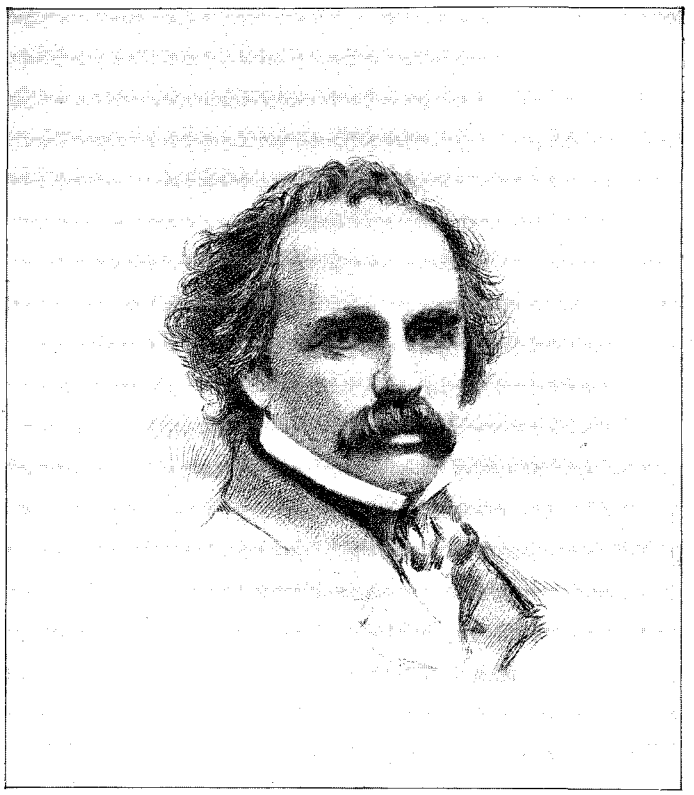
of 1860. The London publishers insisted upon giving it the name of *Transformation*, against Hawthorne's wish. It was his preference also not to write for the second edition the "Conclusion" which is now joined to the last chapter. But there were objections of vagueness, and Hawthorne was willing to meet half way the suggestion of Motley: "To those who complain, I suppose that nothing less than an illustrated edition, with a large gallows on the last page, with Donatello in the most pensile of attitudes—his ears revealed through a white night-cap — would be satisfactory." Longfellow found "the old, dull pain in it that runs through all Hawthorne's writings," but he found it also "wonderful;" and so did the world.



HAWTHORNE AT 58.

When Hawthorne came back to America and re-established himself at "Wayside," in 1860, the country stood on the threshold of war. As a friend of Pierce he was, to say the least, not a friend of the Northern party which was readiest for the struggle. But when it began, the consciousness that he had a country stirred him to regret that he was too old to carry a musket; the compensating joy was that his son was too young. A War Democrat like Hawthorne was not precisely the person from whom one would expect an article "Chiefly About War Matters" for the vigorously Northern *Atlantic Monthly*. Yet a paper under this title, signed "By a Peaceable Man," was the result of a visit to Washington in the spring of 1862. The foot-notes which accompanied it protested against the disloyalty of some of the writer's words. "Can it be a son of old Massachusetts who utters this abominable sentiment? For shame!" So read one of the notes, representative of all. Donald G. Mitchell detected Hawthorne's touch in the article, and wrote to him as one "ready to swear at the marginal impertinences. Pray, is Governor Andrew editor?" The truth, revealed some years later, was that Hawthorne himself, requested by James T. Fields to make certain omissions, had made them, at the same time writing the foot-notes and befooling the public with the remonstrances against himself. The incident is worth recording as one of the lighter passages in the darkening days of Hawthorne's last years.

The strain of the almost fatal illness of Una Hawthorne in Rome had seriously sapped her father's strength. Neither his physical condition nor the mental state, induced by the war, was propitious for literary production. Yet in the few years that followed his return from Europe he wrote, in the quiet tower added to the "Wayside" house, the papers which filled the volume of *Our Old Home*, besides the fiction which has been published since his death, un-

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der the titles of *Septimius Felton*, *The Dolliver Romance*, and *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret*. True to a constant friendship, he insisted, against all the protests of his publisher, upon dedicating *Our Old Home* to Franklin Pierce, whose unpopular name was sure to excite hostility

FIELDS, HAWTHORNE AND TICKNOR.
From an old daguerreotype.

against the book. However fully the publisher's fears were borne out, Hawthorne's own name is memorably the brighter for his devotion to a friend. In England, it must be said, the book gave other cause for offence, in that Hawthorne, speaking of the English woman in her riper years and portlier dimensions, made bold to say, "You inevitably think of her as made up of steaks and sirloins." Yet the book has not been unknown even in recent years to do service in England akin to that of *The Marble Faun* in Rome—a prosaic test, if you will, to apply to a work which does not make utility its first aim.

Happily it is not needed here to follow Hawthorne closely through all the days of failing strength. More than a year before the end came Longfellow made the record, "He looks gray and grand, with something very pathetic about him." In March of 1864 his health was so broken that a journey to Washington was attempted with hopes of improvement. His travelling companion was his friend and publisher, William D. Ticknor. Hawthorne was gaining in strength, when, with appalling suddenness, Mr. Ticknor died in Philadelphia. Instead of being the object of care, Hawthorne found himself borne down by the most sorrowful of responsibilities. He returned to Concord far worse than he had left it. This was in April. In May another attempt was made to restore him by means of a driving tour with Franklin Pierce through the White Mountains. The travellers went only as far as Plymouth, in New Hampshire, and here it was to Hawthorne, asleep, that death came in the darkness before the sunrise of May 19th. His burial, at Sleepy Hollow, in Concord, took place on May 23d. Within a few days his wife, who needed no human consolations, wrote with gladness: "There can be no death nor loss for me for evermore. . . . God gave me the rose of time; the blossom of the ages to call my own for twenty-five years of human life."

The variety of the attempts to apply epithets of accurate definition to Hawthorne and his writings recalls the fate of a bust for which he sat in Rome. The clay, a good likeness, was finished, and handed over to the marble-cutters to be reproduced in stone. While this process was going forward an American, who might have known better, directed the workmen, on his own responsibility, to make certain changes in the lower part of the face, with the result that the finished bust, in the words of Hawthorne's son, "looks like a combination of Daniel Webster and George Washington." Something like this happens when words like "glimmering" and "cobweby," good enough as far as they go, are too freely used to describe the attributes of Hawthorne. Different eyes see different things in his books, just as the man differed in the circles of intimacy and of the outer world. The remodelled bust doubtless suited the interfering critic better than the truer likeness. Mr. Howells, when he had met the man face to face, said, "Hawthorne's *look* was different from

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that of any picture of him that I have seen." And so it may be said of his writings that the terms used for their definition never quite define them. To characterise the obvious is easy enough. But there are personalities and works of art about which the last word in modification of any confident statement is far to seek. To a certain degree it defines them merely to make this assertion with regard to them. Let us be satisfied with making it of Hawthorne and of his books. What he is, in our heritage from his pen, is immeasurably more important than any words about him. It is enough that the stony soil of New England could bear such fruits of the imagination as he has garnered for our wonder and delight.

M. A. De Wolfe Howe.

The subject of the next paper in this series, to appear in the January BOOKMAN, *will be "Walt Whitman."*

LONDON LETTER.

At the date of writing, matters are proceeding quietly and prosperously in the publishing trade. But since the issue of *The Christian* no very conspicuous success has been secured. The general feeling among critics against *The Christian* has grown, and Mr. Andrew Lang has written possibly the severest attack that has yet appeared on the book. This has been published in *Cosmopolis*. But the circulation goes on well, and has been very greatly stimulated by the fact that many ministers are delivering sermons about the volume to large audiences. There has been much bad feeling about the interviews which appeared, and threats are still held out in certain quarters of a fuller disclosure of Mr. Hall Caine's action. But it is to be hoped that this unpleasant controversy will be allowed to die down.

I should perhaps have said that the memoir of the late Lord Tennyson has been a conspicuous success. For so expensive a book the circulation has been very large, and there is general approval of the manner in which Lord Tennyson has performed his task. The criticism which one hears in private is that the whole portrait is idealised, and that Tennyson was by no means so heroic a figure as he appears in this record, but it has been well replied to this that if there had been anything to be ashamed of in Tennyson's life and character, it would have shown itself incidentally. It would have been impossible to keep it out altogether. In this view there appears to be much truth.

Mr. Kipling's *Captains Courageous* has sold well, the interest in him having been stimulated by his "Recessional," a poem which took a deeper hold of the general public than anything Mr. Kipling has hitherto written. The book itself is admitted to be brilliant, but in a measure disappointing, though every one gives credit to Mr. Kipling for the care with which he has studied his somewhat uninteresting subject. Mr. Kipling evidently still shrinks from the publication of a long novel, although years ago the beginning and more than the beginning of such a novel was safely lodged in his publishers' desk. Mr. Kipling has found it difficult to suit himself with an English residence, and the last thing I have heard on the subject is that he was thinking of taking a house beside Mr. Thomas Hardy at Dorchester. The beautiful idyllic poet, William Barnes, lived in the same neighbourhood, and if Dorchester is fortunate enough to secure Mr. Kipling, the quaint old town will have a new significance and perhaps a new interpreter.

Our critics are somewhat apt to have likes and dislikes in a body. Mr. Kipling at present is a great favourite with most; on the other hand, something like a dead set has been made on Mr. Crockett. His *Lads' Love* found hardly any one to say a good word for it, and the *Daily Chronicle*, which gave him generous welcome at first, made haste to criticise in the severest manner his new romance, *Lochinvar*. Something of this may, perhaps, be due to the fact that Mr. Crockett publishes normally about three books a year. I am much mistaken, however, if it does not turn out that one of his books written, though

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not published, is the best work he has done so far.

It is reported on good authority while I write that Mr. Jerome has relinquished the editorship of his paper, *To-day*, to Mr. Barry Pain. If so, I shall regret it, for Mr. Jerome seems to have hard measure dealt to him. He is a writer in his way of considerable originality, and is personally a man of open and generous nature. But there is no denying that his enterprises have been very unsuccessful. He founded the *Idler*, which had a large circulation at first, but which after numerous vicissitudes has passed out of his hands. He has produced various plays, but I do not think any of them have caught on. He put his whole force into a weekly paper called *To-day*, which had an excellent start, and which after the expenditure of a considerable capital seemed successful. The story is now that he is to start a penny weekly, but the market is so full that I am afraid this will be found almost impossible. Whether possible or not, there are many who are trying it. It is said that Mr. Hooley, the millionaire, wished to buy the business either of Messrs. Harmsworth or of Sir George Newnes. Failing in this, he is to attempt an enterprise of his own. The first paper to be published is called *Stories*. I have seen the first number. It is not an imitation of *Answers* and *Tit-Bits*, but contains long and improving articles, one, for example, by Sir Walter Besant on the rise of the Empire. Whether there is any chance for a paper of this kind, however well conducted, may be gravely doubted. It is not wonderful, however, that many should be tempted this way, for it is said that the profits of Messrs. Harmsworth on their various publications, which now include newspapers all over the kingdom, will amount this year to the large sum of £250,000. This is the largest newspaper income in Britain, that of the *Daily Telegraph* coming second.

The new paper, *Literature*, published by the *Times*, was bought by every literary person last Saturday, and by many who were not literary, and I believe more than 30,000 copies were disposed of. So far it does not promise much. I turned first to the obituary notices, which are always a good test. They were simply bald summaries from the *Times* without a single fresh fact or attempt at characterisation. The news department is practically non-existent as yet, the paragraphs inserted being completely trite and vapid. Mr. Birrell was most unfortunate in the first signed article, which was in every respect one of his poorest productions. The reviews, though good-natured enough, are lacking in knowledge, brilliancy, and distinction. They seem to be mainly supplied by the *Times*' staff, and the strength of the *Times* does not lie in its criticisms of books. However, of course, first numbers are proverbially difficult, and the paper may improve, though it is not likely that it will so long as Mr. Traill is the editor. Mr. Traill is not in the least in touch with current literature, and is a journalist of a school that has gone by. It will interest your readers to know that Ian Maclaren has been engaged to contribute a monthly *causerie*.

Mr. Barrie's accident in falling from a platform at the Haymarket Theatre during the rehearsal of his play, *The Little Minister*, might have been very serious—in fact, it was thought at first that he was dead. Fortunately no great harm was done, and in a very few days Mr. Barrie was back again at the theatre. He is much exhausted by the personal care which he has given to every detail of the play, but will no doubt be compensated by its success. The play will have no very serious rival in London just at present, and much is hoped from Miss Winifred Emery's appearance.

Everybody is amused at the *Quarterly Review's* notice of our little Laureate. The *Quarterly* is the organ of Toryism, and Mr. Austin is nothing if he is not a Tory. He is, indeed, one of the leader writers in the *Standard*. The *Quarterly* mentions a number of minor poets, and concludes with Mr. Austin. It says he has said nothing, though he has said it nicely. "His philosophastering or martial strains are at best neutral, constantly insignificant in the extreme. He seems to us a ladylike painter in water-colours." Mr. Austin has been so much intimidated by the roars of derision with which every fresh attempt of his is received, that he has been comparatively silent since he became Laureate, and no one would grudge him his title or his money if that silence were absolute.

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Mr. John Lane, the publisher, who is to be married to a charming and gifted American lady, has some notable books of poetry on his list. Chief of these is a book of poems by Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton. Mr. Watts-Dunton is the leading critic and the chief attraction of the *Athenæum*. Whether one agrees with his judgments or not, his extraordinary knowledge of literature and his skill in calling up and marshalling parallels make all he writes instructive in the best sense. He has contributed also some poems to the *Athenæum*. They are never commonplace, but seem to lack the singing quality. However, we shall be better able to judge them now they are printed together. Many of us would prefer that Mr. Watts-Dunton should issue a volume of criticisms, and include in it the thoughtful essay on Poetry which appeared in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Mr. Watts-Dunton is something of a recluse, and has never sought fame. He is a staunch friend, and has been a kind helper to many struggling young men of letters.

Mr. Le Gallienne has followed his *Quest of the Golden Girl* by a little pamphlet entitled *If I Were God*. He seems ambitious to keep up two publics, one of those who delight in indecent stories, and another of those who are interested in religious subjects. The attempt is perhaps not likely to succeed, and those who wish Mr. Le Gallienne well would be glad to see him attempt a third public, leaving the others alone.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, October 29, 1897.

PARIS LETTER.

Men of letters have just had two important occasions of meeting each other here: one yesterday, in the palace of the Institute of France, the other the day before, in the charming Parc de Monceaux, where took place the unveiling of the monument erected to Guy de Maupassant. What a delight to be able to say that the monument is in every way worthy of the man! I had seen it already in the Salon des Champs Elysées last spring, and I think that I described then for the readers of THE BOOKMAN the tastefully dressed Parisienne who interrupts her reading and looks ahead dreamily, thinking of the pages that have just passed under her eyes. The book is *Fort Comme la Mort*. But the monument was incomplete then. Maupassant's bust, which was to crown it, was still missing. Now the Parisienne can look up toward the broad forehead, the manly face that belonged to her favourite author, and made him beloved by so many of her fair sisters. The location selected by the Société des Gens de Lettres and the city of Paris is an ideal one. It is in a charming spot of one of the most beautiful of the city parks, in the heart of the fashionable district where Maupassant used to live, almost under Flaubert's windows, and within three minutes' walk of the Place Malesherbes, where poor Dumas Fils will be looking toward the image of his illustrious father.

Poor Maupassant! We could hardly realise that twenty years ago his name was still all but unknown (his first successes belong to the year 1879), and that already six years have gone by since the sudden collapse of his brilliant intellect. Recollections were exchanged among us. Ollendorff, his publisher, told me how he called on him once, after the first performance of his play, *La Paix du Ménage*, at the Comédie Française, and handed him a copy of the play. Maupassant would not admit it was his. "Not by me, not by me," he said. On his visitor's insisting, he yielded one moment. "Yes, yes, by me!" Then suddenly, almost fiercely, "But no, I have not done that, I have not done that!" The poor fellow, when in Doctor Blanche's asylum, thought he was in a convent of Genovefan monks, and feared the monks wanted to poison him. He suffered but little, except during his last hours, which were frightful to behold.

The speeches at the unveiling were of the best. Far above the others rose those of Henry Houssaye, the President

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of the Société des Gens de Lettres, and of Zola, who spoke as a friend, and in very touching terms. Houssaye's speech contains about Maupassant's style a paragraph or two, which are gems of literary criticism.

The poet of the occasion was Jacques Normand, who had written a string of lovely quatrains, and his interpreter was Marthe Brandès. I tell you, the whole thing was one of those treats that can hardly be enjoyed outside of our dear Paris! Even the sun, which I must admit we do not see quite as often as we might like, was shining brightly over the face of our departed friend.

We had speeches also by Rouyon, the Directeur des Beaux Arts, who represented the Minister of Public Instruction, and a few others, and music by the incomparable band of the Garde Républicaine. All literary and artistic Paris was there. We shall not soon forget the day.

Twenty-four hours later almost the same crowd was gathered under the dome of the Palais Mazarin, where the Institute of France—that is, the great body consisting of the five academies, held its annual session. This event is always considered one of the great functions of the year, social as well as literary. The session was this year presided over by the representative of the French Academy, Albert Sorel, who delivered a beautiful eulogy on the members who died during the year, and especially of the Duc d'Aumale, the donor of Chantilly, whose marvellous collections will be thrown open to the public next May. I suppose you will be not a little surprised to hear that the honours of the day belonged to the city of Chicago. Professor Moissan, of the Faculty of Sciences of the University of Paris, who was the spokesman of the Academy of Sciences, read a paper on the foundation of the University of Chicago, and he put his interesting matter in a very entertaining form. The name of Rockefeller sounded to him, he declared, a little barbaric, but he none the less recommended the example of the American *milliardaire* to his European brethren.

The most successful of the plays I mentioned in my last letter has been *Jalouse*. I named to you only one of its authors, Bisson; I hasten to mention the other, a Belgian journalist, by the name of Leclerc, for fear I should have to pass through the same experience as our friend Sarcey. He had been, in his Monday *Chronique Théâtrale*, guilty of the same omission as I, when he received a bitter letter, in which the slighted playwright accused him of numberless breaches against literary honesty. Sarcey, who of late has shown a decided tendency to lessen his own literary labours by inserting in his articles the letters of his correspondents, forthwith gave to Leclerc's letter a place in the columns of the *Temps*, and had it followed by a paragraph or two of really witty castigation. But what was his dismay when he received from Brussels another letter, signed Leclerc, and in a very different handwriting, in which he was informed that the first letter was the work not of the co-author of *Jalouse*, but of some unknown practical joker! Bisson confirmed the authenticity of the second and the spuriousness of the first letter, and Sarcey had to apologise to Leclerc, which he did in one of his Sganarelle *Fagots*. But now he declares that he receives lots of communications declaring to him that both letters were really by the Belgian dramatist, who repudiated the first one only in order to crawl as graciously as possible out of an unpleasant hole. *Qui croire?*

Brieux's *Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont* was well received at the Gymnase. It is a decided advance over his last play, *L'Évasion*. He is one of the coming men. His ambition is to succeed Dumas Fils as the authoritative author of *pièces à thèse*.

The big failure of the month is that of Lytton's *Richelieu*, at the Odéon. The adaptation, by Charles Samson, is well done. But no one could really expect that the French could take an interest in a Richelieu so different from the one they know. Ginisty, the manager of the Odéon, ought to have stuck to his original idea, which was to have Richelieu presented in one of his Thursday matinées, after an explanatory lecture. There its fate would have been a little less cruel.

We are still awaiting the first performance of Silvestre's *Tristan*, and it is announced that Abel Hermant has just dramatised his *Transatlantiques*, of which I wrote to you a few months ago. I doubt whether he will duplicate with them his success with *La Carrière*.

Now *the* book of the month, and there

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is no mistake, is *Le Mannequin d'Osier* (the willow dummy), by Anatole France. It is even better than *L'Orme du Mail*, of which it is a continuation. It is France at his best, and at his best he is far from bad, as you know. But I do not recommend his books to those who are in search of solid arguments on which to base their moral or social convictions. Side by side with France's scepticism Montaigne's utterances sound almost like the most old-fashioned fanaticism.

Women are all taken by the *Lettres d'Amoureuses*, published over the as yet rather unknown signature of Broda. The lovers of Loti are treated to a book in his style, which is not by him, but by an imitator, André Chevrillon. The title is *Terres Mortes; Thébaïde, Judée.* Dead places seem more interesting to Chevrillon than live ones, it seems. I am told, and I can vouch for the truth of the story, that something like two years ago he decided upon a visit to the United States. He went no farther than New York though. He was so bewildered by the incessant din and noise of the great American metropolis, that he hastened back to Europe by the same steamer on which he had sailed from Havre. So here is at least one traveller who will not write a book on America. Chevrillon, by the way, is a nephew of the late Hippolyte Taine.

I must mention a good historical book, *L'Alliance Autrichienne*, by the Duc de Broglie. It is a continuation of his studies on the diplomatic history of the eighteenth century, and is fully up to the level of the former volumes.

Two good volumes on art have appeared, *La Peinture Française du IX^e^ au XVI^e^ Siècle*, by Paul Mantz, in the Bibliothèque d'Enseignement des Beaux Arts, and *Les Collections de Monnaies Anciennes*, by Babelon. Mantz's book, unfortunately, is marred by incorrectly designated illustrations. The text is excellent.

Hugo's executors have just given us one more volume of his posthumous works. It is a series of letters written by him to his wife during a voyage to the Alps and Pyrenees. The trip came to a sudden end on Hugo's being called back home by the announcement of his daughter's and son-in law's terrible death in the Seine.

A curious volume of *fin de siècle* poetry by Jean Rictus, *Les Solilogues du Pauvre*, will be welcomed by those who take pleasure in the productions of Aristide Bruant.

The National Library has just issued the first volume of its general catalogue of printed books. Thus far it had published only a catalogue of books on French history. The new volume relates solely to the novel and the drama. The plays mentioned in it reach the total of 33,993, and the novels rise to 116,824! And still we are told of people who have "read everything."

In the *Revues* the most notable things have been an article of Th. Beutzon (Madame Blanc) in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on Communism in Fiction, in America, and a collection of letters of Lamennais to Montalembert in the *Revue de Paris* of October 15th.

Finally, a daily paper, *Le Journal*, has begun the publication of Zola's *Paris*.

You see that the month has not been a barren one, and for the near future we are promised *La Sève*, by Bourget; *Quinze Ans de Mariage*, by Daudet; *L'Ile d'Amour*, by Anatole France, and *Deux Jeunes Filles*, by Ludovic Halévy. You see that there will be a few more numbers to be added soon to the 116,824 novels of the Bibliothèque Nationale!

Alfred Manière.

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NEW BOOKS.

REPUBLICAN FRANCE.*

Americans have a traditional love for France. This is in part inherited from the days when France stood side by side with us in our first struggle against Great Britain; yet it is in part, and perhaps in a much higher degree, the result of a subtle sympathy which has its root in certain temperamental coincidences that can be found to exist in the point of view which Frenchmen and Americans alike maintain. We as a people owe so much to French art, we have read so much of French literature, and our civilisation has derived so many of its nicer touches from French elegance and taste, that the American feeling for France is largely independent of political considerations. Yet there is a political sympathy also which we as republicans must feel for a people who to-day are making the same great experiment that we have made, and under circumstances more adverse than any that we in our fortunate isolation have had to face and conquer. Nevertheless, the existence of this very real sympathy can blind no thoughtful person to the fact that the republican experiment under one set of conditions may be very far from achieving or from meriting the success which another and an entirely different set of conditions has made possible and easy.

The book before us, written with unusual fairness and philosophic insight, is one that will be read with the intensest interest by every friend of France, and by all who are concerned with the history of national and constitutional development. It gives in a concise and lucid form a history of the Third Republic, from September 4th, 1871, and the outbreak of the Commune, down to what the author styles "the triumph of the Republic" in the practical consummation of the Franco-Russian Alliance and to the death of Sadi Carnot. It covers, therefore, a period of something more than twenty years, and it touches upon those critical days when France had still the terror of Bismarck before its eyes, when the monarchists were still venomously active, when the Republicans themselves were disunited, when foreign complications hampered and confused domestic policy, and when the power of the Church was actively exerted to bring discredit on the statesmanship of the new régime. It contains chapters also on the educational development of France in recent years, on the effect of universal military service upon the nation and upon the army, together with some very luminous and instructive criticism of the ideas and habits of the French people as modified by the republican idea. The final chapter deals with the social question and with the growth and spread among the people of economic theories whose ultimate effects can rightly be perceived only in the years to come.

The difficulty of passing judgment on the French experiment in republican government is seen in the almost inevitable confusion of mind, which leads one to ascribe those traits which are essentially and nationally French to the influence of a particular form of government. There have been witnessed in France since the end of the great war of 1870–71 so many splendid instances of patriotic sacrifices, of devotion to the national ideal, of self-restraint and patience and resourcefulness, that if one looks at these alone and ventures to assign their cause to the inspiration of republicanism, they must to him stand as a magnificent vindication of the Third Republic. But if, on the other hand, with deeper insight one finds in them only the nobler side of the French character working its way into action without reference to governmental forms, then there is but little left that can be made exclusively the glory of the Republic itself. The wonderful and, to the German mind, the startling rapidity with which the French people, from prince to peasant, blotted out their enormous debt to Germany, and in a few short months redeemed those portions of French territory that had been held by German troops as a guarantee for the indemnity, was indeed a very striking thing. But

* The Evolution of France under the Third Republic. By Baron Pierre de Coubertin. Translated from the French by Isabel F. Hapgood, with an Introduction by Dr. Albert Shaw. Illustrated. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $3.00.

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how can this be credited to the republican inspiration? Its cause was deeper far than this. It was the passionate revolt of France against the thought of foreign occupation, and it was stimulated by the brutal exactions of an alien race, who rode rough-shod over those whom they had conquered, and the very sight of whom, with their stiff and arrogant militarism, made no sacrifice seem too great that would expel them from the presence of a people who had never learned submission to a foreign enemy. The patience and discretion displayed by France in the face of the cold-blooded Bismarckian policy, which in 1875 seemed bent upon precipitating another war, was again only the national instinct of self-preservation aroused and active. And it may be truly said that the continuance of the republican government itself for nearly thirty years has been due far less to any fundamental love for democratic forms than to the division and the inevitable lack of unity among its enemies. It was no love for the Republic that saved France from the ignominy of a dictatorship in the days of Boulangisme, when whole provinces went mad over the rider of the black horse, and when hundreds of thousands of men wore the red carnation, and were ready at a word to storm the Houses of Parliament and fling the pettifogging deputies into the Seine. It was rather the indecision of the pinchbeck general himself and his eternal consciousness that he was strong only in the anticipation of power, and that in the very moment of a triumph he would be forced to choose his party from among the heterogeneous factions that supported him, that whether he emerged a royalist or an imperialist, the great mass of his supporters, who were neither royalists nor imperialists, would at once turn upon him, and that if he attempted the rôle of a Napoleon on his own account, then royalists and imperialists and republicans alike would hurl him down from a dictatorship which he had not himself alone the power to conquer. These things, then, are by no means to be ascribed to the credit of that government which France to-day possesses.

On the other hand, there is much that must condemn it and discredit it in the eyes even of its most ardent advocates. In the first place, its bareness and essential lack of all impressiveness are out of harmony with much in the French character that is fundamental. The Frenchman, half Latin and half Celt, loves not only power, but its visible manifestation. He likes to feel behind the form of government a great irresistible force, something splendid and vital and magnificent; and in the form itself he loves the pageantry that goes with imperialism and with royalty. His artistic sense, his imagination, his curiosity, his national vanity, are all appealed to by a brilliant court, by great palaces, by imposing châteaux, by stately ceremonial. Nor is it for himself alone that he demands these things. He feels that in them France itself is glorified, and that as its art, its literature, and its civilisation as a whole are conspicuous in the eyes of the world, so should its government also be something dazzling and overwhelming. It is hard for him to accept the control of a lot of provincial pettifoggers chattering eternally as deputies, or the shadowy government of a little hair-splitting lawyer like Thiers, or of a chuckle-headed old peasant like Jules Grévy, moping about in the halls where once a Louis Quatorze received the homage of the old *noblesse*, or where a Napoleon stood robed in the imperial purple and the golden bees, surveying haughtily that brilliant soldiery which had tamed the pride of kings and emperors, and planted the French tricolour in every capital of Europe. Even to the foreigner there is something melancholy to-day in the externals of republican rule in France. An air of dilapidation broods over the palaces that have now become mere show places for the Cook's tourist. There is a musty, dusty smell about them, an air of having seen better days, a pervasive shabbiness that is, in a way, intensely typical. Whatever else France may have gained, she has undoubtedly lost distinction. The trail of the *bourgeois* is over everything. Paris is the only great capital in Europe where one may walk for hours without encountering a single group of men who have the air of gentlemen, and where alike in café and cathedral one sees eternally reproduced the type of face that suggests nothing higher in the social scale than the prosperous greengrocer and the *dame du comptoir*.

But it is not merely in distinction alone that France has lost since monarchy in some form or other was swept

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away. She has lost in her public men that fine integrity that was, at any rate, the prevailing rule in the days of aristocracy. It is pitiful to enumerate what every one remembers, the scandals commercial, political, and personal that rise like a mist throughout the history of the Third Republic. A President such as Grévy, whose nearest relatives corrupted the one Order that has survived all other changes, selling decorations and trafficking in honours, a parliament half bribed and half blackmailed into supporting the most gigantic swindle of the age, and even an army in which trusted officers can be found to betray their country's secrets to their country's deadliest enemies — these things, at least, are not national, but are directly traceable to republican rule.

The chief danger that attaches itself to democracy is found in the fact that its true meaning is so often misunderstood. For democracy really means that all shall have an equal opportunity to rise; it does not mean that all shall rise. In other words, it is equality of opportunity and not equality of attainment that it promises. Under an aristocratic system, on the other hand, there is no equality of opportunity, and the great mass of human beings accepting this as inevitable, will remain contented with their lot whatever it may be, thus giving to the State tranquillity and a substratum of popular repose. The few bold spirits whose creative vigour can defy all obstacles and break through all restraint will, under this system as truly as under a democratic one, hew out a path to eminence even though the task be harder; so that in the end the aristocratic system is in reality the better one, for it attains the same results as the democratic, while avoiding the instability which is inseparable from any system that propagates and stimulates a general discontent. Those who are fitted to rule will always rule; but the State under a true aristocracy escapes the discredit, the confusion, and the experimental grotesqueness of attempts at government by those who are unfit.

Now in France under the Republic those classes who by tradition and heredity possess the loftiest ideals and the greatest capacity for statecraft are, in the main, excluded from any share of political power; and their place is taken by a horde of corrupt, ambitious, and incompetent persons who believe that opportunity and ability alike are theirs, and who thus give the world a specimen of republican rule, discreditable alike to the democratic theory and to France itself. And so we have kaleidoscopic changes of ministry, an aimless vacillation in public policy, and a total absence of coherence and of confidence. Because the Church was linked in sympathy, as in history, with the old régime, the Church was forced by men like Gambetta into the attitude almost of a national enemy. Its conservative influence has been estranged, and its teachings, which are those that make for national security, have been blotted out of the education of modern France. The result is seen each year with more and more distinctness, and is a shocking example of what a purely secular training for the young can lead to; since scepticism in religion has broadened and festered into scepticism in everything else —in patriotic ideals, and in the domain of personal honesty and honour. The mistrust of man by man is the canker that is blighting every day the nation's strength. Should a great war again call Frenchmen under arms, this universal feeling of mistrust would hamper the efforts of the ablest leaders. A single defeat would demoralise all those forces which in any other country could be banded together in an invincible unity for the national defence. The cry of treason by whomsoever raised would be echoed by a million voices, and half of France would believe that an unsuccessful general had been either bribed or was spontaneously disloyal. A French army would not only have to meet the public enemy in front, but the more insidious private enemy forever threatening the rear.

Baron de Coubertin does not attempt to minimise much that is grievous and much that is ominous in the life of France to-day. He notes the dangers of democracy, the tendency toward political and personal immorality, the fact that history and literature and statistics also justify the most rigorous judgment of the modern French republicans. He recognises the dangerous results that spring from the French system of inheritance which leads to a practical adoption of the theory of Malthus, so that the population of France is stand-

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ing still while that of its most hated enemy is progressing by leaps and bounds; and he does not deny that under the Republic, the love of luxury and the sway of baser motives have set their mark upon the men who govern. He is, on the whole, however, willing to see a brighter side to all this picture, and he marshals such facts as seem, in his opinion, to justify the general conclusion that France under the Republic will ultimately regain its political and social health, and again resume its leadership among the nations of the Continent. We wish that we could summarise his optimistic argument, which is, however, not presented as an argument; but the space at our disposal will not allow this, and we must refer the reader to the book itself.

For weal or for woe, there is no doubt that France has definitely accepted a republican form of government. It is conceivable that as the result of a great war fought to a triumphant end by some brilliant soldier, a military chief might once more seize upon supreme power and found a new imperial dynasty. But short of this it seems impossible that France should ever again revert, even temporarily, to a monarchical system. The fact that a quarter of a century has now passed away since the Second Empire fell, and that a whole generation of Frenchmen has grown up with no personal knowledge of any form of government but that which now exists, and that the republican idea has at last leavened the whole mass of the population, supports this view. But there are some indications that the present constitution may sooner or later be modified in such a way as to give some real and tangible power to the President of the Republic whose functions hitherto have been those of the merest figurehead. It was a hopeful sign when after President Faure's return from Russia, where he secured from the lips of the Czar himself a formal admission of the reality of Russia's league with France, a proposition was seriously advanced for strengthening the presidency by giving to the President a share of real responsibility. If this shall at any time be done, it will in some way satisfy the French desire for personal rule; for it will give to the nation as a whole a representative who will actually represent, it will do away with something of the weakness and uncertainty of a government that now possesses no genuine chief magistrate, and it will make the unity of the nation to be both felt and seen.

Miss Hapgood's translation of the book is fair, but nothing more. It is weakest in those portions that relate to matters exclusively political, and there it justifies an opinion which we set forth some time ago to the effect that the translation of a legal or political or military work should never be entrusted to a woman, save when she has a male collaborator.

H. T. Peck.

MR. MEREDITH'S POETRY.*

There is no reason to quarrel with Mr. Meredith's selection from his poetry. We may miss a few favourite pieces, but there is hardly a characteristic note it does not sound. His compass in poetry is less than in prose, but there are depths that have never been made manifest save in his verse. In prose he has touched the tragic sometimes, but rather shyly; his desires and interests are all far removed from the wild and the frenzied. The morbid is to him forbidding and accursed; and though there is a good deal of wholesome cant spoken of the sanity of the great reflectors of the humankind, the tragedians have always looked over the borders of the sane and dwelt there for a space. Only in his poetry, and that seldom, does he ever grapple with the abnormal, the dark and terrible; and if "The Nuptials of Attila" be a fine experiment in this, "The Song of Theodolinda" is a great and singular achievement. This passionate outburst of religious frenzy is the one real glimpse of the terrible he shares with us.

It is of far other things he elsewhere sings, though of the strife behind the kindly veil of Nature he tells in "The Woods of Westermain." The common refreshment of earth and sky is his best inspiration. He is above all the poet of the woods—

> "No Paradise is lost for them
> Who foot by branching root and stem,
> And lightly with the woodland share
> The change of night and day."

He loves the cheery, the grateful, the

* Selected Poems. By George Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

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young, the unconscious things; for music, the lark's song—

> "The song seraphically free
> From taint of personality."

He is the sincerest observer; not Tennyson was more so. But his is too often the slow, cumulative effect of the naturalist rather than the vision-flash of the artist. There is excellent stuff, for instance, in such a poem as "The South-Wester," but it is a laborious pleasure you get from it. Yet after enduring much, out of respect to a man who never writes a line of sounding rubbish, you are rewarded by bursts of genuine lyric beauty, lines that paint once and forever the Nature-sensitive—

> "The breast of us a sounded shell,
> The blood of us a lighted dew;"

unforgettable pictures, like that of the sunset-star—

> "Remote, not alien; still, not cold;
> Unraying yet, more pearl than star;
> She seems a while the vale to hold
> In trance, and homelier makes the far;"

happy verses, like the song to water, "Water, first of singers," in "Phœbus with Admetus;" like those that sing the sweetest of all country girls, the morning-light maiden of "Love in the Valley"—

> "Deals she an unkindness, 'tis but her rapid measure,
> Even as in a dance; and her smile can heal no less;
> Like the swinging May-cloud that pelts the flowers with hail-stones
> Off a sunny border, she was made to bruise and bless."

But if his verse have that much-desired thing, a "message," it is not a call merely to the woodland, but a warning to the sensitive idealist, that wisdom does not grow rich in green fields alone, or in the press of men alone—

> "It hangs for those who hither, thither fare,
> Close interthreading nature with our kind."

There never was a less languorous, a robuster poet. The common, healthy man would heartily approve him if he would but make his speech a little plainer—for though he mostly drops his mannerisms in verse, his syntax is often maddening. He hates the "totter-kneed," the whiners, "who feed upon a breast unthanked." His belief in brains, "Sky of the senses!" in the delight of struggle, in manly, clear-eyed acquiescence with the trend of things, is as visible in his verse as in his prose. He has not, as some prose writers have done, used verse for the expression of his feebler, sicklier hours. Sanity amid beauty, courage amid the ruin of it, is for him earth's secret.

> "We fall, or view our treasures fall,
> Unclouded, as beholds her flowers
> Earth, from a night of frosty wreck,
> Enrobed, in morning's mounted fire,
> When lowly, with a broken neck,
> The crocus lays her cheek to mire."

A. M.

A MODERN GREEK ROMANCE.*

Whatever one may hear of the literary activity of modern Greece, one is not usually in the way of knowing much about it. Accordingly, when the Professor of European History in Amherst College translates a novel which he defines in his preface as the "greatest romance of contemporary Greece," it is not unnatural to take his word for it, and to draw conclusions of one's own about modern Greek literature in general. In the light of these circumstances, there are two ways of regarding *Andronike*, the romance which presents itself with so strong an endorsement. The one is, in its relation to the ancient literature of Greece, that it may be seen how the children carry on the work of their fathers, the work which provides us with most of our standards for the art we call "classic," in whatever age and through whatever medium it may be produced. The other way is to consider the book as an expression of national life in this present century of Greek history.

Before looking at the book in either of these aspects, it will be well to see what it is in itself. The Greek struggle for independence, beginning with the slaughter of the bishops in Constantinople in 1821, and ending with the battle of Navarino in 1827, gives the author not only his background, but many of his characters and incidents. The chief personal interest of the narrative is vested in a youth and a maid, ardent Greek

* Andronike, the Heroine of the Greek Revolution. By Stephanos Theodoros Xenos. Translated from the original Greek by Edwin A. Grosvenor. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.50.

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patriots, who meet and pledge each other their love two years before the war begins, pursue separate courses of astounding adventure through seven years, and meet at last in the doomed Misolonghi. Thrasyboulos, the hero, has just suffered the amputation of one of his legs, and survives only for a short time the sortie from the town. Andronike, wearied with grief and battle, in which she has more than once played a man's part, retires to a convent in Moscow, where she dies on the day of receiving the news that Greece is a kingdom and Otho its king. The evil machinations of Barthakos, the misshapen villain who keeps the lovers apart, enter largely into the scheme of the book. Something of interest is contributed by the personal presence of Markos Botsaris and Lord Byron, both of whom die before the reader's eyes. As the book extends to the length of five hundred and twenty-seven large pages, it is manifestly impossible to give more than the merest suggestion of its substance in the present space.

To apply the ordinary tests of classicism to this romance is to meet with disappointment. Unity is perhaps inevitably absent from a tale which demands from its readers an equal, or almost equal, interest in two characters who are separated for seven years. When one of them is brought to what seems the climax of his or her adventures, the reader is suddenly transported to the other, and is reminded again and again that he is reading two stories and not one. There is a measure of success in identifying the persons of the drama with the actual scenes of history, but it must be said that the persons possess such reality as is due to the author's descriptions of them rather than to the reader's positive conviction that they exist. How far the translator is responsible for the feeling that the classic spirit has entered but slightly into the production of *Andronike* it is not easy to say. Certainly the English style of the book sometimes lacks the simplicity and beauty which result from the careful study of classic models. The most scrupulous of writers would not father such a sentence as, "Every door, through which provisions could be introduced by sea, were one by one wrested from the Greeks;" nor would he describe a villain as "drenched in a perspiration of shame and conscious infamy." The exclamation "Shake!" in sealing an agreement, the retort of reassurance, "You bet," and the taunt to a man of seeming verdancy, "Does your mother know you are out?"—all these may be literal translations from the modern Greek; but if they are, it would surely have been better to convert them into terms less strongly suggestive of the American small boy. If these are trivial objections, they are not without a larger significance, though it would not be quite fair to say of them, *Ex pede Herculem.*

When the book is considered in its second aspect, it becomes possible at once to speak of it in other terms, and to appreciate the high opinion of it entertained by a professor of European history. As a contribution to our knowledge of the Greeks and the immemorial conflict between Christians and Moslems in the East, the book has a positive value. In this very year it is well to gain a better understanding of the religious and patriotic motives which have fired the hearts of the Grecian people. Here we learn also the elements of the nation's weakness, the mingling of lower with higher impulses in some of the men from whom most has been expected. But whatever appears to the discredit of the Greeks is as nothing in comparison with the author's picture of the unspeakable Turk. His barbarous rapacity and thirst for blood, his utter treachery and scorn for what the Western races know as "honour," stand forth with hideous clearness. These qualities, to be sure, are drawn with the venom of an enemy, but the vigour of the hostile hand strengthens the reality of the picture. So, too, the most strenuous historical scenes of the book are the most effective merely in the light of art. The besieged Misolonghi and the bitter courage of the Greeks within it are memorably depicted. The battle of Navarino ceases to be a name, and becomes a reality of vastly tragic import.

"Battle, murder, and sudden death" is the burden of the story. If it be read merely for entertainment or as a specimen of the literary art of Eastern Europe, one may easily object to it as somewhat tedious and clumsy, and may remind one's self that Poland and Russia have both produced modern romances of war which appeal far more directly

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to the Western mind. If one is seeking a more vital historical knowledge of the foundations upon which modern Greece is built, of the people who dwell within it and of the enemies round about it, *Andronike* will serve well to shorten the search.

M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

"BROKENBURNE;" A SOUTHERN IDYLL.*

We have no hesitation in claiming for *Brokenburne* an honourable place among the best stories that have gathered around the old South since the war. It is with Thomas Nelson Page that Mrs. Boyle will inevitably invite comparison and classification more than with any of the other Southern writers. Her manner is not unlike his, though one perceives easily that it is her own and owes its likeness to the delicacy and grace, the subtle flavour of the soil, and the fineness of touch characteristic of both. In matter there is a stronger resemblance, which, however, must not be mistaken for reminiscence. The background is the feudal magnificence of plantation life in ante-bellum times in lower Mississippi. The story is of strained relations, broken happiness, and sundered loves, lighted at the end with a sunset ray of peace. But the characters and setting are indigenous to their own section of the South in *Brokenburne;* they retain their individual charm and make a distinct impression on the imagination. Mississippi has reason to be proud of Mrs. Boyle, as Virginia may well be of Mr. Page, for in *Brokenburne* she has opened a new field in the South—a field as rich in romance as any in our country. Mississippi may have retrograded in recent years, but she was a grand old State, and played her part bravely and nobly in the struggle for the South. And though evil winds have blown roughly over the broad and fertile lands of that golden time in which "Aunt Bene" glories, many an old landmark still stands, a loving guardian over deserted fields that now and again tempt dusky harvesters; a crumbling monument to the glad and sorrowful memories that have sought a more enduring memorial in literature. Such a memorial is *Brokenburne*, recording in quick succession the gradual transformation from a scene of happy plantation life to the tragedy that, God knows, was common enough in the days of the war. Many a story has Mrs. Boyle listened to from such old mammies as "Aunt Bene," and there is more truth than fiction in *Brokenburne*. Many an old mansion remains tottering on its rotten piers, forgotten and forsaken, its doors unlocked and oftentimes lying open, waiting for those who have been absent in foreign lands so long, or in that land from whose bourne no traveller returns, that their record has passed away. As a child Mrs. Boyle, awed but inquisitive, has entered such a house, peeped through the glass of cupboards, where, within the soft depths of the shadows, fine china and dainty linen lay, has crept through the musty rooms and sat in the stiff brocade chairs, until frightened out of her childish wits at the unearthly stillness she has rushed wildly into the yard, somewhat reassured by the commonplace aspect of the reality of things in broad daylight. The light of the old loves and graces clustering about these dwellings has fallen upon the author's imagination, which from a child has fed upon the ever-recurring tales of the days that have fled—fled leaving behind them the ghostly heritage that is restored to something of its pristine freshness and glory in the pages of this story, more real in its seeming than the reality.

The character of Virginia Balfour is one of the most pleasing and fascinating portraits preserved for us from among the high-spirited, the beautiful, and passionate creatures of the warm and luxuriant South. In her creation we see the treasures of the author's childhood unfolded in the maturer mind of the woman. Around the slender, poetic figure of Virginia are centred the delicate fancies of youth and the sentimentalism of the time. A clearly defined and intensely human figure, Virginia Balfour, or "Jinny" in the old auntie's narrative, wins the sympathy of the reader and holds it to the end. The strained affection for her lover, snapped by a chivalric devotion to family and to principle, changes comedy to tragedy, and reaches a climax in the last interview between Virginia and Phillip, not un-

* Brokenburne; An Old Auntie's War Story. By Virginia Frazer Boyle. Illustrated. New York: E. R. Herrick & Co. $1.50.

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like that in Longfellow's *Evangeline*, that has in it the tears of things. No more pathetic figure moves across the record of the immemorial past before and during the war. The old time pride and beauty of life, the tender grace and noble sensitiveness, the high patriotism and love of honour which rose above the prevalent sentimentalism and found expression in true sentiment and brave deeds, the pity and the irony of it all—these are enshrined in the idyllic pages of *Brokenburne*, and set apart from the throng of the vulgar by the beauty of pathos and artistry that lies upon them.

But chief among Mrs. Boyle's achievements in *Brokenburne* is that she has a story to tell, and that she can tell a story. Was it not Sir Walter Scott—who knew the secret of story-telling so well—who resolved in *Waverley* to throw the force of his narrative upon the characters and passions of the actors?—those passions common to men and women in all stages of society, and which have alike agitated the human heart, whether it throbbed under the steel corselet of the fifteenth century, the brocaded coat of the eighteenth, under the blue and the gray uniform of this present century, or in the breast of Virginia Balfour and of Aunt Bene. The great book of Nature is the same in all climes and in all tongues; now and again a fresh chapter is reproduced which, whatever its external characters, finds entrance into the universal heart. *Brokenburne* makes this wide appeal; it entertains and compels interest even while its pathos moves and pierces emotion. All the changing incidents of the time, as seen through the eyes of Aunt Bene, are unconsciously dramatic. Poignant as are the feelings which the recital awakens, it is rather a reminiscent sadness that, gleaming like the aftershine on troubled waters, pervades the story and lingers in the memory. Its pathos, too, is plaintive rather than piercing—plaintive as the note of the wild bird that haunts those surroundings and fills the air with the mournful, far echoing cadence of its cry. An old, old story, you will say, but ah, how fond we are of hearing it told over and over again!

A word of praise must be passed to the artist who has added to the interest of the printed tale by his pictured pages. He has caught the spirit of the time and has restored several of the scenes of the story with such verisimilitude as betokens a careful study of his background and a sympathetic appreciation of its dramatic value. The book is beautifully made, and will present an inviting appearance during the approach of the festive season. *Brokenburne*, however, is not a book of the day to be cut down at even, but is of the class that calls for a wide and an enduring recognition.

James MacArthur.

THE PERSONAL EQUATION *

The "personal equation," I take it, to which Dr. Harry Thurston Peck refers in the title of his interesting volume lately added to Harper and Brothers' series of "American Essayists," is the more or less problematic relation of an author's personality to his published works, and, again, this matter of personality and expression as it affects readers—that is, you and me, gentle or ungentle reader (since we are all apt to be misguided as to our gentleness or other traits).

What I like about the book is its clarity of thought and style, its marked directness and simplicity of utterance, which turns out to be the very best medium for subtle, discriminating and precise appreciations. Nothing more comprehensive, delicate, and discerning has ever been written about Howells (for whose earnestness, beauty, and lovableness of character and sincerity of work I must ask to be allowed to say I have the greatest admiration) than Dr. Peck's essay, in which he traces quickly and clearly the composite influences of Mr. Howells's Welsh ancestry, Ohio birth, New England temperament, Massachusetts envelopment, and New York development and puzzling experience. Much of truth, also, is conveyed in the statement that Howells, after a while, "began to abuse his gift of observation. Instead of going always swiftly and unerringly to the very heart of things, he sometimes seemed to consider it sufficient to accumulate a multiplicity of trivial details, and to let a microscopic fidelity take the place of a

* The Personal Equation. By Harry Thurston Peck. New York and London: Harper & Bros. $1.50.

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broader sympathy." The essayist's characterisation of Boston is very true, clever, and amusing—to those who do not have to live in or near or swear by Boston. Most happy, also, is his remark upon Marcel Prévost, that his style has the great facility and charm of George Sand's, but that "with him this fluency does not, as hers did, pass into fluidity." Dr. Peck says very wisely of Prévost, that "his conception of idealism makes it to be not so much a thing apart from real life and quite beyond it, as an essential feature of that life itself. . . . And in this he is far wiser than Mr. Howells, for instance, who, while kindly granting to the Romantic an actual existence in our psychical and even in our material experience, does hold it to be so utterly exceptional as to rule it out of literary use."

The chapter on Prévost also touches some points of curious interest regarding the relations of men and women and married life, and brings out strongly the true conception of loyalty in the institution of marriage—beautiful, sad, strange as it may be in particular instances, yet always noble when entered upon and followed in the right spirit. After reading this essay, I wish that some one would depict in fiction the man's side of marriage. Wedding is nearly always treated as a purely feminine affair; yet surely it is quite as important when viewed as a masculine experience, with its effect upon the man and upon the race. The male being, who has feelings of his own, and a purity of his own, and trials and temptations far more numerous than those which afflict women, still exists, and ought to be considered. Novelists should be able to tell a good deal about the idealism, the self-sacrifice, the devotion of the average man, and the sorrows that come to him through marriage. But at present he seems to be of no account. Fiction is given over mainly to the largely fanciful trials and morbid introspections of women. Who ever thinks of the lifelong griefs and burdens of a simply loyal married man?

Dr. Peck's view is broad enough to take in many diversities of imaginative work and various phases of thought; so that, despite his sharp differences with the English novelist, George Moore, he still finds it in his heart and his pen to say that Moore, notwithstanding his subtlety and coarseness, refinement and ineffable vulgarity, is, "with all his limitations and perversities, the greatest literary artist who has struck the chords of English since the death of Thackeray." This breadth of his enables him to give us a most interesting summary of Huysmans's novels and to conclude, with regard to the book called *En Route:* "It is full of deep instruction in revealing with startling force the secret of the power of that wonderful religious organisation which has made provision for the needs of every human soul, whether it requires for its comfort active service or the mystical life of contemplation. . . . There is something reassuring in the contemplation of the one great Church that does not change from age to age, that stands unshaken on the rock of its convictions, and that speaks to the wavering and troubled soul in the serene and lofty accents of divine authority."

The essay entitled "Some Notes on Political Oratory" contains many suggestive criticisms and hints, which for my part I wish could be further emphasised and carried out. I cannot do justice here to Dr. Peck's other papers in this volume, on "The New Child and its Picture Books," "President Cleveland," and "The Downward Drift in American Education." But I would like to say, and must say most distinctly, as conveying my own impression, which I hope will be shared by many others, that his volume is distinguished not only by a thorough and accomplished survey of the subjects he treats, but also by a sincerity and an uplifting purpose which ought to bring gratification to every candid man and woman into whose hands it may come. The author carries his survey of the "personal equation" up to the heights of sublime faith. Not limiting himself to the man and the author, or the author and the public, he goes on to intimate the relation of the person to the universe and the infinite; ending with this majestic refrain or *envoi*, in *Quod Minime Reris:* "That which stands immutable and quite secure is the great tradition and the mighty system that perpetuate whatever is best and highest in the human aspiration and belief."

A man who writes such essays as these, full of research and reflection, with such wealth of immediate knowledge of his

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subjects, so many resources of comparison, so clear and helpful a faculty of judgment, and in so clear and delightful a style as Dr. Peck's, confers a personal favour and does an act of friendship to the sympathetic reader and to the reading public.

George Parsons Lathrop.

MR. MERRIMAN'S CASTLE IN SPAIN.*

"*The Prisoner of Zenda*," some one said a while ago, "is not literature." "No," said this reviewer, "but it is a good bit better reading than a great deal that *is* literature."

It must be confessed, however, that the novel of adventure, like other things and people in this naughty and troublesome world, has the defects of its qualities; for its primary necessity being the "story," the sequence of hair-breadth escapes by flood and field, sharpness of line in character drawing becomes not only a secondary consideration, but probably, at times, absolutely a hindrance; since one's *dramatis personæ*, when really alive, are apt to take matters into their own hands, and shape the plot to suit their own convenience. For this reason there is a distinct temptation to the story-teller to keep practically to the same staff, or stock-company, varying the names and costumes to suit the climate, the Anno Domini, or the station in life to which it pleases him to call his *corps dramatique;* and as thus they become to him types, rather than persons, he is the better able to depend upon them to attend strictly to business under the most exciting circumstances, and never, under any temptation, to lapse into self-analysis or introspection.

The method which we have thus indicated is, we must admit, very largely that of Mr. Henry Seton Merriman (Hugh S. Scott), whose *In Kedar's Tents* has been familiar to the readers of THE BOOKMAN for the past year. Whether he locates his drama amid the frozen steppes of Russia, on India's coral strand, or where African rivers roll down the plague, the "sleeping sickness," and crocodiles galore, the *personæ* who are affected by these incidents are very apt to be recognised as old acquaintances by the discerning reader.

There is, for example, always a bold, bad, beautiful woman, to whom we are invariably grateful for being less bad than she gave us reason to anticipate; there is a large young man for the leading gentleman; an astute man of the world, who is sometimes the heavy father, and at others merely a confidant in correct evening dress; and there is always a pure, cold English maiden, with abnormal powers of concealing her emotions, especially that one which, like a cough, is said to be non-concealable by man or woman. Out of these characters and others who appear less certainly in his pages, Mr. Merriman gets, we confess with joy, very excellent work; they have been thoroughly drilled in stage business and are letter-perfect in their lines; the author has never for a moment a touch of Mr. Puff's difficulty in getting them off the stage at the right time; on the contrary, the action is always rapid, the plot never falters in interest, though one must admit that the mechanism is occasionally slightly clumsy, and the execution apt to reveal the mark of the tool.

The truth of the matter is that Mr. Merriman has always been capable of even better things; that his stock-characters have never entirely contented him. *The Sowers* showed a decided advance in this respect, for "Prince Paul," though still a large young man, was decidedly more individualised than any of his predecessors in that rôle, while Steinmetz was a real characterisation, if not quite a living human being. And the present book notes a growth still more encouraging; for while Conyngham, Estella, and General Vincente still retain a vague flavour of reminiscence, the Padre Concha is a real creation, and Concepcion Vara is very much alive indeed. In the construction of the plot also there is a genuine growth in power; the story takes hold of one from the beginning, centring as it does around one small pink and scented letter, which, before the final catastrophe occurs, the reader is as anxious to read as is Conyngham himself.

Mr. Merriman is quite aware, we must add, of the peculiar flavour imparted to a novel of adventure by a feather from Freedom's bird; but it does not seem to signify very greatly, in his opinion,

* In Kedar's Tents. By Henry Seton Merriman. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

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whether his hero takes sides for or against the special reform under consideration ; in truth, it signified very little to Conyngham, who in England called himself a Chartist, and in Spain served under the banner of Queen Christina. Conyngham is rather a reckless variety of the large young man ; and his complaisance in accusing himself of complicity in a Chartist riot, and taking upon his own shoulders the death of Alfred Pleydell, in order to save his not very courageous friend, Geoffrey Horner, is the prologue to the real story. With the same polite readiness to oblige, this large young man, who runs away to Spain with Geoffrey's guilt on his devoted head, next proceeds to save two ladies from a very disagreeable situation, and undertakes to carry a letter for Estaban Larralde, a handsome and untrustworthy Carlist conspirator. What the letter contains, and what befell our hero because of it, be it far from this reviewer to divulge ; suffice it to say that it is not recovered, by any of the persons who are willing to hazard their lives in pursuit of it, until the very last chapter. Meanwhile the interest accumulates, at compound or geometrical ratio, which ever means most to the mathematician, and finally culminates in a glorious shindy in the Plaza del Ayuntamiento in Toledo, where Estella, on the stone balcony of the "Mansion House," personates the Queen, and Father Concha, unable to preserve the rôle of a man of peace, shouts "Caramba!" and is gone.

"They saw him a minute later appear in the square, having thrown aside his cassock. He made a strange, lean figure of a man, with his knee-breeches and dingy purple stockings, his gray flannel shirt, and the moonlight shining on his tonsured head. He fought without skill and heedless of danger, swinging a great sword that he had picked up from the hand of a fallen trooper, and each blow that he got home killed its man."

But we have failed to do Mr. Merriman justice by omitting all reference to the brilliancy of his manner of telling a story—a manner which at all times sparkles with wit, and includes not a few epigrammatic descriptions that print themselves on the memory. What, for example, could be better than this from *One Generation to Another* :

"A portentous standing lamp, six feet high in its bare feet, with a shade like a crinoline"?

Or this, a very different picture, but equally vivid :

"'Yes, it is the hollow hearts that make the most noise in the world,' said Concha, folding his handkerchief on his knee. He was deadly poor, and had a theory that a folded handkerchief remains longer clean."

Or Concepcion's inimitable adieu to his hostess of an hour :

"'It's better,' said Concepcion with a meaning and gallant bow to the hostess—'it's for my peace of mind. I am but a man.' Then he haggled over the price of the supper."

In *The Sowers* we are almost overwhelmed with epigram ; but in this respect also the author shows in *Kedar's Tents* that he has himself and his subject very much better in hand ; that his art has become far more a part of himself than in any former work. To quote the phrase of a friend, it is "a rattling good story ;" if it should ever be dramatised we foresee in especial a rising of the audience in wild and sincere applause when Sir John Pleydell, coming to Spain to seek revenge for the death of his son, applies to our hero for assistance in kidnapping Frederick Conyngham ; and Conyngham, presenting his card, assures him that he could not have come to a better man. Wherein this present critic and Mr. Merriman's readers in general will agree with Frederick Conyngham.

John Lennox.

BOOKS ABOUT THE STAGE.*

Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy resembles Mr. Percy Fitzgerald in more ways than one. The Irish writer, like the English, is pleasant and prolific, careless enough in style, no stickler for exact accuracy, swift to seize a picturesque episode, and

* The Romance of the Irish Stage, with Pictures of the Irish Capital in the Eighteenth Century. By Fitzgerald Molloy. 2 vols. New York : Dodd, Mead & Co. $4.00.

The English Stage, being an Account of the Victorian Drama. By Augustin Filon. Translated from the French by Frederic Whyte, with an Introduction by Henry Arthur Jones. New York : Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.

The Theatrical "World" of 1896. By William Archer. London : Walter Scott, Ltd.; New York : Charles Scribner's Sons.

La Préface de "Cromwell." Introduction, Texte, Notes. Par Maurice Souriau. Paris : Société Française d'Imprimerie.

Chronologie Moliéresque. Par Georges Monval. Paris : Librairie Flammarion.

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to present it alluringly to the reader. Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy has already gossipped about *Some Famous Plays;* he has already told the sad life of Edmund Kean; he has already set forth the strange adventures of Peg Woffington, and now he gives us two briskly written volumes on the *Romance of the Irish Stage*, proffered perhaps as a pendant to Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's *Romance of the English Stage*. It would not be unfair to characterise Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's *Romance of the English Stage* as rather sensational and slightly meretricious; and it is agreeable to discover that Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy's *Romance of the Irish Stage* is altogether a better book. It is discursive, no doubt; indeed, Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy has raised discursiveness almost to the dignity of an exact science. In the present work he does not repeat his great feat in the biography of Peg Woffington, in which there are five consecutive chapters wherein even the name of the heroine is not a single time mentioned. In Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy's behalf it may be said that these extraneous chapters were quite as lively and quite as entertaining as any of the others more closely related to the subject of the book.

In the present work the author tells us on the title-page that he intends to describe Irish society as it was in the last century; and in his preface he declares that "no more splendid and varied panorama can be imagined than Dublin in its pre-Union days, with its state processions, its parliament, its court festivities, its reckless gambling, duelling, and abductions, its roystering and extravagance, the whole illumined by a gaiety that has become a tradition." The modes of this gaiety Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy brings before us with abundant anecdote only to confirm the sad impression of Irish life in the last century, which we have already derived from *Barry Lyndon* and *Charles O'Malley* and *Castle Rackrent*.

Among the interesting personalities that figure in Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy's pages are David Garrick, probably the greatest actor of all time; and Peg Woffington, the most charming woman of her day, although not the greatest actress; Thomas Sheridan, son of Swift's friend and father of the author of the *School for Scandal*, himself the initiator of a reform of the Dublin theatre not unlike that Macready was to accomplish in the London theatre in this century; George Anne Bellamy, a famous beauty who wrote her memoirs when her looks had left her—memoirs for which Thiers provided a preface when they were translated into French seventy or eighty years ago; and Quin of the biting witticisms; and Mrs. Abington, the original Lady Teazle; and Mossop, cleverly characterised in the *Rosciad* of Churchill; and Mrs. Siddons, the stately muse of tragedy.

It is well that M. Filon's admirable book on the English stage of this century should find an English translator, who has accomplished his task satisfactorily on the whole, although there are those who may think that he has carried over untranslated too many French words and phrases. The best history of Spanish literature is by an American, Ticknor, and the best history of English literature by a Frenchman, Taine; and now another Frenchman has given us the best history of the Victorian drama. As his own proverb says, every man has the defects of his qualities, and if M. Filon as a Frenchman has been able to get a more unprejudiced perspective of the British playmakers than any native could, he also has made a blunder or two an Englishman might not have made. For example, the *Octoroon* is not one of Boucicault's Irish plays; Robertson's *David Garrick* was not a failure; Mrs. Sterling was not the original Marquise in *Caste*. An Englishman would probably credit Sir Henry Irving with the substitution of Shakespeare's *Richard III.* for Cibber's, and M. Filon here follows the British authorities, although we Americans know that Mr. Booth discarded the Cibber perversion long before Sir Henry did.

But these are the merest trifles of hypercriticism. M. Filon's book is excellent, and no one who wants to understand the condition of the drama in England under Victoria can afford to neglect it. He clears the air when he cuts to pieces calmly and without any animosity the smug tragedy of *Virginius* and the ranting rhetoric of *Richelieu*. He suggests rather than declares the evil effect upon the serious drama of the inconsistent hypocrisy which is now a chief characteristic of the British social structure. He does not overesti-

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mate the increasing influence which the art of Ibsen has had upon the leading British dramatists of to-day, especially upon Mr. Pinero and Mr. Jones. He does full justice to *The Second Mrs. Tranqueray* (in some respects the strongest effort of the English stage in this century) and to the *Case of Rebellicus Susan* (in some respects the most intellectual of Mr. Jones's plays). He does not fail to give full credit for the change in the conditions of the British drama during the past ten years to Mr. William Archer, even going so far as to liken the effect of Mr. Archer's criticisms to that of the *Dramaturgie* of Lessing.

For the fourth time now Mr. Archer has gathered into an annual volume the articles in which he has criticised the plays of the year week by week, and with every succeeding volume the admiration of at least one reader grows. Mr. Archer is a born critic with an intense love for the theatre, a wide knowledge of its history, and a real understanding of its art. He has the logic of a Scotchman, the information of a German, and the wit of a Frenchman. He is not blinded by tradition—see, for example, his calm discussion of Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*, as acted in London last year. He is no iconoclast either; he is modest; he is reverent really; he is sane always. To the present volume he has prefixed a plea for an endowed theatre, for a playhouse not dependent for its existence on a single performer or on long runs. Theatres of this kind exist in France and in Germany. Probably they will soon be established in Great Britain and the United States. Just how soon this will be depends on the length of time needed to lead Londoners and New Yorkers to take the theatre seriously.

Victor Hugo was victor in many fields, but it is in criticism that he was least successful. Two of his plays still keep the stage in France, and two at least of his novels are still read widely here in America; and nobody would deny that he was the greatest lyric poet that has illuminated the French language, more affluent than any other and more varied. For history and for criticism he was less fitted by temperament. Intensely personal in his views, seeing literature solely from the standpoint of his own achievement and of his own ambition, he was quite incapable of the detached and disinterested inquiry, which criticism must needs be if it is to command respect. When he published, in 1829, the unactable play of *Cromwell*—planned perhaps for Talma's acting, but after the great tragedian's death turned into a mere drama for the closet—he prefixed to it an essay in which he laid down the laws of literary art as he wanted them to be obeyed. This preface to *Cromwell* was the Declaration of Independence of the revolting Romanticists, and as such its importance is far greater than that of the very juvenile play which it precedes. A French professor of literature, M. Maurice Souriau, has now treated this interesting literary document with the reverent affection it demands. He has edited it with all the care he would bestow on the treatise of Aristotle or the poem of Horace or the poem of Pope (with which indeed its kinship is closer). He prints the text of the preface (omitting wholly the play itself), revising this by the manuscript and the corrected proof-sheets. He considers in an introduction the present value of Hugo's theories, the circumstances under which the essay was composed, and the various influences—Greek, Roman, Italian, Spanish, German, English, and French—which left their traces upon it. Then in notes to the text he verifies Hugo's quotations, explains Hugo's allusions, and elucidates Hugo's statements where more light seemed to be needed. The remorseless tooth of Time is already gnawing at Hugo's complete works, and few of them will escape altogether. But that one of his earliest writings, in a department of literature in which he is feeblest, should be edited now less than fifteen years after his death, as though it was to be ranked with the masterpiece of Boileau, this is proof enough, were any needed, of the towering position Victor Hugo holds in French literature.

Some day, it may be, a remote disciple will do for Hugo what has now been done by a pious hand for Molière. Some ten years ago, when the present writer was working in the archives of the Comédie-Française, he suggested to the learned librarian, M. Georges Monval, that a biographer of Molière would find his labour lightened if all the known facts and dates of the great

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French dramatist's life and all the allusions to his acts were drawn up in chronological order. The editor of the *Molièriste* smiled and said, "*C'est fait!* I have it almost done." And what M. Monval had almost done ten years ago he has only now published. It is not too much to say that this little book is one of the most serviceable tools which has ever been put into the hands of a student of French literature, and that it is worth a dozen volumes of criticism and commentary. Chronology is the backbone of biography as of history, and to seize clearly the sequence of events in a man's career is a condition precedent to a proper understanding of his works. As M. Monval points out, there are still long years of Molière's life as to which we have scarcely any knowledge at all, in spite of the indefatigable research of ardent antiquaries; but after the great dramatist came back to Paris and performed before the king, it is easy to follow him almost day by day. This is what M. Monval has done, setting down every date with the most scrupulous exactitude, from the marriage of Molière's parents, in 1621, to the death of Molière's daughter, in 1723. Often the mere conjunction of dates is strangely suggestive, as when we see that the year of Molière's birth was the year when Richelieu became cardinal, when Corneille left school, and when Harvey made his great discovery. The method M. Monval has here employed most adroitly and skilfully to give us the skeleton of Molière's life will certainly be applied by other students to the lives of other great men. For Shakespeare the facts are too few, and perhaps for Dante also; but who will first attempt the chronology of Goethe?

Brander Matthews.

HIS GRACE OF OSMONDE.*

In giving a second version of this amazing tale, Mrs. Burnett has done a daring thing. Whether the result justifies her courage remains to be seen.

It is offered as the man's side of a story of which the woman's side has already been told, and should therefore be judged as nearly as possible from a new standpoint.

This seems at the outset to be easy enough. Anything more unlike the environment which from Clorinda's first hour crushes her "like an iron shroud" can scarcely be conceived. This manchild Roxholme is born of an ideal marriage, heir to the good that ought to be every human being's birthright; inheriting beauty and largeness of body and mind, with strength and sweetness of spirit, and so comes welcome and blessed into a world made safe and warm by goodness and love.

He stands, in a word, for the Perfect Man. He has all humanity's highest virtues, without the smallest of its vices. He holds his own great beauty as nature, regarding the ugliness of other men as disease. He is always the defender of the weak against the strong, and by the might of his giant strength he keeps even himself—even his own soul and body—unspotted from the world; and a greater thing than this surely no mortal man can do. Mere mention of it stirs memories of the greatest of all, the gentlest knight that ere sat in hall 'mongst dames and the sternest foe that e'er put lance in rest.

Having so conceded the supreme loftiness of the author's ideal, there may be fair question as to whether it has been attained. It almost seems so when Roxholme first steps out of the dark background of Clorinda's life and stands alone in the light. He has been drawn so big and with such bold strokes that one hardly realises at once how far off he really is. But gradually the gigantic figure becomes adjusted to its true perspective, and with Clorinda's reappearance it begins to recede, resuming by degrees its old subordinate place. Much continues to be said about him throughout, but he is never again actually seen or felt. Nor is his voice recognised in the many things that are said for him; so that after a very few pages this man's side of a story of which the woman's side has already been told becomes rather a Punch and Judy show.

Again, as before, the "Lady of Quality" dominates "His Grace of Osmonde," for whatever the questions concerning the

* His Grace of Osmonde. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

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character of Clorinda—moral and otherwise—there can never be any doubt of her vivid reality. And so it is that the new work soon assumes, notwithstanding the almost painfully strenuous efforts of the author, much of the feeling and many of the phrases of a twice-told tale. The work is firmer and perhaps finer than before; one usually does a thing better, if not more interestingly, the second time; but the divergencies from the familiar line of the narrative show slight seams and patches, and the most significant changes are rather too distinctly in the nature of concessions. Having once had the courage of one's convictions, it seems more consistent as well as more artistic to stand to one's guns. But Mrs. Burnett has either been shaken by the storm of protest or she has at last come to admit, as most women and many men have long ago admitted, that Clorinda might almost more readily be forgiven for killing her lover than her husband for not suspecting the truth. At all events, she yields, and in the new work he does suspect at an early stage. But he does not know, and the second important concession is letting him overhear Clorinda's confession beside her sister's deathbed. He does not flinch—that is, the voice speaking for him says he stands firm, justifying Clorinda in what she did; saying he could have found it in himself to have done the same. And then having but fairly entered the breech, the author's battery is silenced, and the whole battle floats off in smoke, leaving the real cause of the conflict untouched. For while Clorinda's forced confession and late repentance look a long way toward the solution of the problem of murder in sudden heat and passion, there is no nearer approach to the other great problem lying still deeper in the heart of the story—the problem of what a proud, honourable gentleman shall do when his wife comes to him in silence without womanhood's crown. Face to face at last with this burning question, the author, the Lady and His Grace recoil and fall dumb, as the wisest and the bravest have always done. So that, after all, nothing vital seems to have come from this hearing of the man's side of a story of which the woman's side has already been told.

George Preston.

A TALE OF COLONIAL NEW YORK.*

This new story by a new feminine writer (for the ambiguous signature cannot conceal the writer's sex) is a most welcome and refreshing addition to the romantic school of fiction which is once more appearing among us, and which almost deserves to be called a renaissance of healthy novel-writing. It is pleasant to be able to welcome and commend a new voice that speaks clearly and convincingly amid the inharmonious clamour of latter-day story-tellers. There is in Miss Rayner's manner of writing no suggestion of the halting and uncertain amateur. Her style is mature and definite, and she gives evidence of having satisfactorily mastered the technical and mechanical side of her art, of having conquered the difficulties of literary construction before she has chosen to elaborate her plot and characters and given them to the public as a finished piece of work. *Free to Serve* is most creditably free from the usual characteristics of a first book. It is more than "promising," for it fulfils many of the ideals of good novel-writing.

Miss Rayner has chosen a picturesque setting and period for her tale, the New York colonies in the early days of the eighteenth century. The scene opens dramatically, and almost in the manner of a prologue, in England, with swords and periwigs and all the eighteenth-century paraphernalia. The writer describes the departure of a brother and sister of gentle birth, who leave their dearly loved ancestral home to seek their fortunes across the seas in the New World. The brother, Fulke Nevard, is a wild young man about town, who has got himself so deeply in debt that it requires all the savings of his sister and himself to keep him from prison and enable him to sail away from his old life toward possible improvement in the American colonies. Through the weakness and secrecy of her brother in not confessing the full extent of his financial misfortunes, Aveline finds herself, on the arrival of their vessel in New York, forced to go into service as a bond-woman in order to pay the captain for her passage. Fulke tries every means to prevent this, but for once his self-con-

* Free to Serve. A Tale of Colonial New York. By E. Rayner. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.50.

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fidence is futile in its results, and Aveline, during her brother's absence in Albany in search of aid, is sold into bondage for a term of five years. She goes into the service of a Dutch lady, who, with her husband and two sons, lives in a manor-house on the banks of the Hudson. From them Aveline receives great kindness and affection, and is made to feel herself a daughter of the house rather than a maid. Both sons fall in love with her of course. They are rather of the fairy-story order of young men—the elder hot-blooded, impetuous, and unprincipled, the younger courageous, gentle, and good. Aveline bestows her affections on Helmer, the younger. Then follow many adventures, including the unjust accusation of Helmer for murder, his brother Geysbert's treachery, the death of their parents, the return of Fulke Nevard, and the final happy solution of all difficulties by the marriage of Aveline and Helmer, and the betrothal of Geysbert to his little Puritan cousin who has always loved him.

The close of the book suggests the ending of a play, which, though it has had melodramatic moments, is yet inevitable comedy. All the characters step to the footlights hand-in-hand, smiling and bowing. Sir Julian and Lady Betty Nevard, the uncle and aunt who had the early bringing up of their niece and nephew in England, come to America apparently for the express purpose of joining the happy group on the last page of the story. Fulke Nevard is sobered and softened by his trials, and may be considered a reformed character, while Geysbert Feljer, who at one time seemed almost competent to act the villain of the piece, vows repentance, is forgiven by all, and begins life over again. We do not much care whether these happy changes would have been wrought in real life or not. This story is not a psychological study, but a blending of the romantic and the probable, of the real and the unlikely; it is a story of adventure so well told that the conventional ending, "and they all lived happily ever after," seems the only fitting and consistent one.

The conditions of life in the old colonial days, the half-barbaric, half-poetic surroundings of the early settlers, are presented with picturesqueness and careful attention to historical correctness, and is something more than a mere background for incident and action. The character of Aveline Nevard is beautifully given, and her high spirit and courage and humanising humour make her a creature of flesh and blood; but occasionally the author, as well as the reader, forgets that her heroine dates from 1701, not from 1897. But these lapses are only occasional, and the spirit of the early colonial days pervades the book, though the robustness of life is somewhat softened by the delicacy and refinement of the feminine pen. If the book has a fault as a whole—and it is not easy to criticise a story which leaves such a pleasant impression—we should say that the 434 pages might, perhaps, have been condensed to a hundred or so less. It does not deserve to be called padded, and it is hard to say where the pruning-knife should be applied without our losing more than we should gain.

One of the great charms of this book is its unpretentiousness and sincerity. It contains no rhetorical fireworks or extravagant phrase-making from the happy title to the quietly dramatic ending. The style is in keeping with the simple strong days described, and by making no claim to be considered a Great Book, it may the more cordially be called—what is hardly less important in this era of fiction—a capital story, well told.

Fanny H. Quincy.

TENNYSON: A MEMOIR.*

So at last it has come to this. A great man is forced to publish his memoirs in self-defence. Not at all by way of apologia, or protest; but simply to forestall and countermine unauthorised versions. Tennyson, who all his life shrank from advertisement, nay, resented bitterly every intrusion on his privacy, wished that no life of him should appear. And this not merely from temperament, but probably from matured judgment. With his singular strong sense he must have felt that a life so private, so domestic, so reclusive, so uneventful, appealed to no lawful curiosity, and promised no commentary upon

* Alfred Lord Tennyson: A Memoir. By his son, Hallam Lord Tennyson. In 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $10.00.

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his works beyond the bare fact that it was what it was, and what the world had long known it to have been. But he was powerless against the new Inquisition, and consented that his heir should publish his official *dossier*. "However, he wished," says his son, "that if I deemed it better, the incidents of his life should be given as shortly as might be without comment, but that my notes should be final and full enough to preclude the chance of further and unauthentic biographies." What was meant by "notes" is not quite clear, but the biographer, on whom rested the responsibility of a plenary discretion, has not followed strictly the poet's suggestion.

Now what should be the memoir of Tennyson which could satisfy him and his—for his we all are who love poetry and revere genius? This. Fifty pages—or at most a hundred—of prose fine as his verse, of prose simple, melodious, pure and purposeful—the prose of Goldsmith; and on this the "incidents of his life" should be strung with all the grace and charm of reverent sympathy, though "as shortly as might be, and without comment." So much for the Man, and no more; for the Poet an ampler portrayal. Without prying too much into the secrets of his craft, we would fain become conversant with every scene and incident which kindled and fed and tempered his poetic flame. All that may be known we would know of the purpose, the inspiration, and the working out of his greatest works; his bibliography and literary history should be handled finally and conclusively; the development of his own self-criticism traced side by side with that of his popularity. For criticism or interpretation of his poems no place remains; that is the province, not of the biographer, but of the critic.

Many of these elements will be found in Lord Tennyson's work, but embedded in a mass of trivial and, in our eyes, irrelevant gossip. We shall not presume to blame him. The public insists on knowing what the poet liked for breakfast, when he caught cold, and what casual remarks he and his callers made on weighty subjects about which their opinion is without special authority. And if Lord Tennyson did not supply these details, some one else would and with less veracity and good taste. A thousand pages—albeit the print is large—are overmuch; were they fewer, perchance some interloper would advertise a "full and complete Life." Perhaps, too, this wealth of domestic trivialities may render the publication of a "Real Lord Tennyson" impossible. The work has small pretensions to concinnity of structure or style. Though the author says, and no doubt truly, that he has tried to efface himself, he has not always succeeded. In the narrative chapters we are too often conscious of his inexperience or defective sense of proportion in the curtness and vagueness of the important sentence and the prolixity of the more trivial connecting matter. This vagueness—the preface is especially nebulous and empty—is partly due to his habit of weaving into his sentences scraps of his father's poems, which, apart from the context, are singularly confusing. Once upon a time our fathers who sat under the Kembles used to lard their style with scraps and orts of Shakespeare. The practice is happily extinct. Yet though it makes for obscurity, we do not upbraid the author with having learnt unconsciously to think in the words of his illustrious father, which to him are naturally more familiar and suggestive than to us. If the book as it goes on tends more and more to a *Tennyson and his Times* of the usual gossiping type, Professor Sidgwick and Professor Palgrave share the responsibility of "selection from upward of 40,000 letters." Many that appear from no point of view deserved printing in full with formal address and superscription. The copious extracts from the poet's and his wife's diaries and travel notes are often too trivial and domestic for publication. But the literary demerits of the work are, after all, its practical merits. Though the author and printer do not spare the paper, the varied and countless scraps of material succeed one another without joints or comments, in a stolid, business-like way that is really very convenient and comfortable. Lord Tennyson is always quite serious about it, and anxious to get as much as he can into his thousand pages. Some valuable papers on Tennyson contributed by various hands are printed in full as appendices. And finally the index is so excellent that we find it the pleasantest guide to the book. Infinite pains have been taken to render this labour of filial

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love, what it undoubtedly is, the final, full, authoritative life of the great Laureate. In the future many more brilliant, or sympathetic, or profound studies of that life may appear, but they can be only abridgments of this, nor will they dare to palter with its magisterial testimonies. For five years we have trembled for the poet's honour lying at the mercy of the *valetaille ;* was it to be puffed up to shameful collapse, or vulgarised by sordid commonplace, or smirched by envious spleen? Lord Tennyson has devoted himself to spare us that pain, and we offer him the personal homage of our gratitude. Let him rest assured that he has let fall no word of enthusiastic veneration which has seemed too strong to one who, while upholding Tennyson's supremacy among modern poets, is perhaps more than most alive to his deficiencies, and for one phase of his work feels not only distaste, but positive repugnance. The book is no revelation. It only confirms and justifies the faith we had based upon the poet's writings. It is no plausible apology or artful panegyric. With nothing to conceal, nothing to explain away, the author is able without the least fail of seemly reverence to set just and reasoned limits to his enthusiasm. No judgment on Tennyson's life and character has ever been, or ever will be pronounced so judicious, so discriminating, so wise and moderate, and therefore so convincing as that suggested by the son, who of all living men knew the poet best, and whose whole life had moved under his controlling influence; nor shall our narrowing space prevent us from quoting it in full. "If I may venture," he says, "to speak of his special influence over the world, my conviction is, that its main and enduring factors are his power of expression, the perfection of his workmanship, his strong common sense, the high purport of his life and work, his humility, and his open-hearted and helpful sympathy."

The book is a mine of ore, some rich, some worthless. To throw up a few random spadefuls in this brief article were sorry work, when so many suggestive points are each tempting us to a lengthy essay. Tennyson's life we need touch at one point only, that which alone aroused criticism. The outcry against his peerage has died down; these memoirs should prevent its revival. The offer was Mr. Gladstone's idea; and his unrivalled experience and knowledge of what was fit and seemly should have been enough for the public. It was no question of a rubbishy "compliment to literature," like the baronetcies doled out to political journalists and pushing novelists. Nor was it a new-fangled "prize scheme" to encourage poetry. Mr. Gladstone never meant to fool the young recruit, slinking to the Row with his first epic, into the belief that he carried a coronet in his knapsack. Yet both these delusions were rife. Unchecked, to what would they tend? To a cry of injustice if a peerage were some day refused to an Otway, or Savage, or Goldsmith, or Burns of the future. We might easily have a poet of splendid genius and vast popularity who would be impossible as a peer; say a man of low birth, of disreputable or even criminal connections, with a wife who had "no marriage lines to show," and a progeny of neglected brats—the heir to the barony perhaps already in Holloway Gaol; a genial, tipsy visionary, unkempt, unwashed, innocent of politics and the great world, his great gains all squandered—in short, a splendid bankrupt in mind, body, and estate. Prime Ministers understand these matters better than the journalists. Lord Macaulay was not merely a popular writer, but a distinguished statesman and Indian official. Lord Tennyson was a man of good family and excellent connections, of the highest university breeding, of irreproachable and dignified life, an aristocrat of the best patriarchal type, yet a Liberal who had sympathised with and often voiced the progressive feeling of his day. He had ample means to support, and worthy descendants to transmit the title. The distinguishing favour of the Queen, and the confidence of some of her ablest statesmen were his; scarce one of the great men of England, nay, almost of the world, but sought and valued his acquaintance or friendship. Though gifted with no power of original or profound thought, he had a good practical head, and with his conscientious thoroughness had acquired a sound knowledge of most political and scientific questions. There was nothing, at least in his later days, visionary or hysterical in his opinions, which would probably have carried weight in either House of Par-

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liament. True, he was a poet also, and in the public eye only and above all, a poet. But as such he had long held and illustrated an ancient office in the royal court, and somehow always seemed a great officer of State—the Queen's Poet, the Nation's Poet—rather than the Poet of the publishers and their customers. But what Mr. Gladstone probably saw, and was the first to see, was that Tennyson was not only a born poet, but a born noble. As a boy, the spell of *noblesse oblige* was laid upon him. His modest simplicity of heart, his self-respecting pride, his scorn of little ends and base means, his ardent thirst for achievement, his worship of the far-off ideal of pure and high and noble life, and his inspired faith that courage must at last attain it —what was all this but the spirit of the young knights of old? In any other calling this man could never have been less than great—as a sailor, a Nelson, as a soldier, a Gordon. And when he was grown famous, how lordly and dignified was his modest life. It was a real court he held at Farringford, the life which great nobles may enjoy in their private apartments, when the gorgeous state rooms are shut up. Not, indeed, an atmosphere overcharged with high-pressure intellect; no shrine of courtly elegance or brilliant wit; nor yet the sumptuous, soul-satisfying palace of our modern painter-princes. No, its stately dignity lay in that proud seclusion, that wholesome domesticity, that household order and decency, that marked our English territorial families, who, resting on their acres and pedigrees, could afford to live sanely and nobly, and follow their natural instinct. It is fine to notice that not only did Tennyson never think of pushing himself, but what is more, never once dreamt that he needed pushing. And then the man himself! that commanding figure, that stately mien, that noble, impressive face that would have graced the court of Elizabeth or Philip II., and inspired the brush of Velasquez! Yes, Mr. Gladstone was quite right.

Thus far a single point has led us, and no space left for other incidents of his life, such as his interesting correspondence with the Queen—nor even for his beautiful euthanasy. Of Tennyson's poetical career, of the many literary criticisms which this book has suggested, we have said nothing; some of them we may possibly treat hereafter. But before leaving his life, perhaps it should be pointed out that, so far as we know, gossip has busied itself with only three frailties of the poet. First, the cloak. Well, it was not good—too Spanish, and yet not Spanish enough; and it did not go well with the collar and tie. But let the cloak and hat drop for the present, though they are really food for an essay—they are hardly sins. Secondly, a certain "gruffness," or testiness of manner. Well, was not Johnson a little gruff at times? Tennyson's "gruffness" was a jest in early days with Hallam and FitzGerald, so it was no later affectation. It is plain that those who knew him, saw in it only a strain of British sincerity, like Carlyle's growls, and probably an occasional reaction from his over-strung poetical imagination. The charge disappears before the universal testimony to his warmth and tenderness of heart. Lastly, it has been said that he was a keen hand at a bargain, and no poet in money matters. But so was Shelley. And what of that? It is very well for the rich, bachelor poet who is alone in the world, to take no thought for the morrow, and despise lucre. Any thought of meanness or over-reaching was repugnant to Tennyson's whole nature, and if at any time he may have been a little hard to deal with, it must have been due to his constitutional suspicion of the trading classes (as shown in his *Maud* and elsewhere), to his passion for justice, and to an English tenacity in claiming his lawful rights. Against what great memory have so few charges, and so trivial, been brought? Tennyson was not half eccentric enough: he would have been more perfect if he had had more imperfections.

Y. Y.

A HERO IN HOMESPUN.*

The worst thing about this book is its preface. The author announces his work as a novel with a purpose, and that purpose not primarily, it would seem, to give its readers wholesome and artistic entertainment, but "to extend popular knowledge of the Civil War as it affected a large, but almost unrecog-

* A Hero in Homespun. A Tale of the Loyal South. By William E. Barton. Illustrated by Dan Beard. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $1.50.

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nised body of our people." He goes on to conscientiously warn off the enormously preponderating class of readers who read fiction for the sake of being amused, by declaring that "the form of fiction has been employed to permit a larger use of incident and personal experience, and to allow greater freedom of treatment;" all of which tends to prepare one for a mass of excellent history diluted with dull fiction, and for a group of wooden puppets stiffly endeavouring to move like a romancer's living characters.

Fortunately, however, few but professional critics and rival authors read a man's prefaces in these days. Still more fortunately, Mr. Barton has the true *raconteur's* enthusiasm, and his fiction carries his history along with it; his characters are live men and women; and the story would still be a good story if its history were all pure invention. When a purpose-novelist can fairly forget his purpose in the sweep of his narrative, then, and then only, can he afford to write with a purpose. The purpose becomes harmless. It may please those people who are pleased by that sort of thing; it may, incidentally, do a lot of good in one direction or another; but it ceases to trouble those readers who, reading for pleasure, are not concerned by problems. Mr. Barton, fortunately, after taking infinite pains to have his history, his background, and his local colour accurate, becomes so interested in his story and his characters, that he seems to forget his avowed purpose. In this way he has given us a story which seems to have been written for its own sake, and is to be read with delight for its own sake; while at the same time it succeeds in throwing new and vivid light upon events in American history which have been altogether too much ignored or misunderstood.

The hero in homespun is a splendid specimen of those mountaineers of Eastern Tennessee who have always been conspicuous for their patriotism, independence of character, and loyalty to the Union. When Tennessee joined the Southern Confederacy, the eastern section of the State remained stubbornly Federal in its sympathies. This was the region that supplied the Union with such indomitable and belligerent champions as Andrew Johnson and William G. Brownlow. Had the mountaineers been better understood by the Washington Government, had their loyalty been trusted as it deserved, Eastern Tennessee might have been, at the beginning of the trouble, set off as a separate State, like Western Virginia, and much bloodshed might have been spared. Longstreet's vain and ruinous assaults on Fort Sanders, the murderous struggle of Lookout Mountain, and several lesser but yet disastrous battles would in all probability have been averted. The overwhelming plurality of the Union votes in Eastern Tennessee should have indicated to the Washington Government the course to be taken in that district. All of which Mr. Barton shows us with convincing incisiveness.

The plot of the novel is a simple love affair between the hero in homespun and a pretty Kentucky girl, who appears upon the scene in the opening chapter, during the "Frolic at Hanson's," and safely marries her tall lover at the end of the last chapter. There is a dangerous rivalry which makes trouble from time to time, and there is also a rather unnecessary flirtation on the part of the hero, out of which he is extricated more smoothly than he deserves. But the love affair is kept in the background throughout long stretches of the tale, while the hero follows his star through innumerable adventures and perils, to win at last much honourable distinction, and a captain's rank before he wins his bride. Looking back upon the story, the critic perceives it to be loose in construction and somewhat awkward in evolution. But the interest is strongly sustained from page to page by the vividness with which the life of the mountaineers, their speech, their prejudices and passions, their customs, costumes, and personal appearance are brought before our view, a living, swiftly changing panorama. The book is crowded with battles, escapes, personal encounters, and all the lively incident that the reader can assimilate. It is pervaded, at the same time, by strong human feeling, pathos, and wholesome sentiment. There is a subtle suggestion of the first-mentioned quality in the following passage:

"They were not all saints, those East Tennesseeans, and now and then they looted a store When they did so, the first thing to be stolen, not even excepting the whiskey and tobacco, was the stock of baby shoes, which

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they tucked away in their knapsacks to take home to the little ones that rarely owned a shoe."

To sum up, *A Hero in Homespun* is a thoroughly interesting, red-blooded, virile story, and at the same time a historical document of the very greatest value. The author's conscientious investigation has cleared up points long under dispute. Historic characters, whose portraits cannot be spared from the nation's annals, are here delineated in vigorous strokes. A changing phase of life, conditions which are rapidly passing away, are here caught and crystallised. The author and artist together went over the scenes of the story, studying and questioning the people, and Mr. Dan Beard's spirited illustrations are no less trustworthy than Mr. Barton's narrative.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

BRANDER MATTHEWS'S SHORT STORIES.*

In the group of American fictionists who are doing earnest, honest, and skilful work in portraying the many phases of life to be found in New York City, Brander Matthews has come to occupy an honourable place. Both in the short story and the novel he has made studies that for quiet, unobtrusive truth and accurate yet atmospheric handling of the material, call for admiration. His latest contribution, *Outlines in Local Colour*, a dozen sketches of Manhattan, deepens one's sense of obligation to a writer who has steadily progressed in fictional art and broadened in his sympathies. Professor Matthews is a realist in the true sense of that hard-ridden word; his scenes and characters have the verisimilitude of actuality, with that selective instinct and sense of proportion which result in convincing the reader and charming him as well. It is impossible to go through this volume without being instructed in the great drama of human existence. It matters not at all that only glimpses and moments of life are presented, that commonplace folk are on the boards in the play, and that the detail is photographic. The little narratives are true, they are attractive; when that is said, all is said. The style is a model of ease, simplicity, and naturalness; it is, what it should be, a lucid medium to convey the idea. Next to never does a word like *lightsome*, which has a smack of literary self-consciousness, bring one up with a jar. The writer knows his New York thoroughly and loves it, too. Familiar with this *locale*, so rich for the purposes of the perceptive, sympathetic maker of fiction, he has the good sense to stick to it, sure that it is an exhaustless mine to work, and that he will extract therefrom his most precious ore.

A great variety of types is presented. We pass from the fashionable drawing-room to the corner bar-room; we hear the talk of upper society, of the horse-show, and that of the cook, the chambermaid, and the butler below-stairs. We see as through a peep-hole a suggestion of the work of the journalist, the playwright, and the actor. We are on Madison Square with a pair of uptown lovers, or on the Battery with lovers less exclusive, but quite as much in earnest. The street musician, the trained nurse, the homeless vagrant, and the Salvation Army shouter enlist our interest in turn, and are flesh-and-blood creatures all, fellows in the great fight. There is both light and shade, laughter and tears; the situations are never theatric, but, rather, inevitable with the unprejudiced inevitability of Life itself. In the best of these outlines —a word well indicating the author's method—in that very strong and truthful sketch, "The Vigil of McDowell Sutro," with its vivid description of a night spent perforce out of doors by a penniless Westerner; or "The Solo Orchestra," happy in title and delightfully heartful in feeling; or such things as "An Irrepressible Conflict" and "In the Watches of the Night," delicately conducted variants of the eternal love motive, Professor Matthews gives us fiction that is altogether satisfactory. To cavil at it argues, it seems to us, insensitiveness to the many-voiced appeal of humanity. The poetry of it all is just as evident as the realism. The dialogue, where dialogue is used, has the light touch and the accent of verity which give a colloquialism that is neither smart nor vulgar. Professor Matthews has learned a fact important to the novelist: that slang, so called, is idiom in the making. We can think of no stu-

* Outlines in Local Colour. By Brander Matthews. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.

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dent of Eastern city life who is more the master of this adjunct of his art. The stories are done with such apparent ease, there is so little attempt at plot for plot's sake, that the careless or shallow may rise from a perusal of the book, thinking it a slight performance. A more grievous mistake could not be made. To suggest much in little is in fiction very difficult; *Outlines in Local Colour* does this and does it triumphantly. It is not realism in the narrow or unpleasant sense that we are given, but realism walking hand in hand with romance. Such fiction, based on the most careful, keen-eyed observation and study, controlled and shaped by a fine art, and warmed and humanised by a genuine democratic sympathy for all sorts and conditions of men, is of the finest efflorescence of the story-maker's craft. Professor Matthews is a worthy member of a school of which Mr. Howells is the natural head—a school which will receive its true praise and place only when some historian of the future discovers the value of the social documents left by these writers in revealing our age in its habit as it lived.

Richard Burton.

THE BETH BOOK.*

The uncovering of sewers may be endured when the temporary exposure looks toward lasting relief; but when there is no such justification, when merciful covers are ruthlessly torn off without the remotest prospect of improvement —or even of getting them back—it certainly seems time to protest.

It may therefore now be complained that again in *The Beth Book*, as before in *The Heavenly Twins*, Madame Grand makes an unjustifiable showing of uncleanness with scarcely a suggestion of remedy or so much as a claim to be giving information. No thinking man or woman need be told anything that *The Beth Book* tells. The loftiest soul aiming at the stars cannot go far along life's journey without gathering knowledge of these terrible things hidden by the way. A few are fortunate to see them only in the distance; many, less lucky, come close to them through bitter experience; the happiest may not hope to escape wholly, and the fuller the saddening acquaintance, the greater the shrinking from meeting in fiction horrors too well known in life. For those who think most deeply and work most earnestly for humanity's betterment do not, as a rule, march with drums.

The Beth Book makes such a noise that it almost stuns. There is an alarmed sensation of being overwhelmed by some huge, shifting mass, and smothered by a great cloud of dust. Gradually, however, it resolves itself into an hysterical statement of many undisputed truths relating mainly to the eternal sex problem, and accompanied by statistics belonging to a medical journal rather than to a work of fiction.

If the work may be considered as a novel, Beth stands of course at the centre, with her character and her career alone to bind the mass into something approaching a definite form. But the author has not realised her own evident conviction that Beth's character is rare, and that her career is typical. There is never a perfectly clear, steady view of her, it is true—there is too much dust—but such glimpses as are granted reveal an unpleasant and rather commonplace young woman whose trials are more often Life's just response to unwomanly hardness, morbid egotism, and cold-blooded selfishness than sex theorists, like Madame Grand, might be willing to admit. Why, Beth's brutal husband is more human than she! He wanders after strange gods only when she has repulsed him—as better men have done under similar circumstances—and no woman having half her pretentions to intelligence could have been surprised, however much she might have felt aggrieved. He is also brutally honest in this open transfer of his affections. There is none of the bloodless hypocrisy shown in Beth's own shameless philandering—a creepy travesty of passion. Well might it be said that "her pose is to reform men, to reform them away from their wives," as the book says of another woman however, for Beth is the only flawless pearl. There is something so monstrous about the whole situation that almost anything might be forgiven Beth if she would only once show warmth enough to endow a fish.

And is *this*, then, the Ideal Woman for

* The Beth Book. By Sarah Grand. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

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whom we have all been waiting since the advent of *The Heavenly Twins?* Is this really the emancipator who has arrived at last to strike off the shackles of sex, and to right all wrongs that women have suffered since Eve? And is this *how* it is to be done? By holding a lifelong grudge against her mother for having more children than she can care for, and never trying to help her; by being without affection for her brothers and sisters, regarding them as usurpers of her own rights; by being disliked by her schoolmates and dreaded by her teachers; by never having a friend of her own sex, and by making her interest in the "problem" offensively evident through her earliest association with boys; by marrying the first man who asks her, not because she loves him, but in order that she may have her own way; by turning against her husband for holding views that she does not approve; by scoffing at religion and most of the holy things which are women's surest safeguards; by seeking congenial companionship among men, not misled by love as far nobler women have been, but by a cold, cruel purpose, like a ghastly vivisection of sentiment; by being absolutely without the capacity for loving—without tenderness, or goodness, or gentleness, or patience, or unselfishness, or charity, or mercy, or any of the beautiful spirit of true womanhood.

If this be indeed the Modern Woman, this Beth, who "arose early and drew up the plan of her life," let us beg the antique woman to stay. Let us entreat on our knees, if need be, that she will go on living and letting men live according to the old plan that Nature, if anybody, drew! Meantime, pending the dreaded change, let us keep our social sewers covered as closely as possible until such time as we see our way to make them clean.

N. H. B.

DARIEL: A ROMANCE OF SURREY.*

It has been said that no one can write a love story beyond forty. Melody in music, and in literature love-songs go with youth; thus Wagner in his later days had to invent *leit motifs*, and the novelist resorts to humour to oil the dryness of his sentiment. We will suppose Mr. Blackmore a little (not much) beyond forty—and that is all that separates his *Dariel* from *Lorna Doone*. But a few years; and yet he views George Cranleigh's rapid passion more humorously than he would have done of yore.

Another difficulty than that of years has our romancer set himself—to make a romance out of Surrey, and in our own time. The attraction of locality is to readers very great; any Anglo-Saxon who has in his heart the love of the lay of the land cannot grow tired of good stories twining and growing about the denes and uplands of a goodly bit of country. If the tale be modern, so much the nearer home, and (the critic may say) so much the greater *tour de force*—for your bicycle girl will belittle a countryside as a railway grade dwarfs a slope of moorland. And no one since Scott has storied a countryside so well as Blackmore; if Scott was far the greater humanist, as his century made natural, Blackmore is better in the things of his own. For we of the nineteenth have grown a bit tired of people, since Di Vernon and the Dougal creature became extinct, and revive at the scent of the land and a touch of weather.

Yet even Blackmore can't quite invent a tale all Surrey for the century end. The scenery and the weather and the politics are all good Surrey, but the plot is of the Caucasus; and the only action takes place among the snows and eyries Verestchagin has painted, and we have here the impression they make on English eyes. Then there is a blood feud and some elegant fighting; and a capital fellow to do it, Strogue by name, and an excellent stock-broker who stays at home, Jackson Stoneman, and the hero himself to furnish the humour—for who but one that Mark Twain calls the "chuckle-headed hero of romance" (Mark makes it heroine, but they are not half so chuckle-headed as the men) would make possible a whole Caucasian revolution by going to a wedding at the other end of England the day after a Caucasian princess had accepted him, playing best man to a pretty bridesmaid for one whole week without so much as telegraphing the excuse of sudden death (there *was* a sudden death) or even writing to his newly won a daily letter?

The fact is, Mr. Blackmore is not quite so much in love with Dariel as John

* Dariel: A Romance of Surrey. By R. D. Blackmore. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

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Ridd was with Lorna Doone; nor is Surrey, despite its beechwoods and some goodly hills, quite the country that was Devonshire or even Yorkshire. The romance, then, is not quite so strong as that of *Lorna* or of *Mary Anerley*, perhaps the best of Blackmore's other stories. On the other hand, the book is full of a mellow humour. Dariel, we are told, "has not learned to make a Sect of sex;" and the statement endears her to us for life. The Lesghian chief, like Costigan as an old Roman, is immense, and the villain (Queen Marva—she is a woman) is all that a villain should be, and is shot at the end of the piece. We are glad he had the courage to do it. There is a lot of Surrey scenery, if little Surrey story.

But over all is the great charm of cleanly fresh air and honest, manly humour, and a feeling that is sane and a poetry that is sound. There does not have to be any religious problem in the story to make the parsons preach against it, for there is no indecency to make the public buy it. It is a good story, resting for its interest on no "problem" and on no provinciality. There is not a Scotchman, nor a minister, nor an hysterical woman in the whole book. And though we have not heard yet that its author is coming to America on a lecture tour (there must still be some provinciality in our letters, else why does not Mr. Howells or Mr. Davis go to lecture in England?) there is hardly another English author whom one would rather see in the flesh. For he is a scholar and a gentleman.

F. J. Stimson.

AN IDEAL CHILD'S BOOK.*

In the "Literary Note" (with which the publishers obligingly accommodate the weary critic nowadays) accompanying *The Adventures of Mabel*, it is stated that "these are simply stories told in such a way as really to interest children of five or six years of age," and, remarkable as it may seem, the statement is actually true. For why? Well, as a paterfamilias, we tried it on a five-year-old and a seven-year-old, and in each case the stories and pictures worked like a charm. It was noticeable, too, that each child had her own favourite story; the five-year-old preferring "The Giant's Castle," and the seven-year-old "The Animal Party." The reason for this is partly explained, we suppose, by the appeal of the Giant's talk, "writ large," to the quick perceptions and budding imagination of the younger, and in the case of the older the preference may have arisen from the quickened sympathy and love of pets aroused by the wonderful "animal party." To give an example of the former, this is how Mabel is greeted by the Giant:

"WHAT HAVE YOU THERE?" he bellowed; and Mabel nearly fainted when she heard his tremendous voice.

"A playmate for the Lady Elsie," answered Mabel's man.

"OH!" roared the Giant; and he smiled a smile six feet long. He was evidently very much pleased.

"GOOD!" he continued. "SHOW HER UP TO THE NURSERY." And he banged the window down again and went away.

Of course any ordinary, keen-eyed child, even if unable to read, has sufficient imaginative perception to recognise the Giant's big voice printed in capitals, and to have its fancy tickled by it as it follows the reader of the story. But the animal party!

First of all came Rex, trotting down from the stable. . . . Scarcely had he taken his place when Towser trotted in, with his tail in the air. . . . Next came the Goat, and soon after the Gray Rat. . . . Presently the Mooly Cow walked in swishing off flies with her tail. . . . Next the Kitty-Cat pattered in. . . . Not long after, they heard a sharp trot, and the Little Pig ambled in. He was as clean as could be, and his tail was curled up tight over his back in his best party style. He went up to the Goat and began to talk to him about the weather. . . . Presently a sort of hippety-hop was heard, and the Green Frog appeared, his back shining in the sun. Mabel shook his damp claw and talked with him a moment, and then gave him a place next to the Grey Rat. . . . It was nearly three o'clock.

"Animals," said Mabel, "I think I ought to tell you that there is one other animal coming who will be here in a minute. . . . He is an old friend of mine, and you may be sure that he will be very, very good, so you needn't worry about him."

The animals all pricked up their ears and looked interested. "Yes," added Mabel, "he will be here in a minute, and I will tell you who he is. He is a—Wolf." . . .

The animals gave a big jump and looked greatly frightened . . . .

"Here he is," cried Mabel . . . and just at that moment the great Wolf came moving through the grass in plain sight.

* The Adventures of Mabel. By Rafford Pyke. With illustrations by Mélanie Elisabeth Norton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

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To convey the full effect of this tableau on a child's mind, the picture by Miss Norton which accompanies the text is most clever in its ingenuity, simplicity, and skill. We wish it were possible to have it reproduced here. And to a little girl of seven years of age who numbers among her pets a black cat and a gray one, a turtle and a bull-dog, who is always rescuing half-dead mice from the cruel trap, and whose home is a rendezvous for robins in summer and for stray cats and dogs innumerable in all seasons, the narrative of that animal party is as delightful a classic as was ever Greek ode or Latin oration to erudite scholar.

We must confess that with all the array and splendour of the new picture-books which are spread out in these *fin de siècle* days at this festive season for the delectation of children, we often look back with longing to the time—oh, so long ago!—when we rioted in the glory that was Bluebeard and the grandeur that was Cinderella! How our pennies were surreptitiously exchanged with a stolen delight for the cheap prints, "a penny plain and twopence coloured," setting forth the adventures of *Jack the Giant Killer, Little Red Riding Hood, Jack and the Beanstalk*, and all that glorious company! It seems as if we had only to shut our eyes to be in that storied country again where dwells the light that never was on land or sea. Too often it seems as if childhood was being robbed by our kindergartens, history picture-books, geography verses, and animal and vegetable catechisms, of its wondrous world of innocent delights and pleasures. After all, the closer we get to nature the better is it for a healthy-minded child, and the ideal child's book, both in story and in pictures, will be more like *The Adventures of Mabel* (it is for this reason we have given it prominence as an object lesson), keeping to the old themes or to themes that are not different in general spirit, while becoming more artistic in their execution. Here in these dozen stories we have our old friends, the horse, the wolf, the dog, the cat, the pig, the rat, the lizard, the brownies, the Giant, and moving among them with a charmed life "a little girl named Mabel, who lived in a cottage with her Grandma, and her brother Walter, and Jane the cook," and near them, of course, a large wood—the same old fables that have stirred the childish imagination of the individual and of the race since the world began. But into *The Adventures of Mabel* the author has infused a fresh spirit and insight, an originality of form and a subtle suggestive humour that cajoles the child into playing his little game of make-believe. For, as has been said, it is, in fact, the sub-consciousness of the fiction as fiction, the duality of thought, the underlying knowledge that the play is really nothing but a play, that so tickles a child's fancy and gives to the whole thing its greatest zest. For example, young seven-year-old rather staggered paterfamilias by proposing, after these stories were all read to her, that he should write a book like unto it and put her in "like the author did Mabel!"

As for the illustrations, they are delicious. How they excited desire and prompted a "tell me all about it" from the aforementioned five and seven-year-olds! Here, as in the text, we have an approach to an ideal child's picture-book, one whose illustrations will suggest the story that lies behind them, and at the same time will deserve respect for the adequacy of their execution. We congratulate the writer of these stories in finding so felicitous an artist to illustrate them. It may seem extravagant to say that what the Jungle Books have been to older children, *The Adventures of Mabel* should be to the little ones from five to eight years of age; but we are not afraid to have the stories stand the test. We could wish no better book to be found in the stockings of the youngsters on Christmas morning, and we submit the proposition to Santa Claus with profound respect.

Nicholas Brown.

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS.*

We have met Mr. Kipling the educationist before now, but have never quailed under his eye for so long at a time. His latest story is addressed first to the young millionaire youth of America; but European youth with limited pocket-money cannot chuckle very loud,

* Captains Courageous. A Story of the Grand Banks. By Rudyard Kipling. With illustrations by J. W. Taber. New York: The Century Co. $1.50.

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for some of them must certainly be included in the "unfortunate young people" who never in all their lives "received a direct order—never, at least, without long, and sometimes tearful, explanations of the advantages of obedience and the reasons for the request," and who are here warned by the tale of Harvey Cheyne, a soft-reared lad, taught the way he should go by hard living, hard work, and a rope's end. It is a new *Sandford and Merton*. Harvey—the millionaire's heir, saved from drowning by a fishing schooner—we like, as we always liked Tommy. Dan is a still smugger Harry: the amount of moral advice and virtuous example which that young man gives out is appalling. Granted that the discipline of the rope's end and hard living made a man of the spoiled child of fortune, yet the fisherman's son had evidently been frightened by an earlier course of the same into an excellence of conduct and a self-righteousness as ruinous as it was disagreeable. Disko Troop is the Mr. Barlow of an unphilosophical end of the century—an admirable preceptor, but one who finds his fists a shorter way than arguments to the reason of youth. The story is a pæan to what seems to be the strongest conviction that Mr. Kipling holds—the value of strict unreasoning discipline. It is a conviction many share, but one which, harped on outside the services, is dangerous—to discipline.

It is also a eulogy of the fishermen of the Great Banks, of the astuteness, the patience, the tenacity, the cool daring of their "Captains Courageous." We have no doubt that the book, tested by these, would prove a marvel of information and accuracy. The daily adventures in calm and gale, the slow apprenticeship to the work, the conversations of the men, the code of Bank laws, the technical phrases, are explained and described with a patience which, alas! is not contagious. If we had ever been on one of the schooners for a day, no doubt it would delight us to have the life reproduced photographically. But to outsiders it is more instructive than enticing. It all sounds very accurate; much of it is certainly very dull. The "actuality" of Mr. Kipling's former stories was not explained by mere technical correctness; imagination made his facts live, and imagination is left out here. Indeed, though the book must be the result of much difficult learning and hard experience, it has evidently no pretensions to be anything but a slight affair judged by literary standards. If it incites some lads to throw off the yoke of over-indulgent parents, and hunger after the toils that will make them men, it has hit its only mark.

BIBELOT ISSUES.*

Mr. Thomas B. Mosher, the well-known publisher of Portland, Me., is nothing if not consistent. As his manner of getting up his little volumes is unique among present-day publications, so is he unique in his manner of issuing them. Instead of giving us his choice volumes one at a time, as all other publishers do, Mr. Mosher denies us the pleasure of hearing from him during eleven months in the year, save by his little magazine, *The Bibelot*, only, however, to send us about the middle of October what is a whole year's output. If Mr. Mosher published the ordinary kind of book this method would be embarrassing to the reviewer who receives a set of Mr. Mosher's books for notice. But in this case the method suits the books.

To read the list of Mr. Mosher's books for this year must bring many recollections to a book-lover. The title of *Long Ago*, by Michael Field, in the Bibelot Series, recalls to the present writer many fruitless attempts to obtain the original edition of this rare book, as the little *Cupid and Psyche* brings back to memory the first time one read *Marius the Epicurean*. Then, again, there are Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, Mr. Andrew Lang's exquisite poem *Helen of Troy*, which will come to Ameri-

* The Sonnets of Michael Angelo. Translated by John Addington Symonds.

Helen of Troy. By Andrew Lang.

Atalanta in Calydon.

Sonnets from the Portuguese. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The Old World Series. Vols. VII., VIII., IX. and X., $1.00 net each.

Long Ago. By Michael Field.

An Italian Garden. By A. Mary F. Robinson. Bibelot Series. Vols. IX. and X., $1.00 net each.

Essays from the Guardian. By Walter Pater. $2.50 net.

The Story of Cupid and Psyche Done out of the Latin of Apuleius. By Walter Pater.

The Story Without an End. From the German of F. W. Carova. By Sarah Austin.

The Centaur and the Bacchante. Two Prose Poems from the French of Maurice De Guerin. Brocade Series. Vols. IV., V. and VI., 75 cents net.

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can readers almost as a new book, and a new book by Walter Pater! This last is the most interesting of all Mr. Mosher's new books. It is called *Essays from the Guardian*, and is the first volume of a series of Reprints of Privately Printed Books. In all respects the book is a fac-simile of the privately printed edition, limited to one hundred copies, which was issued in London in 1896. In addition the book contains the best portrait of Mr. Pater we have ever seen.

We have said that *Essays from the Guardian* is an interesting book, and we think no one will deny this, but at the same time we hope that it will not fall into the hands of any one who is not an ardent admirer of Pater. We should have been glad had Mr. Mosher printed on the cover of the book a warning to all would-be purchasers that only "Paterites" were allowed to buy. Then we could have given the book an unqualified welcome; for, as Mr. Edmund Gosse says in his introduction, "they are crumbs from the table of his delicate and never copious feast, and it is to the inner circle of his friends that they are here offered."

This was written to an audience which numbered but one hundred. Mr. Mosher has increased this audience by a possible four hundred and fifty, and we, for our part, are grateful to him. Nearly all of the nine essays contained in the volume have the work of a contemporary writer for their subject. Two of them treat of Mrs. Humphry Ward, one as translator, the other as the author of *Robert Elsmere*; while another is a review of Mr. Gosse's Poems. In his introduction Mr. Mosher gives a list of eleven unpublished essays by Mr. Pater. Their titles suggest that if collected they would make an even more interesting volume than the present one.

To say that a book is worthy of Mr. Mosher's imprint is sufficient recommendation to a book-lover, and none of the books before us fall below the high standard Mr. Mosher long ago set himself.

M. K.

SUB NOCTEM.

There used to be a simple song,
  A relic of the days gone by,
That in the years when we were young
  We sang together, you and I.
It told of garden and of grove,
  Of blossoms bending on the bough,
And light, and life, and woman's love—
  Alas, we never sing it now!

For then, responsive to the strain,
  Our hearts took up its minstrelsy,
And echoed back the blithe refrain
  In all its mirthful melody.
We sang it in a careless mood
  Beneath a sunny southern sky,
While life still seemed supremely good—
  No more we sing it, you and I.

The youth that fanged its lines with fire,
  That youth has found in Time a tomb;
While slow the lagging years expire
  Like embers glowing in the gloom:
And now that life is nearly spent,
  And we are sitting here alone,
Its music seems a dumb lament,
  And tears are trembling in its tone.

H. T. P.

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SOME HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS.

The reissue in gala dress or holiday attire of the works of standard authors and of books that have gained the general suffrage of public favour is always a prominent feature in the output of publications at this season. These are quite numerous this year, and are for the most part deserving of special mention. In spite of the cut rates of the department stores and the increased enterprise in cheap and meretricious bookmaking, the workmanship bestowed on the holiday publications now before us shows no slackening of interest and care in producing the best results, often at a great and lavish expenditure, which makes one wonder sometimes with a utilitarian twist how it all pays. Foremost among these special editions ranks the new Parkman, eight volumes of which are issued, the remainder to follow at the rate of two volumes a month. That this complete edition of the works of Francis Parkman will supersede all former editions is evident when we remember that the historian revised and enlarged many of his histories up to the day of his death. The indexes have been remade, and the whole work as it will stand when completed will include each of the author's books in its final state, and thus become the definitive edition of all his writings. Portraits and pictures illustrative of the subjects of each work have been carefully reproduced in photogravure from authentic portraits, original paintings, and contemporary prints, several of which have not before been published. The bookmaking is excellent in every way, and does credit to Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, who are seeking to make in this edition an enduring memorial to the fame of America's greatest historian. Mr. John Fiske, the eminent living historian, has written an "Introductory Essay" of eighty-six pages, in which he discourses with characteristic charm and fulness of knowledge on Parkman and his work, and concludes with this noble panegyric :

"The book which depicts at once the social life of the Stone Age, and the victory of the English political ideal over the ideal which France inherited from imperial Rome, is a book for all mankind and for all time. The more adequately men's historic perspective gets adjusted, the greater will it seem. Strong in its individuality, and like to nothing else, it clearly belongs, I think, among the world's few masterpieces of the highest rank, along with the works of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Gibbon."

The work when completed will be in twenty volumes, and is issued by subscription ; there are two editions, a superb *édition de luxe*, limited to 308 numbered sets, at $10.00 per volume, and the Champlain Edition, to consist of 1225 numbered sets, at $3.50 per volume. We understand that this undertaking of the publishers has already met with a large and encouraging response.

The same firm has published a holiday illustrated edition of the book of the hour, *Quo Vadis*, reference to which has been already made in "Chronicle and Comment," where we have also reproduced the new portrait of the author, which accompanies the book. This edition will, in view of the great popularity of the work, prove an acceptable gift-book during the holidays. It is in two volumes, bound in purple cloth and richly adorned with new letter-press, with twenty-seven fine photogravure illustrations and several maps of ancient Rome and Italy, and reproductions from ancient sculptures. (Price, $6.00.) This house has also issued an illustrated edition of Mrs. Goodwin's pleasing romances of colonial Virginia—namely, *The Head of a Hundred* and *White Aprons*. The two volumes come neatly together in a box. (Price, $3.00.) To them also we owe a welcome popular edition of that mirth-provoking chronicle of an Oxford Freshman's adventures, to wit, *Verdant Green*, by Cuthbert Bede, with etched frontispiece and nearly two hundred drawings by the author. (Price, $1.50.)

Most attractive among the new editions brought out this autumn is the Riverside Edition of the complete works of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, from the press of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Reference has also been made at some length to this edition in "Chronicle and Comment," and a portrait of Mr. Aldrich given. In its general features the edition resembles the Riverside Edition of John Burroughs's works published last autumn, and so highly praised as one of the most satis-

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factory examples of the art of bookmaking in America. (In eight volumes. Price, $12.00.) From the same house we have a holiday edition of Mr. John Fiske's volume on *The Critical Period in American History 1783–1789*, illustrated in the same manner as his *American Revolution* published last year. There are 170 portraits, maps, fac-similes, and other reproductions intended to bring out the historical significance of the period. Those who have seen the holiday edition of *The American Revolution* need not to be told that these volumes are admirably finished in every respect, and make a noble ornament as well as a valuable literary addition to the library. (Price, $4.00.) Encouraged by the reception of the exquisite edition of Thoreau's *Cape Cod* issued last autumn, this firm has brought out the same author's most famous book, *Walden*, also in two volumes, and beautifully illustrated with thirty full-page pictures. (Price, $5.00.) One of the most exquisite gift-books of the season, however, will undoubtedly be the charming holiday edition of Longfellow's *Evangeline*. Ten of the most picturesque and dramatic scenes of the poem have been chosen for treatment in colour by two pupils of Mr. Howard Pyle—Miss Violet Oakley and Miss Jessie Willcox Smith. The conception and treatment of the work in colour have been highly praised by several well-known artists, and the designs, we understand, have been very faithfully reproduced in colour after careful experimenting in printing. Miss Alice M. Longfellow has written a pleasant introduction. We take pleasure in recommending this book to our readers, not only because of its seasonable attractiveness, but because of its intrinsic beauty and unique interest. (Price, $2.00.) Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's *Being a Boy*, which has gone on peacefully for over twenty years making new friends, has received the illuminating touch of Mr. Clifton Johnson's camera, and makes its entrance into the book mart once more in the green freshness of a verdant cover. Mr. Johnson's "sun-pictures" reflect the real life and heart of New England, and greatly enhance the interest of the volume. (Price, $2.00.) Another work of interest which has been brought down from the shelf and given a fresh start by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company is *Our Poetical Favourites*, a selection from the best minor poems of the English language. The new edition contains two volumes in one, and embellished with portraits and other illustrations. There is an index of first lines as well as a table of contents. Into 540 pages have been packed the poetical favourites in our tongue that from one generation to another have clung to the memory and become dear to affectionate remembrance. The book is substantially bound, and is printed in clear type on good paper. (Price, $2.00.)

A work upon which the publishers have lavished great thought and pains in making one of the most beautiful holiday productions of the season is Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, with illustrations by Mr. Harry Fenn. The poem touches so many points in foreign lands, and is so suggestive of Nature in her varying moods and seasons, that there is no lack of variety in the artistic treatment of the themes handled by the artist. The work of engraving these pictures, which are scattered over the pages in profusion, has been done with delicacy and precision. The clearness of outline, the softness of expression, the atmospheric effect of the pictures, have been rendered with execution and finish that match the unerring touch of the artist. To the engravers, the New York Engraving and Printing Company, as well as to Mr. Fenn, we are indebted for a work in which the quiet beauty of the world is reflected. Dr. Henry van Dyke, whose well-known volume on *The Poetry of Tennyson* has just been issued by the Scribners in the Cameo Edition, has written an introduction to the poem, and speaking of the peculiar character of this edition, he says: "There could be no better notes and illustrations to *In Memoriam* than the pictures of hill and meadow and garden, stream and tree and flower, which have been drawn for this volume by the hand of one whose devotion to art is the fruit of his intimacy with Nature, for he has lived with her long and loved her well." It is published by Messrs. Fords, Howard and Hulbert in a sumptuous style. (Price, $3.50.)

Besides his volume on *The Poetry of Tennyson*, the Messrs. Scribner have included Dr. van Dyke's *Little Rivers* in the Cameo Edition. Other volumes just added to this charming series are

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Mr. Barrie's *Auld Licht Idylls* and *A Window in Thrums*. (Price, $1.25 per volume.) Dr. van Dyke's delightful story of *The First Christmas Tree* has also been issued in a special edition, with illustrations by Howard Pyle, and bound in an ornate cover. (Price, $1.50.) The same firm has brought out the best of Mr. Cable's work, *Old Creole Days*, in a most elaborate and beautiful form. There are eight full-page illustrations by Albert Herter, reproduced in photogravure, and the cover design is from a drawing by the same artist. Mr. Cable's finest work deserves the tribute which it has received in this special edition, and it is sure to be a favourite among the holiday books of this year. The price is $6.00, and there is also a special limited edition of 204 numbered copies on Japan paper at $12.00 net. Another book that will figure largely among this firm's holiday productions is Mr. C. D. Gibson's *London*, in a large folio 12 x 18 inches. The price of this edition is $5.00, but there is also an *édition de luxe* limited to 250 first impressions, to be sold at $10.00 net.

A second series of *Life's Comedy*, by various artists, containing nearly 150 drawings from *Life*, ought to meet with the success of the first. It is printed as handsomely and affords us an opportunity of studying and enjoying the work of some of the best-known illustrators in this field. (Price, $1.50.) Our old friend "Pomona," who owes her creation to Mr. Frank R. Stockton, has come out in a new dress in two of the books in which she cuts her capers. *Rudder Grange* and *Pomona's Travels*, illustrated profusely by Mr. A. B. Frost, have been issued in a new and cheaper edition at $1.50 each.

In the early autumn we had the pleasure of recognising the beauty and merit of the late William Hamilton Gibson's *Eye Spy*. Now we have another work before us, which, under the title of *My Studio Neighbours*, has all the valuable characteristics of his other works, and is rendered as picturesque and fascinating by the author's graceful fancy, keen observation, and the charm of his illustrations. (Price, $2.50.)

The Century Company has published an attractive work in Mr. John La Farge's *An Artist's Letters from Japan*. Mr. La Farge's fame as an artist of striking originality and power has given him a high standing in his profession, and in his latest work we see the trained eye, the eager imagination, the sincerity of simplicity in the vivid word painting and in the work of the brush. The book extends to 300 pages, and contains 48 illustrations by the author. It is richly bound and very attractively printed. (Price, $4.00.) A new edition of *The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson*, with a supplementary chapter, brings this popular book of the stage, one of the most notable of its kind, to the front again. The work is profusely illustrated with portraits and other illustrations, and is a mine of anecdote, grave and gay, anent the stage, partaking of its comedy and tragedy. (Price, $4.00.) The Century Company has also published a reproduction of Boutet de Monvel's *Joan of Arc*, a special study in coloured pictures and in story of the "little sister of the saints." The book has had a great success in France, where it was originally produced. It is a most charming art gift-book, especially to the youth who can intelligently appreciate the work. (Price, $3.00.)

In another column we have commented on Mr. R. H. Russell's reproductions of Mr. William Nicholson's work in lithographed colour prints from wood blocks. Mr. Russell has increased his store of good things and seasonable beyond previous occasions, and all his publications are marked by good taste, excellent workmanship, and by attractive and meritorious qualities. His list this year includes a portfolio of six large photogravures and copper etchings of the best-known characters from Dickens, drawn by Mr. C. D. Gibson, and entitled *The People of Dickens*. These are printed on heavy deckel-edge plate paper measuring 16 x 20 inches. (Price, $5.00.) Also an *édition de luxe* of 150 copies on Japan paper, each print signed by Mr. Gibson, at $10.00. *Drawings by Frederic Remington*, illustrating the whole field of wild life in America, in which Mr. Remington is an accredited master, is sumptuously produced in large folio 12 x 18 inches with a picturesque cover. (Price, $5.00. *Édition de luxe*, limited to 250 copies, $10.00.) Mr. E. W. Kemble is represented this year in *The Blackberries*, composed of 32 humorous drawings in colour with descriptive verses. This book, which is full of irresistible fun and frolic at the expense of the

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"blackberries," is sure of success. But Mr. Kemble's *Coon Calendar* has some of the finest character sketching he has ever done. There are seven water-colour drawings of darkeys printed on heavy cardboard, and the portrayal of the figures in each sitting is so delightful and so characteristic that it is deserving of the highest praise. Kemble's *Coon Calendar* will, no doubt, fill this want wherever it exists in preference to all other calendars for 1898. (Price, $1.50.) *The Autobiography of a Monkey* is a laughable farce in drawings and verse —the drawings by Mayer and the verse by Albert Bigelow Paine—which reverses the Darwinian theory and makes the monkey descended from man. (Price, $1.25.) *Phil May's Sketch-Book* contains 50 full-page cartoons representing this clever artist's work in *Punch*. (Price, $3.00.)

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company have published the University Edition of *The Poetical Works of Matthew Arnold*, for which Mr. Dole has written a biographical introduction. This volume claims to be the most complete yet published, and includes a number of his youthful poems, notably the prize poems, "Alaric at Rome" and "Cromwell." The book is beautifully printed and substantially bound. (Price, $1.50.) In their popular Faïence Series, published year by year, and including many of the most beautiful classics of the world's literature, the Messrs. Crowell have published *Colomba*, from the French of Prosper Mérimée, by Rose Sherman; *The Epic of Hades*, by Sir Lewis Morris; *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard*, from the French of Anatole France, by Arabella Ward, and *The Scarlet Letter*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne. This series is very daintily bound and printed with gilt top and ornate cover design. (Price per volume, $1.00.) The Doubleday and McClure Company has published a handsome volume entitled *Bird Neighbours* — an introductory acquaintance with 150 birds commonly found in the gardens, meadows, and woods about our homes, by Neltje Blanchan. Mr. John Burroughs has written a commendatory introduction "to second so worthy an attempt to quicken and enlarge the general interest in our birds." Mr. Burroughs vouches for the reliability of the book, which, he says, "is written in a vivacious strain and by a real bird lover, and should prove a help and a stimulus to any one who seeks by the aid of its pages to become better acquainted with our songsters. There are 50 large coloured plates prepared by the Nature Publishing Company. The bookmaking is a good piece of substantial work not without a certain amount of attractiveness. (Price, $2.00.) The J. B. Lippincott Company has published a new handy edition of *The Confessions of Rousseau*, with illustrations after Maurice Leloir. Printing and paper are very good, and the volumes are tastefully bound for library use. The Lippincott Company has also issued Mr. Charles C. Abbott's delightful books, *Travels in a Tree-top* and *The Freedom of the Fields*, in a dainty illustrated holiday edition. The two volumes come together in a box. (Price, $3.00.)

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have issued Washington Irving's *Astoria* in two handsome volumes, to be known as the Tacoma Edition. Type, paper, binding are excellent, and the whole work is finished in a most superb style. There are numerous illustrations beautifully reproduced, and the pages are embellished with decorative borders. It is in the truest sense an *édition de luxe*. (Price, $6.00.) Messrs. Putnam's Sons have also made a beautiful book of Marion Harland's *Some Colonial Homesteads and Their Stories*. There is a romantic flavour about the work—as the author says in her preface, the task has been a labour of love, and her sympathy wins the reader and relieves the treatment of the subject of anything like prosiness. There is certainly no monotony in these pages. The whole book in its workmanship is most charming and effective. The illustrations are beautifully reproduced. *The Ayrshire Homes and Haunts of Burns*, by Henry C. Shelley, makes a strong bid to the lover of the land of brown heath and shaggy wood. It is illustrated throughout with numerous reproductions of photographs of the haunts and scenes made famous by Burns. The photographs were taken by the author himself, so that they fit into the scheme of the book as a whole, and are not simply stuck in to help out its attractiveness. It is also published by the Messrs. Putnam. (Price, $1.25.) *Short Sayings of Famous Men*, issued by the Putnams, in two attractive volumes,

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collected by Helen Kendrick Johnson, is a happy idea, and will prove useful to many readers and students.

Last Christmas Mr. Charles P. Didier caused a great deal of amusement to ripple over the country with his unique story *'Twixt Cupid and Crœsus*, which displayed the exhibits in an attachment suit in a manner that was novel and artistic. He has followed this success up with *R. S. V. P.*, a novelette told in pen and pencil and issued in the same form. Mr. Didier has a happy talent for combining illustration and text, and his new story is touched with the qualities of refined sentiment, skilful characterisation and delicate fancy, which single it out for especial praise. The Williams and Wilkins Company of Baltimore publish this volume also, which is made in a very attractive style. (Price, $1.50 net.) If the sincerest form of flattery is imitation, then Mr. Didier ought to be gratified by the publication of *Cupid's Game with Hearts*, which is another tale of troubled love told by documents. Like its prototype, the new book is amusingly clever, and discloses a pretty love story. It comes bound in white cloth with blue and gold design, and is published by the Dodge Book and Stationery Company of San Francisco. (Price, $1.50.) Another work of interest of a very different character reaches us from San Francisco, and is issued by Mr. William Doxey, "publisher of the *Lark* and other good things." *The Wild Flowers of California*, their names, haunts, and habits, is an exquisite souvenir of the great Western State, with its wild luxuriance of floral beauty. The descriptive part has been contributed by Mary Elizabeth Parsons, and the illustrations by Margaret Warriner Buck. There are 150 full-page illustrations; the binding is in buckram, with an appropriate cover design. (Price, $2.00 net.) There is also an *édition de luxe* with coloured plates done by hand and printed on hand-made paper, limited to 150 copies and sold at $25.00 net.

A large illustrated volume that has already attracted a good deal of attention, and which is deserving of it, is *Sunlight and Shadow*, a book for photographers, amateur and professional. It is the work of Mr. W. I. Lincoln Adams, and the exquisitely printed pictures of nature which appear in profusion have been taken from original photographs. Mr. Adams is known by a former work, *Amateur Photography*, which was designed for the beginner. The present volume is an advance on that, and follows the progress made, presumably, by his readers. Were it only for the sake of possessing the fine illustrations which are published in the book, it would be well worth having, apart from its technical and scientific interest. It ought to command a large sale during the holidays. Published by the Baker and Taylor Company. (Price, $2.50.)

Three dainty little volumes have been published by the F. A. Stokes Company which will make a very suitable gift to the thoughtful or studious reader. *Pensées of Joubert* has been selected and translated by Henry Attwell; De Quincey's *Lyrics in Prose* is collated by R. Brimley Johnson, and *Pen Portraits*, from Carlyle, by the same scholar. Each volume has a portrait of the great man represented; the covers are very chastely designed, and the form is of the pocket-book size. (Price, 75 cts. per volume.)

Mr. Thomas Whittaker has published a marvellously cheap edition of Shakespeare at $1.50 net, and has issued three more volumes in the Apollo Poets Series, which we have already had occasion to commend. The poets now included in this edition are John Milton, Lord Byron, and William Wordsworth. (Price, $1.75 per volume.) The first volume of the *International Studio* has just been published by Mr. John Lane, and makes a finely illustrated art book. The *International Studio* is far and away the finest magazine of its kind, and the bound volume makes a very beautiful book and a very seasonable one.

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BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Quite a number of books in colour for the "littlest ones" have been produced against the needs of Christmas, 1897. A brief account of those that have reached us so far are herewith given. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, which yearly provides for the clamorous wants of these little people in a generous fashion, has sent out three pretty books with numerous full-page colour-plates after paintings in water-colours by Maud Humphreys, for which Elizabeth S. Tucker has written stories and verses. Messrs. Laird and Lee have issued *Jupiter Jingles, or a Trip to Mystery Land*, by Annetta Stratford Crafts, with illustrations adaptable either to the home information bureau for children or to the kindergarten. (Price, 50 cents.) *Just a Little Boy* is a series of "stories about Willie," by Alice Ashworth, which can be readily appreciated by children of five or six. It is charmingly illustrated by Lee Woodward Zeigler, and published by Messrs. Frederick Warne and Company. (Price, 75 cents.) Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company have no "Golliwogg" book this year, but they have issued in uniform style two books which will give as much pleasure. *The Adventures of the Three Bold Babes*, by S. Rosamond Praeger, and *The Vege-Men's Revenge*, by Florence K. Upton and Bertha Upton, are characterised by the same delicious humour and bright, mischievous fancy which endeared the Golliwoggs to all the children. A compilation of stories, rhymes, and pictures from the brightest pages of *St. Nicholas* has been done into book form by Mary Mapes Dodge, under the title *A New Baby World*, and published by the Century Company. *Baby World*, which has appeared in various editions, has been so popular and so widely appreciated that this fresh compilation is sure of a warm welcome. Pictorially and in all other respects the new volume is excellent, and deserves to be in every home where the "little folk everywhere," to whom it is dedicated, brighten the family life. (Price, $1.50.) Of the same order is Edith King Hall's *Adventures in Toyland*, illustrated in pen and ink and in colour by Alice B. Woodward, and published by the Scribners. Author and artist have combined to make one of the most attractive books of its class; they know that "the Toy World is a very real world indeed," and have entered with genuine pleasure into the make-believe of a child's world. It has a very "catchy" cover. (Price, $2.00.) The same firm has made a beautiful *Stevenson Song Book*, uniform with the *Field-DeKoven Song Book*, published last year. The verses have been taken from Stevenson's *A Child's Garden*, and set to music by various composers. It is very beautifully bound and printed. (Price, $2.00.) The Macmillan Company has also published *Singing Verses for Children*, the words being by Lydia Avery Coonley and the music by several composers. The verses are set in a series of coloured pictures by Alice Kellogg Tyler; and upon turning the rather sombre cover, one is immediately met by bright flashes of colour that greet the eye like sunlight suddenly let into a darkened room. The border designs and pictorial features give an exceedingly sunny and winsome appearance to the pages and ought to tempt the young singers to carol their sweetest. (Price, $2.00.)

Mr. James Barnes is becoming known to us by his voluminous product of tales of adventure and daring with a background of American history. Messrs. D. Appleton and Company publish a new book of his, entitled *Commodore Bainbridge*, which is a sea story narrating the events in the life of the hero from the gun-room to the quarter-deck. It contains some illustrations by George Gibbs and others. (Price, $1.00.) Mr. William O. Stoddard has a story of the American Revolution, entitled *The Red Patriot*, which is illustrated by Mr. B. West Clinedinst, published by the same firm. Mr. Stoddard is an old favourite of the boys and needs no further recommendation. (Price, $1.50.) Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth's new volume for boys this year is a tale of the boyhood of Franklin, and is entitled *True to His Home*. His latest story is based on history and includes the most interesting and picturesque episodes in the home life of Benjamin Franklin. This makes the seventh vol-

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ume in Mr. Butterworth's Creators of Liberty Series, based for the most part on real events. It is also illustrated, and is published by the Appletons. (Price, $1.50.) The American Book Company send us a copy of their *Gems of School Songs*, selected and edited by Carl Betz, a choice collection of songs suitable for children of all ages and for schools of different grades. (Price, 70 cents.) *Kent Fielding's Venture*, by I. T. Thurston, the author of several books for boys, is published by Messrs. A. I. Bradley and Company, of Boston. It contains a frontispiece illustration. (Price, $1.25.) Messrs. T. Y. Crowell publish *The King of the Park*, by Marshall Saunders, the author of *Beautiful Joe*. In a previous story the dog finds a sympathetic friend and historian, and in the one now published Mr. Saunders has in the same spirit taken up "the harmless, necessary cat." The story is a delightful one, breezy and wholesome and not surcharged with pathos, and deserves to reach the little folks for whom it is intended. It is beautifully printed, and contains several half-tone illustrations. (Price, $1.25.) *Among Meadow People*, by Clara Dillingham Pierson, published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Company, is a collection of stories written for the little ones of the kindergarten. It is daintily illustrated with drawings from the pen of Mr. Frederic C. Gordon.

In *Fighting a Fire*, by Charles Thaxter Hill, with thirty illustrations by the author, the boys are told how the fire department of a great city is organised; how the firemen are trained; how fire alarms are transmitted by telegraph, and everything, in fact, connected with "fighting a fire." The book will surely be one of inviting interest to the boys, and the girls too for that matter; and in the chapter devoted to "Peter Spots, Fireman," they will be delighted with the account of a pet dog of one of the engineers that has attended almost all the large fires in recent years with all the zest of a uniformed member of the force. (Price, $1.50.) The Century Company, which publishes *Fighting a Fire*, has also issued a new book by Frances Courtenay Baylor, called *Miss Nina Barrow*, which, according to the dedication, is a

> "Tale to show how growing things
> Learn by mistakes and get their wings."

It contains a frontispiece illustration. A very interesting and instructive book published by the same firm is *Master Skylark: a History of Shakespeare's Times*, by John Bennett. It is profusely illustrated by Reginald B. Birch, and is packed with nearly four hundred pages of reading matter. (Price, $1.50.) Mr. William Henry Shelton, whose book of short stories, entitled *A Man Without a Memory*, gave us a good deal of pleasure two summers ago, also publishes through the Century Company a story of the Civil War, called *The Last Three Soldiers*. The dedication is worth quoting: "With an apology to the little sister that the plot is not more blood-curdling and harrowing, this story of what might have been is affectionately dedicated to his young friends, Gussie and Genie Demarest, by the author." It is copiously illustrated, and, like all books published by the Century Company, is handsomely bound and printed.

Messrs. Henry T. Coates and Company send us the third volume in the Boone and Kenton Series, entitled *In the Days of the Pioneers*, a sequel to *The Phantom of the River*, by Edward S. Ellis, with frontispiece illustration. (Price, $1.25.) The same firm publishes a book for girls by Lucy C. Lillie, entitled *A Girl's Ordeal*. This book also contains a frontispiece illustration which bears the legend, "A tall, quiet, young Englishman was conversing with Helen." A glance at the picture will satisfy the reader that it is *not* by Gibson.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company publish a new book by Amanda M. Douglas in the Sherburne Series, entitled *The Children at Sherburne House*; also a sequel to *A Little Girl in Old New York*, entitled *Hannah Ann*. The new Witch Winnie book is one of the best that has been published in this series; it is entitled *Witch Winnie in Venice*. The historical background which Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney has taken in this book is that of the Italian Renaissance. It is illustrated with a number of pictures evidently taken from photographic scenes. It is regrettable that the book has no index to the illustrations, as by their very nature they are closely associated with the text. Mrs. Champney has also given us a new juvenile after the style of *Paddy O'Leary and His Learned Pig*, which was successful two years ago. The new book is entitled *Pierre and His Poodle*, the scenes

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of the story in this case taking the reader to France. It is delightfully illustrated with pen-and-ink drawings by F. D. Steele. Another juvenile published by this firm attracts at once by its very handsome cover, which is one of the best we have seen among juveniles this season. The inside of the book is no less attractive, with its beautiful, clear type, on fine paper, interspersed with delightful illustrations drawn by Minna Brown. The story itself is a capital one for the "little lads whom I love," to two of whom the book is dedicated. Miss Lyda Farrington Krausé, who has been known for some years as a popular and pleasing writer of stories for boys and girls, under the pseudonym "Barbara Yechton," is the author of this new story, entitled *Derick*. Those boys and girls who have read her stories always ask for more; and we know older people who enjoy Miss Krausé just as well. To those readers who have not made Barbara Yechton's acquaintance in these stories we heartily recommend *Derick* as a beginning. They will find that her books are among the most wholesome, the kindliest, and the most entertaining of stories for young folks. (Price, $1.50.)

Messrs. Harper and Brothers publish a new story for boys and girls, entitled *Alan Ransford*, by Ellen Douglas Deland. The story has its scene laid in a suburb of Philadelphia, and the fun of the book arises from the collision of two contiguous households, one of which includes five boys and the other an only daughter who has several girl friends in the neighbourhood. Perhaps the most engaging personality in the book is the bachelor uncle who acts as guardian to the boys. There is a description of a false alarm of fire and of a football match between Harvard and Pennsylvania, and also of Class Day at Harvard, which brings the story to a happy conclusion. It is illustrated by Harry C. Edwards. (Price, $1.50.) *The Story of the Rhine-Gold*, by Anna Alice Chapin, is an account of Wagner's *Nibelungenlied* for young people; but older people will doubtless find the book just as interesting. (Price, $1.25.) Kirk Munroe contributes a new volume this year to the Messrs. Harper's juvenile library. *The Painted Desert* is a story of adventure for boys, the scene of which is laid in Arizona. It is profusely illustrated, and has a very picturesque cover. (Price, $1.25.)

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company have made a beautiful book of Frank Dempster Sherman's *Little Folk-Lyrics*. The illustrations, by Maude and Genevieve Cowles, are exquisitely conceived in the spirit of a child's humour, and are beautifully reproduced in the text. Mr. Sherman's book will appeal to older readers as well; indeed, it is likely that it will be a greater favourite of the older children than of the younger. (Price, $1.50.)

The Lothrop Publishing Company have as usual a goodly array of attractive books for boys and girls. Mr. Kirk Munroe publishes with them a story of boys, boats and bicycles, fire brigades and fun, called *The Ready Rangers*, with a half dozen illustrations. (Price, $1.25.) Then we have a collection of child verses by Miss Mary E. Wilkins, entitled *Once Upon a Time*. The drawings scattered over the pages by Miss Etheldred B. Barry are full of humour and vivacity. Miss Wilkins has been very happy in her illustrator. The preface to which Miss Wilkins affixes her autograph runs:

> "Trusting to the sweet charity of the little folk
> To find some grace, in spite of halting rhyme
> And frequent telling in these little tales,
> I say again, '*Now, once upon a time!*'"

Margaret Sidney has given us in *Phronsie Pepper* the story of the last of the "five little Peppers." Like many popular juvenile series, the Pepper Library grew out of the pressure from without made by the author's many importunate readers to know "some more about Mamsie and Polly, Ben, Joel, David, and Phronsie." The book is generously illustrated, and is bound in a very attractive cover. (Price, $1.50.) *His First Charge*, by Mrs. Foster, who, under the pen-name of "Faye Huntington," has written a number of serious stories of the "Pansy" type, is an earnest attempt to solve the question of responsibility regarding the drink question. The book, it will be seen, is one that is intended for Sunday-school purposes. (Illustrated, price, $1.25.) Pansy's new volume this year is entitled *Overruled*, and contains several illustrations. (Price, $1.25.) The story which Miss Sophie Swett has written this year for boys and girls is entitled *Tom Pickering*

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of 'Scutney, and is illustrated by H. D. Young. (Price, $1.25.) *The Great Island, or a Castaway in Papua*, by Willis Boyd Allen, who has written a number of books for boys, is a story of the adventure order, and has several illustrations. (Price, 75 cents.) Isabel Hornibrook has written a story of the Maine woods, called *Camp and Trail*, which takes two English boys and an American collegian into the woods of Maine to hunt deer and moose. The book is intended for young people between the ages of twelve and eighteen. It is illustrated by George Foster Barnes. (Price, $1.50.) The above books are all issued by the Lothrop Publishing Company.

To the famous War of 1812 Series, published by Messrs. Lee and Shepard, Mr. Everett T. Tomlinson has added a new book, entitled *Guarding the Border, or the Boys of the Great Lakes*. This is the fifth volume in the series, and gives an interesting historical account of many incidents of the War of 1812, which is woven around a story intended to excite the interest and instruct the mind of the young American. (Price, $1.50.) The posthumous book by Oliver Optic in the Blue and Gray Series is also the fifth in its series, and is entitled *At the Front*. It is a continuation of the narrative contained in the preceding books, and the personal adventures of the characters introduced in those volumes are continued in the present volume. The battle of Stone River is described by the author in a remarkably effective and interesting manner, and the whole story is one of the most stirring of the series. (Price, $1.50.) Another book written by the late Oliver Optic, and published through the same firm, is called *Pacific Shores, or Adventures in Eastern Seas*, which makes the twelfth volume, and now the last, in All-Over-the-World Library. These three books contain full-page illustrations. (Price, $1.25.) Messrs. Lee and Shepard also publish a story for the younger boys and girls, called *Queer Janet*, by Grace Le Baron, who is known in private life as Mrs. Upham, and abroad by her success in *The Hazelwood Stories* published by the same firm. (Price, 75 cents.) *On Plymouth Rock*, by Colonel Samuel Adams Drake, has also been issued by this firm, that the young people may become acquainted with the story of our Pilgrim Fathers. This he has done through the medium of a simple and touching story which will impress itself upon young minds by keeping in close touch with the spirit of Bradford and Winslow's narratives. (Price, 60 cents.)

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company publish a charming book of stories for little girls called *Ten Little Comedies*, "Tales of the troubles of ten little girls whose tears were turned into smiles." The stories are written by Gertrude Smith, and there are ten full-page illustrations by E. B. Barry. (Price, $1.25.) In uniform binding the same firm publishes *Miss Belladonna*, "a child of to-day," by Caroline Ticknor, very cleverly illustrated by L. J. Bridgman. This book has made quite a stir in Boston, and many of the papers there and in other cities have devoted columns of generous praise to the exceedingly clever story which Miss Ticknor has written. It is a book that will probably win older readers, and be more highly appreciated by them than by the younger generation. The following books have been published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, all of them attractively bound, well printed and embellished with full-page illustrations, namely: *Hunted Through Fiji, or 'Twixt Convict and Cannibal*, by Reginald Horsley; *From Fag to Monitor, or Fighting to the Front*, by Andrew Home; *The Rover's Quest*, a story of foam, fire and fun, by Hugh St. Leger; *The Lost Gold of the Montezumas, or the Story of the Alamo*, by the popular juvenile author, William O. Stoddard; and *Meg Langholme*, by Mrs. Molesworth. All these books, with the exception of Mr. Stoddard's, which is $1.50, are priced at $1.25.

Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company have several juveniles on their list which include a new story entitled *A Little House in Pimlico*, by Marguerite Bouvet, with illustrations by Helen Maitland Armstrong; *The Big Horn Treasure*, a tale of Rocky Mountain adventure, by John F. Cargill, with illustrations (price, $1.25); *Fairy Starlight and the Dolls*, by Elizabeth S. Blakeley, illustrated with pen-and-ink drawings by Lucy F. Perkins. (Price, $1.00.) Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company publish a new story of child life called *The Professor's Children*, by Edith Henrietta Fowler, the author of a book entitled *The Young Pretenders*, which was very much favoured last Christmas. The

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illustrations—there are twenty-four of them—by Ethel Kate Burgess, greatly enhance the interest of the book. They are so full of childish humour and fancy that we should be tempted to purchase the book for the sake of the drawings alone. Mrs. Molesworth publishes through the Macmillan Company one of her delightful volumes of stories for children called *Miss Mouse and her Boys*. It is illustrated in a very spirited manner by Leslie Brooke. The Peter Paul Book Company of Buffalo, N. Y., publishes a little book entitled *Mannie Brown and Edward Kennedy*, by Mildred Rutherford. Mannie is a school-girl and Edward a college boy whose experiences in school life are woven into a simple story, simply told.

From the Pilgrim Press of Chicago we have received a half dozen volumes, containing stories for boys and girls, which are prettily bound and printed and contain several illustrations. The titles are: *A Son's Victory*, a story of the land of the honey-bee, by Fannie E. Newberry; *Links of Gold*, by Harriet A. Cheever; *A Young Capitalist*, by Linnie S. Harris; *The Benhurst Club*, a story of the doings of some girls, by Howe Benning; *A Genuine Lady*, by I. T. Thurston; and *Redmond of the Seventh, or the Boys of Ninety*, by Mrs. Frank Lee. The last-named story appeared originally as a short serial in the *Youth's Companion*, and has now been enlarged and expanded in book form. (Price, $1.25 per volume.) The Messrs. Putnam are the importers of a beautiful book of verse for children of all ages, published in England by Messrs. Blackie and Company, and entitled *Red Apples and Silver Bells*. The illustrations are drawn, after the manner of the new decorative school of art, by Alice B. Woodward. The verses are written by Hamish Hendry. The book is very beautifully bound, with gilt edges, and has a frontispiece and title-page in two colours. Messrs. Rand, McNally and Company publish a new story by the popular writer for boys, Mr. George Manville Fenn; the title is *Cursed by a Fortune*, and the book has been given a very picturesque cover. Another juvenile published by the same firm, very daintily bound, is *The Evolution of Dodd's Sister*, a tragedy of every-day life, by Charlotte Whitney Eastman.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers are well represented in the juvenile literature of the season. There is a sequel to a favourite of last year, *Nan at Camp Chicopee*, by Myra Sawyer Hamlin. The new book is entitled *Nan in the City, or Nan's Winter with the Girls*, and is prettily illustrated by L. J. Bridgman. (Price, $1.25.) Then there is a new book by Evelyn Raymond, called *The Little Red School-House*, written for "all the lads and lassies, the mistresses and masters of our blessed country schools." The illustrations, which are very well done, are by Victor A. Searles. (Price, $1.25.) In the Young Puritan Series we have a new volume by Mary P. Wells Smith, called *The Young Puritans of Old Hadley*. The story is an attempt, based on historical facts, to make more vivid to the children of to-day the hardships endured by the builders of the nation. The illustrations in this book are also by L. J. Bridgman. A story of sweet simplicity for the little ones is *Wanolasset*, by A. G. Plympton, with illustrations by the author. (Price, $1.25.) *Rich Enough*, by Leigh Webster, illustrated by Elizabeth S. Pitman, is a pleasant girl's story. A book of exciting interest for boys, with numerous illustrations, is a tale of the Big Horn, by William Shattuck, entitled *The Secret of a Black Butte, or the Mysterious Mine*. (Price, $1.50.) Mr. John Trowbridge, Professor of Physics at Harvard University, contributes an electrical story for boys, called *The Resolute Mr. Pansy*. (Price, $1.25.) *The Story of Mollie* has been written for little children by Mary M. Bower. (Price, $1.00.) *In Indian Tents*, "stories told by Penobscot, Passamaquoddy, and Micmac Indians to Abby L. Alger," is an interesting collection of legends and tales which the author has gathered from time to time when in the neighbourhood of Indians. The woman whose likeness appears on the cover of the book was a famous story-teller; the cover, by the way, is very prettily designed. *Torpeanuts, the Tom-Boy*, is an illustrated story about animal life on a New England farm-house by a favourite writer, Lillie F. Wesselhoeft. (Price, $1.25.)

From the Messrs. Scribner we have three boys' books handsomely bound and illustrated—one, by Robert Leighton, entitled *The Golden Galleon*, being a narrative of the adventures of Master Gilbert Oglander, and of how, in the

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year 1591, he fought under the gallant Sir Richard Grenville in the great sea fight off Flores, on board Her Majesty's ship *The Revenge* (price, $1.50) ; the second is a tale of Texas by Kirk Munroe, *With Crockett and Bowie* (price, $1.25) ; the other volume being *Lords of the World*, a story of the fall of Carthage and Corinth, by the Rev. Alfred J. Church (price, $1.50).

What would Christmas be for the boy without a new Henty book ? As a matter of fact, Mr. Henty's usual average with the Scribners is three books a year. The trio this time consist of *With Frederick the Great*, a tale of the Seven Years' War ; *A March on London*, a story of Wat Tyler's rising, and *With Moore at Corunna*, a story of the Peninsular War. Each book is fully illustrated, and the quality of the book-making is already familiar from his previous volumes. (Price, $1.50 each.) *Will Shakespeare's Little Lad*, by Imogen Clark, illustrated by Birch, is a happy attempt to familiarise youth with Stratford life in Shakespeare's day, the boy-hero being the son of the great dramatist. (Price, $1.50.) A new and cheaper edition, but most attractive withal, of Mrs. Burnett's famous juveniles has been issued, printed from new plates, but with all the original illustrations and a beautifully designed cover by R. B. Birch. There are five volumes, comprising *Little Lord Fauntleroy ; Two Little Pilgrims' Progress ; Piccino, and Other Child Stories ; Giovanni and the Other ;* and *Sara Crewe, Little Saint Elizabeth, and Other Stories.* (Price, $1.25 each.)

Messrs. Frederick Warne and Company publish a new story by Silas K. Hocking, entitled *In Spite of Fate*, and a book for girls, called *Mona St. Claire*, by Annie E. Armstrong ; also two volumes of fairy tales, *The One-Eyed Griffin and Other Fairy Stories*, by Herbert E. Inman, and *Icelandic Fairy Tales*, translated and edited by Mrs. A. W. Hall. These two books are profusely illustrated by E. A. Mason. The two books previously mentioned are also illustrated. The binding of these volumes is excellent, and print and paper are everything that could be desired. (Price, $1.50 each.)

Messrs. W. A. Wilde and Company of Boston have a number of excellent stories for boys and girls. *Over the Andes* is a tale of travel and adventure by Hezekiah Butterworth, and is illustrated by Henry Sandham. *Sue Orcutt*, by Charlotte M. Vaile, is a sequel to *The Orcutt Girls*, which was very favourably received last year, and continues the story of the fortunes of the central figure in that story. The illustrations are by Frank T. Merrill. Ellen Douglas Deland writes *A Successful Venture*, Mr. William Drysdale contributes a new story, *The Beach Patrol*, a story of the life-saving service, to the Brain and Brawn Series, and Mr. Everett T. Tomlinson narrates the story of the New Jersey campaign under the title *Washington's Young Days*. Both these books are illustrated by the well-known artist Charles Copeland. (Price, $1.50 per volume.)

Mr. Thomas Whittaker has, as usual, a number of good books by well-known authors for boys and girls. *Founded on Paper, or Up Hill and Down Hill Between the Two Jubilees*, is by Charlotte M. Yonge ; *A Girl in Ten Thousand* is from the pen of L. T. Meade. (Price, $1.00.) *'Toinette and Other Stories* is by an old favourite, Barbara Yechton, with some pretty pictures by Minna Brown. (Price, 75 cents.) *Old Tales from Greece*, by Alice Zimmern, and *Rome*, by Mary Ford, published in the Children's Study Series, present to youthful readers the gods and heroes who played so large a part in the ancient world of Greece and Rome. (Price, 75 cents each.)

In the Children's Favourite Classics, daintily bound and illustrated, the Messrs. Crowell have reprinted the famous "Rollo" books, by Jacob Abbott, *Rollo at Work* and *Rollo at Play ;* also *Tales from Hans Andersen*, and Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales for Boys and Girls*. Each book has a pretty coloured frontispiece. (Price, 75 cents.) Mr. James Otis, who gave the children *How Tommy Saved the Barn* a year ago, has now written for them a bright little story which will win their sympathy, called *The Wreck of the Circus*, with frontispiece. (Price, 50 cents.)

Mr. Andrew Lang favours the young people this year with *The Pink Fairy Book*, which has been edited and accompanied with numerous fine pictures that give to this latest collection all the charm that pervaded the previous books. (Price, $2.00.) Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company also publish a book that is full of fun and comicality in *Here They Are !*—more stories by J. F.

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Sullivan. The mirthfulness of both stories and pictures is contagious in the highest degree, and a fund of merriment has been packed within the picturesque covers that would be hard to beat in the same volume among the juveniles of the season. (Price, $1.50.) *Aaron in the Wildwoods*, with Oliver Herford's fascinating illustrations, is the title of a new volume in which Mr. Joel Chandler Harris has added to the delight of his young readers, who look out eagerly, year after year, for his wonderful tales of adventures. "If you imagine," writes Mr. Harris, "that the book called *The Story of Aaron* (*so named*), *the Son of Ben Ali* [published last year], tells all the adventures of the Arab while he was a fugitive in the wildwoods, you are very much mistaken." Whereupon Mr. Harris proceeds to rectify the mistake in a most charming and entertaining manner. (Price, $2.00.)

One of the most fantastic books of the season is *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts*, which is to be followed shortly by another of the same sort. The drawings are not more ridiculous and mirth-provoking than the verses which accompany them. It must be seen to be fully appreciated. (Edward Arnold, price, $1.25.)

THE BOOK MART.

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers, and Booksellers.

EASTERN LETTER.

New York, November 1, 1897.

October has been a very busy month in the trade. The publishers continue to deluge the market with new books, and every bookseller must be at his wits' end to find space for their display.

Hugh Wynne, by S. Weir Mitchell, has been the leading book of the month, and has sold remarkably well. *The Story of an Untold Love*, by Paul Leicester Ford; *Paste Jewels*, by John Kendrick Bangs, and *Captains Courageous*, by Rudyard Kipling, are also in much demand. *Corleone*, by F. Marion Crawford; *Dariel: A Romance of Surrey*, by R. D. Blackmore; *Fabius the Roman*, by Dr. E. Fitch Burr, and new books by Amelia E. Barr, Mary J. Holmes, Maurus Jókai and Blanche Willis Howard, are among the month's output.

The Beth Book, by Sarah Grand; *His Grace of Osmonde*, by Frances Hodgson Burnett, and *The First Christmas Tree*, by Henry Van Dyke, are announced for early publication.

A considerable number of the illustrated books for the holiday season are now ready, notably *Drawings*, by Frederic Remington; *The People of Dickens*, by Charles Dana Gibson, and *Bird Neighbours*, with an introduction by John Burroughs, while *Sunlight and Shadow*, a work for amateur photographers, edited by W. I. Lincoln Adams, and profusely illustrated, is particularly attractive.

Aaron in the Wilderness, by Joel Chandler Harris; *The Pink Fairy Book*, by Andrew Lang, *Stories and Sketches for the Young*, by Harriet Beecher Stowe, are new juveniles, and *The Blackberries*, illustrated by E. W. Kemble, will be found amusing to both young and old.

In miscellaneous literature *Alfred, Lord Tennyson*, a memoir by his son, has been especially well received, and, for so expensive a book, is having an unusual sale. *Happiness*, by Horace Fletcher, and *Spain in the Nineteenth Century*, by Elizabeth Wormley Latimer, are likely to be in good demand as they become known.

Ian Maclaren's *Year Book* and *The Potter's Wheel; The Theology of an Evolutionist*, by Lyman Abbott, and *A Good Start*, by F. B. Meyer, are additions on religious subjects.

That out-door books are not reserved for the spring trade alone is illustrated by the publication of *Game Birds of North America*, by D. G. Elliot; *Whip and Spur*, by George E. Waring, Jr., and *Song Birds and Water Fowl*, by H. E. Parkhurst.

Quite a number of poetical works are among the recent publications. *Colonial Verses*, by Ruth Lawrence, and *Poems Now First Collected*, by Edmund Clarence Stedman, may be mentioned; but there is no large demand for the new things, the old-time favourites still maintaining their popularity.

Small-sized books seem likely to be very much in favour this season. This applies not only to the various editions of popular sixteenmos, but to the Temple edition of Shakespeare and the newly announced Temple edition of the Waverley Novels; also such dainty books as the Little Masterpieces, Tales from *McClure's*, and the Thumb Nail Series.

Trade in general for the past month has been very good. The sales have been largely from the popular books of the day, although out-of-town trade buyers in the city have purchased liberally of the new holiday stock. The reports from the country trade and of the travelling salesmen all indicate expectations of an unusually busy season.

A list of the popular books of the month in their order of sale follows, and will be found to contain many of the titles of previous months' reports:

Quo Vadis. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. $2.00.

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Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols. $2.00.
The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.
Captains Courageous. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.
The Christian. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
Story of an Untold Love. By Paul Leicester Ford. $1.25.
Soldiers of Fortune. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.50.
Paste Jewels. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.00.
Equality. By Edward Bellamy. $1 50.
The Honourable Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. $1.50.
Alfred, Lord Tennyson. By his son. 2 vols. $10.00 net.
Corleone. By F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols. $2.00.
The King's Highway. By Amelia E. Barr. $1.25.
Jerome. By Mary E. Wilkins. $1.50.
The Sowers. By Henry Seton Merriman. $1.25.
Trix and Trixy. By John Habberton. 50 cents.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, November 1, 1897.

October business was brisk from the beginning of the month to its end, and an excellent demand for current books and holiday stock was remarkable for its steadiness and uniformity. One of the most satisfactory features to be seen in trade this fall is the way in which practically everything is selling. In fact, there is hardly anything that is not going well. This gratifying state of things must be attributed in part to the excellence of the publishers' lines this year.

The Christian still leads the van as a seller, but is followed very closely by *The Choir Invisible*. The latter work is having a remarkable sale in the West.

Sales of technical books and works treating of the practical sciences are exceptionally good this autumn. The demand for this class of books furnishes a reliable criterion to judge current business in general by. When times are bad or business is fluctuating the demand is poor and irregular, but just as soon as the country is on the road to prosperity the demand increases in the same ratio.

There is no diminution in the sale of sixteenmos this year, and the little books are as popular as ever. Good copyright lines, such as the Phœnix Series, are meeting with the most success, chiefly on account of their being non-competitive.

Hugh Wynne met with an exceedingly good reception last month, and its success as a seller during the holidays has been assured. *St. Ives* also went well, and so did *Captains Courageous*.

The various lines of small quarto editions of famous hymns, poems, songs, etc., show as usual a falling off in their sales. These have been declining for several years, and it is evident that they will soon lose their place on publishers' lists, and the trade will know them no more.

The Federal Judge, by Charles K. Lush, promises to have a fair run, calls for it being very frequent last month.

New books are now coming in so fast that it is very hard, indeed, to get even fairly well acquainted with them. Some three hundred or so reached the trade last month, without counting paper-covered novels and re-issues, and the indications point to a still larger number this month.

In addition to those already mentioned, the following were among the most successful publications of last month: *Dariel*, by R. D. Blackmore; *Stories from Italy*, by G. S. Godkin; *The King's Highway*, by Mrs. Barr; *Paste Jewels*, by J. K. Bangs, and *The Story of an Untold Love*, by P. L. Ford.

New juveniles are selling well so far, and appearances point to a successful season for this class of books. A goodly number was received last month, the best of them being *A Little House in Pimlico*, by Margaret Bouvet; *The Pink Fairy Book*, by Andrew Lang; *The Lost Gold of the Montezumas*, by W. O. Stoddard, and *The Children at Sherburne House*, by Amanda M. Douglas.

For so expensive a book the sale of Tennyson's memoir, by his son, was very good last month, and the work ought to have considerable vogue during the holidays. It is to be regretted that the book had to be published at so high a price, which of course materially reduces its chances of having a popular sale.

Publishers' agents are arriving here for their usual ante-holiday visit. Every one speaks of business as having far surpassed his expectations, and making due allowance for the usual optimism of the travelling man, there is no doubt that business in all parts of the country is much ahead of last year.

The Ian Maclaren Year Book should meet with a good sale among the many admirers of the author's works. The demand for *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and the other books is still very good, and they all rank high as sellers.

Fall books are remarkable this year for their all-round excellence, and the number of really notable books to be found in each class. In fiction, history, biography, art, etc., books of the highest rank are to be found, and even the most fastidious bookbuyer should be satisfied this year.

An examination of last month's sales shows that the following books led the demand, the position of the first four being exactly the same as last month:

The Christian. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.
Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. $2.00.
Soldiers of Fortune. By R. H. Davis. $1.50.
Hugh Wynne. 2 vols. By S. Weir Mitchell. $2.00.
Equality. By E. Bellamy. $1.25.
Captains Courageous. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.
Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson J. Hudson. $1.50.
Trix and Trixy. By John Habberton. 50 cents.
The Hon. Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. $1.50.
The Pursuit of the House-Boat. By J. K. Bangs. $1.25.

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St. Ives. By Robert L. Stevenson. $1.50.
The Story of an Untold Love. By P. L. Ford. $1.25.
Jerome. By M. E. Wilkins. $1 50.
On the Red Staircase. By M. I. Taylor. $1.25.
In Kedar's Tents. By H. S. Merriman. $1.25.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, September 20 to October 23, 1897.

The autumn season is certainly a good one, and the same may be said of the prospect of the winter campaign. A good deal, but not all, depends on the weather. What is wanted is foggy or wet evenings, such as drive the reader indoors to a comfortable fireside, at once the delight of the booklover and the friend of the bookseller. Business with the colonies and foreign parts generally is fairly satisfactory, although the wholesale bookseller will not be thoroughly happy until this branch of the trade is wholly in his hands, a contingency which is more remote each year.

At the risk of repetition the fact must be recorded that the 6s. novel still reigns supreme. In all directions are evidences of the favour with which this form of issuing original fiction is regarded by publisher, bookseller, and reader. *The Christian* and *St. Ives* are the favourites of the moment. The great success of *On the Face of the Waters* has brought into existence several works founded upon incidents of the Indian Mutiny. It is astonishing to find how keen the interest still is in stories of that sad time. The advent of Trafalgar Day and its celebration brought a considerable demand for Nelson literature, by the attention thus directed to the subject. The Tennyson memoir by his son has sold remarkably well, especially when one considers the price (36s. net).

Sir Walter Scott's novels seem to be increasing in popularity. Mr. J. C. Nimmo's re-issue of the Border Edition in 3s. 6d. volumes is a marvellous production, and deservedly a favourite this season.

There has been considerable inquiry for the 3s. 6d. issue of Dr. Smiles's works. Twelve of the volumes will appear immediately, and large orders are being booked already.

At the present moment there is no single book which can be classed as the success of the season. But it is early yet for such a fact to be evident.

Among juvenile books, a large quantity of fairy tales have been issued. The earth appears to have been ransacked for them, the scope of their native lands ranging from Iceland to Australia—a pretty wide sweep. Messrs. Blackie and Son's 6s. and 5s. boys' books by such writers as Fenn and Henty are having a great sale. The titles selected for these books are most unique.

Rudyard Kipling is as great a favourite as ever. His *Captains Courageous* has been well received, a large issue being sold out at once. A limited edition of his works in twelve volumes, price £6 6s. net, is to be published. All the copies are sold, and some have been re-sold at from forty to fifty per cent premium.

The issue of new books and new editions is greater than ever, fifty, sixty, and even seventy *per day* being no uncommon event. It is simply impossible for the retail bookseller to keep in stock one half of the publications that he is sure will be wanted. This statement is made on the authority of one of the leading West End booksellers.

The enormous and ever-increasing output of magazine literature still finds a purchasing, and let us hope reading, public. There are no new comers of any importance. The best-selling ones are the *English Illustrated*, *Strand*, *Pearson's*, *Woman at Home* (better than ever), *Quiver*, *Cassell's*, *Windsor*, *Good Words*, *Pall Mall*, and *Chambers's Journal*.

The appended list contains the titles of the popular books of the hour. The subjects will be found to be comprehensive, to say the least of them. Theological literature seems to be neglected. As has often been remarked, the arrangement of the list has no significance.

The Christian. By Hall Caine. 6s.
The Choir Invisible. By J. L. Allen. 6s.
In Kedar's Tents. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.
St. Ives. By R. L. Stevenson. 6s.
The Gods Arrive. By A. E. Holdsworth. 6s.
Soldiers of Fortune. By R. H. Davis. 6s.
What Maisie Knew. By H. James. 6s.
Jerome. By M. E. Wilkins. 6s.
Wayfaring Men. By Edna Lyall. 6s.
Sunset. By B. Whitby. 6s.
Sweethearts and friends. By M. Gray. 6s.
Ordeal of Richard Feverel. By George Meredith. 6s.
The Sign of the Cross. By W. Barrett. 6s.
At the Cross Roads. By F. F. Montrésor. 6s.
Liza of Lambeth. By W. S. Maugham. 3s. 6d.
Sleep. By M. de Manacéine. 3s. 6d.
The Invisible Man. By H. G. Wells. 3s. 6d.
Founded on Paper. By C. M. Yonge. 3s. 6d.
The Pomp of the Lavilettes By G. Parker. 3s. 6d.
The City of Refuge. By W. Besant. 3s. 6d.
The Benin Massacre. By Captain A. Boisragon. 3s. 6d.
Forty-one Years in India. By General Roberts. 36s.
Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden. By Mrs. C. W. Earle. 7s. 6d.
The Jubilee Book of Cricket. By K. S. Ranjitsinhji. 6s.
Strength. By E. Sandow. 2s. 6d. net.
Mrs. Wood's Novels. 2s. edition.
With Moore at Corunna. By Henty. 6s.
Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. 4s. 6d. net.
History of French Literature. By E. Dowden. 6s.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between October 1, 1897, and November 1, 1897.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
2. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)

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3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
5. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. St. Ives. By Stevenson. $1.50. (Scribner.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1 25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
4. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
6. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
3. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
6 Paste Jewels. By Bangs. $1.00. (Harper.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton Mifflin & Co.)
2. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6 Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
5. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
2. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
3. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. St. Ives. By Stevenson. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Alfred, Lord Tennyson. By His Son. $10.00 net. (Macmillan.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
2. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
4. Alfred, Lord Tennyson. By His Son. $10.00 net. (Macmillan.)
5. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
6. Forty-one Years in India. By Roberts. $10.00. (Longmans.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Two Captains. By Russell. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. 2 vols. $2.00. (Century Co.)
6. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Scribner.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
4. Jerome. By Wilkins. $1.50. (Harper.)
5. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. Alfred, Lord Tennyson. By His Son. $10.00 net. (Macmillan.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
2. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)

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3. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
4. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
3. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
5. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Roach & Co. By Fuller. $1.25. (Bowen-Merrill Co.)
2. The Army Mule. By Captain Castle. $1.25. (Bowen-Merrill Co.)
3. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)
4. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. Bolanyo. By Read. $1.25. (Way & Williams.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. The Poets' Poet. By Quayle. $1.25. (Curts & Jennings.)
4. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. St. Ives. By Stevenson. $1.00. (Scribner.)
6. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
6. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Bolanyo. By Read. $1.25. (Way & Williams.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. A Rose of Yesterday. By Crawford. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
2. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. 75 cts. and $1.50. (Morang.)
4. In the Swing of the Sea. By Oxley. $1.00. (Nisbet.)
5. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. St. Ives. By Stevenson. $1.50. (Scribner.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
2. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
3. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. St. Ives. By Stevenson. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Alfred, Lord Tennyson. By His Son. $10.00 net. (Macmillan.)

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Chevalier d'Auriac. By Yeats. $1.50. (Longmans.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Chevalier d'Auriac. By Yeats. $1.25. (Longmans.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
2. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1 50. (Century Co.)
3. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

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4. St. Ives. By Stevenson. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
3. St. Ives. By Stevenson. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. The Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Wolfville. By Lewis. $1.50. (Stokes.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
2. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $2.00. (Century Co.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. St. Ives. By Stevenson. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
4. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. The Federal Judge. By Lush. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. The Honourable Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. St. Ives. By Stevenson. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. The Lark. Books I. and II. $3.00 each. (Doxey.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
5. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. St. Ives. By Stevenson. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
6. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Jerome. By Wilkins. $1.50. (Harper.)
3. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
4. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
6. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. * St. Ives. By Stevenson. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Copp-Clark Co.)
2. Clash of Arms. By Bloundelle-Burton. 50 cts. and $1.00. (D. Appleton & Co.)
3. † By Stroke of Sword. By Balfour. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Methuen & Co.)
4. † Lawrence Clavering. By Mason. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Macmillan.)
5. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. * In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Macmillan and Copp-Clark Co.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. St. Ives. By Stevenson. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
2. In Kedar's Tents By Merriman. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
3. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
4. The Two Captains. By Russell. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
5. The Martian. By Du Maurier. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
6. Chevalier d'Auriac. By Yeats. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (Longmans' Colonial Edition.)

WACO, TEX.

1. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Dariel. By Blackmore. $1.75. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

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5. The Vice of Fools. By Taylor. $1.50. (Stone & Co.)
6. Eat Not Thy Heart. By Gordon. $1.25. (Stone & Co.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. 2 vols. $2.00. (Century Co.)
2. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
3. St. Ives. By Stevenson. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Son of the Old Dominion. By Harrison. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
5. Alfred, Lord Tennyson. By His Son. 2 vols. $10.00 net. (Macmillan.)
6. Romance of Isabel Lady Burton. By Herself. 2 vols. $7.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the above lists, the six books which have sold best in order of demand during the month are—

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz.
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen.
3. The Christian. By Caine.
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell.
5. Captains Courageous. By Kipling.
6. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY, Philadelphia.

The Baptist Principle, by William Cleaver Wilkinson, D.D.
A People's Commentary, Harmony of the Acts of the Apostles, by George W. Clark, D.D.
Heroic Stature, Five Addresses, by Nathan Sheppard.

AMERICAN BOOK CO., New York.

Round the Year in Myth and Song, by Florence Holbrook.
A School History of the United States, by John Bach McMaster.

AMERICAN PUBLISHERS' CORPORATION, New York.

In "God's Country," by D. Higbee.

D. APPLETON & CO., New York.

Children's Ways, by James Sully.
A History of French Literature, by Edward Dowden.
Baboo Hurry Bungsho Jabberjee, B.A., by F. Anstey.

EDWARD ARNOLD, New York.

The King with Two Faces, by M. E. Coleridge.
Style, by Walter Raleigh.
An African Millionaire, by Grant Allen.
Rome, the Middle of the World, by Alice Gardner.
Job Hildred, by Dr. Richards, edited by Ellen F. Pinsent.
Fire and Sword in the Sudan, by Rudolf C. Slatin Pasah, translated by Colonel F. R. Wingate. New and cheaper edition.
The Son of a Peasant, by Edward McNulty.
Memoir of Anne J. Clough, by Blanche Athena Clough.

RICHARD G. BADGER & CO., Boston.

The Right Side of the Car, by John Uri Lloyd.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO., New York.

Sunlight and Shadow, edited by W. I. Lincoln Adams.
A Colonial Witch, by Frank Samuel Child.
Fabius the Roman, by E. F. Burr.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York.

Moral Principles and Medical Practice, by Rev. Charles Coppens.
A Round Table of the Representative Irish and English Catholic Novelists.

BONNELL, SILVER & CO., New York.

The Sacrifice of a Throne, by H. Remsen Whitehouse.

THE BOWEN-MERRILL CO., Indianapolis.

Chimes from a Jester's Bells, by Robert J. Burdette.

THE CENTURY CO., New York.

Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, by William Milligan Sloane, Vol. IV.

THE CHAMBERLIN PRESS, Buffalo.

Verse Vagaries, by George Austin Woodward.

H. T. COATES & CO., Philadelphia.

A Girl's Ordeal, by Lucy C. Lillie.

CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING CO., New York.

Through the Invisible, by Paul Tyner.
Free Banking a Natural Right, by James A. B. Dilworth.

COPELAND & DAY, Boston.

Free to Serve, by E. Rayner.
Of Dandyism and of George Brummell, translated from the French of J. A. Barbey D'Aurevilly, by Douglas Ainslie.
Memorial Day and Other Poems, by Richard Burton.

T. Y. CROWELL & CO., Boston.

If I Were God, by Richard Le Gallienne.
Self-Cultivation in English, by George H. Palmer.
The Coming People, by Charles F. Dole.

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DAMRELL & UPHAM, Boston.

Rhymes, by Edith Leverey Dalton.

DODD, MEAD & Co., New York.

Shakespeare Kalendar.
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